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John Thomas Stanley Esqr
of Alderley.

SECRET JOURNAL

OF

A Self-Observer;

OR,

CONFESSIONS AND FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF THE

Rev. J. C. LAVATER,

AUTHOR OF THE

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOGNOMY, THE APHORISMS ON MAN, VIEWS OF ETERNITY, &c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN ORIGINAL,

By the Rev. PETER WILL,

MINISTER OF THE REFORMED GERMAN CHAPEL IN THE SAVOY.

VOL. II.

The large Indictment ſtands before my View,
Drawn forth by Conſcience, moſt amazing true;
And fill'd with Secrets hid from human Eye,
When, fooliſh Man! thy God ſtood witneſs by.
Then, oh, thou Majeſty divinely great,
Accept the ſad Confeſſions I repeat;
For thine's the contrite Spirit, thine's an Heart
Oppreſſed with Sorrow, broke with inward Smart;
That at thy Foot-ſtool in Confeſſion ſhows
How well its faults, how well the Judge it knows.

PARNELL.

London:

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1795.

LETTER

FROM THE

AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR

OF THE

SELF-OBSERVER.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOU may eaſily conceive what muſt be the feelings of a man who receives by the poſt, without a letter or any other previous notice, a book bearing the extraordinary title, *Secret Journal of a Self-Obſerver*; and which reminds him, almoſt in every page, of his own ſituations, actions, and ſentiments, which he thought to be known to no perſon but himſelf; a book that contains an important

part of his private hiſtory, divided in many various diviſions tranſplaced, altered, and ſhaped in different forms, and thus offered to the eye of the public.

I read, turned the leaves over, wanted to read, and turned them over again and again; ſmiled, bluſhed; was pleaſed, aſhamed, and did not know what to ſay, and what not to ſay.....and, nevertheleſs, I can aſſure you, that I could not be angry, for a moment, with the Editor. I could not but admire ſo much diſcretion, ſo much judgement of choice, ſo much nicety in the transformation of the ſame moral and immoral diſpoſitions.

I hoped to remain concealed, and, at the ſame time, that this book would be very uſeful. I communicated the matter to ſeveral of my friends whom I ſuſpected to have had a hand in it, and given you my manuſcript, or rather the manuſcript of the printed Journal. They ſmiled, were rejoiced; pretended to know nothing of the matter; took the book, read; ſmiled again, and ſpoke of nothing but of the Editor's diſcretion——and I could not divine with certainty the good-natured traitor.

I have,

I have, however, been ſo happy to receive your letter, which gave me ſufficient information, and, at the ſame time, provided me with a ſatisfactory juſtification againſt all thoſe who ſuſpected me to be the immediate Editor and the ſole genuine Author of the Journal.

You may eaſily conceive that I have been obliged, ever ſince, to hear multifarious, unexpected, and contradictory criticiſms. The book contains, indeed, ſtill a ſufficient number of paſſages which made me known as the author of it, at leaſt in our country: however, the reſt of the performance puzzled many of its readers very much, and ſome paſſages appeared to them not at all applicable to me.

The opinions of the German public were not leſs different than thoſe of my countrymen. Men of the world, philoſophers, divines, pious people, ------ enemies and friends, appeared (as I fancy) to have miſſed the proper point of criticiſm, by criticiſing rather the ſuppoſed *Author* than his *Journal*, the *Obſerver* than the *Obſervations*.

Indeed, if the friend who has communicated the Journal to you, had poſſeſſed ſufficient knowledge of the world, the public certainly would never have ſeen this book in any ſhape or form whatever.

However, it cannot be retrieved now; and all thoſe that have had a ſhare in the compoſition and publication of this book are ſo ſtrongly convinced of its utility, that even the moſt diſadvantageous criticiſms of the public, that is to ſay, of ſome who are very anxious rather to be *men of letters than human beings*, rather to *appear to be Philoſophers* than *to be Chriſtians*, will have very little weight with them. It cannot be unknown to you, my dear friend, that very few readers have read and criticiſed this performance as *a hiſtory of obſervations*. Some have looked upon and valued it as a *precept*, as *a pattern, as moral inſtructions ſhaped in the form of a hiſtory*; ſome *as the character of a moral man, ſubmitted to the examination of the public*; and ſome as a *libel on Chriſtianity*; and I have neither ſeen nor heard of a critic who has reviewed it as *an obſerver*. I cannot but confeſs, that this cauſed me ſome uneaſineſs,

eaſineſs, and that I have been ſtrongly tempted, ſeveral times, not to comply with the deſire of my friends, who wiſh me to publiſh a ſecond volume. I am, at the ſame time, very much inclined to unboſom my heart to you with reſpect to the miſerable miſconceptions of our modern critics, who render their criticiſms ſo intolerably ſhallow, by miſſing the *point of view* in which the works which are ſubmitted to their judgement ought to be regarded. Among a *thouſand* readers you will ſcarcely find *ten*, and among a *hundred* public critics ſcarcely *one*, who will take the trouble to find out the author's *ſcope*, never to loſe ſight of it, and, firſt of all, will criticiſe his aim, and the deſign of his performance, and then the book itſelf, its contents, language, &c. &c. &c. always paying the ſtricteſt regard to that deſign and aim.——However, I ſhall tell you my mind on that ſubject more at large, at ſome other opportunity. A few hints are ſufficient for the *wiſe*.

Many readers of the Journal have found fault with the Editor, becauſe he has ſaid, in the Preface,

that it is *genuine*, *original*, and not *interpolated* with *ſpurious additions*——although I have declared, in a letter to Mr. Reich, whjch is prefixed to the ſecond edition, " that the Editor has thought it convenient " to make alterations, tranſlocations, and additions, " which intitle me to deny it to be a production of " my pen; that, as far as I can recollect, my hair " has never been dreſſed by a hair-dreſſer; nor that " I ever have rode in a ſledge; that I underſtand " as little of dancing as of muſick," &c. &c. &c.

Many have deemed this very contradictory, and for that reaſon decried the book. In order to exculpate you, my deareſt friend, I declare publicly, that you have wrote the *truth*, although I ſhall not retract a ſingle word of my aſſertion, which is contained in my letter to Mr. Reich. You have added nothing to the manuſcript *which has been given to you*, nor have you interpolated or altered the leaſt thing, except the correction of ſome grammatical errors, the alteration of the ſtile, and the judicious omiſſion of ſome paſſages. All additions, interpolations, or rather tranſpoſitions and transformations, muſt,

muſt, of courſe, be aſcribed ſolely to that dear friend who has communicated the manuſcript to you in the ſhape in which it was printed. And ought that friend to be blamed for the alterations he has made?-----For my part, I do not think ſo, if I place myſelf in his point of view.

Firſt of all, he has not *imputed* to me a ſingle virtue, vice, or ſentiment, which he has not found recorded in my manuſcript, in ſome ſhape or other.—For inſtance, I do, indeed, poſſeſs no knowledge of muſic; and the paſſage which alludes to ſuch a knowledge is entirely *his* work—an incident that has occurred in *his* life—Let us, however, ſuppoſe that what has happened to *him* at the harpſichord had happened to *me* on reading a collection of poems on various ſubjects, and I had transformed my obſervations into the ſhape of *his*, could that then be called imprudent, miſrepreſented, indiſcreet, or a *fiction?*

I have never *rode in a ſledge* (not becauſe I think it *abſolutely* a ſin, like many readers who are more intimately connected with me, croſſed themſelves

at

at it, and ſcarcely could forgive me, believing that I had really done ſo), but could not the dear friend who communicated the manuſcript to you reprehend ſimilar vanities under the diſguiſe of the above-mentioned incident, in order to conceal his friend from a public that ſo frequently is indiſcreet?

Secondly, let us ſuppoſe, this friend had deſigned to *teach* the Chriſtian public how to make obſervations upon themſelves, and to give them inſtructions to that end; that he had intended to throw out hints, important to many, with regard to the better knowledge of their heart; and, at the ſame time, to add many inſtructive remarks?—Suppoſe he had, influenced by this *laudable* view, compoſed a collection of real and imaginary ſituations, and ſhaped it into the intereſting form of a *Journal?* and, in order to attain his aim with leſs difficulty, introduced trifling, unintereſting circumſtances, which had imparted to the work an additional appearance of truth; and, for the ſame reaſon, publiſhed it through the medium of a ſecond perſon, who, without telling a *lie*, could aſſure the public

public that the Journal was *genuine?*—Nay, let us ſuppoſe (the worſt that can be ſaid, which, however, this friend will not grant), let us ſuppoſe he had acted thus, ſhould he then have deſerved praiſe or blame, applauſe or ſcorn?—Or ſhould he rather have expoſed himſelf to the torturing queſtions of an enlightened, taſteful, nice, and ſentimental public—of the ſelf-created tribunal of the reading public, and the Reviewers, thoſe ruthleſs inquiſitors, who would have teazed him with the tormenting interrogations; Who is the Author? Who the Editor? Is the Journal genuine, or not? What is interpolated, and what not?—Could he expect that ſo many excellent and juſt men would declare the whole work of no value, if not genuine, if fictitious?—This he might, indeed, have expected, if he had intended to lay before the public the hiſtory of ſome *known* individual, in order to enable the public to criticiſe that man, and to value his character. Could not the book (although it were *thoroughly* fictitious), nevertheleſs, be very uſeful, at leaſt

leaſt as uſeful as many moral romances are deemed to be? --- Would not many a reader, on peruſing ſeveral paſſages, have been impelled to ſay, Here I behold my own picture! here I am drawn to the life!—this is a fault, this a ſentiment, of mine;—here I read plainly, and in an inſtructive manner, what I am frequently ſo ſenſible of, though I am ſo unwilling to confeſs it.

I cannot but confeſs, that the above-mentioned cenſures have rather vexed me; and I can aſſure you, that the gentleman who communicated the manuſcript to you is too ſincere and upright than that he could have apprehended theſe or ſimilar cenſures. But, I declare once more, that he is not at all in that predicament!—*No moral nor immoral ſentiments, ſtated in the Journal, are fictitious*; although a great deal of the external *hiſtory*, and of the *form*, is fictitious, or altered and tranſpoſed.

And what ſhall I ſay to the numerous animadverſions on the auſterity, the over-ſevere rigour, the anxiouſneſs, fanaticiſm, &c. &c. &c. which are ſaid to prevail in this Journal?

Indeed,

Indeed, my friend, I am almoſt ſick of writing for a public that firſt muſt be told that a book which has been publiſhed under the title of *The Self-Obſerver* contains *obſervations*; whoſe reviewers firſt muſt be told that it contains mere *obſervations*, and that *obſervations* are not *precepts*, *rules*, nor *principles*, for all perſons, nor *examples* liable to no exceptions! And ſuppoſe the character, the actions, and the ſentiments, of the Obſerver could really be charged with *auſterity*, *over-ſevere rigour*, and *anxiouſneſs*, would he not have experienced the bad or good conſequences ariſing therefrom? He would either have improved in, or declined from Chriſtianity, faith in that God who has been revealed through Chriſt, and love to his fellow-creatures.——His Journal would have evinced this as clearly as poſſible, and the Editor would not have neglected to lay faithfully before the public all good and bad conſequences of his principles, and mode of life—And would this not have proved far more uſeful than if only a blameleſs ideal had been introduced

to

to the reader?—Who can be ſo ſhort-ſighted as not to ſee how infinitely important it is to obſerve the courſe and the deviations of a ſoul not entirely diſingenuous—and her return, if ſhe has taken a wrong courſe? Who can be ſo ſhort-ſighted not to ſee equally plainly, that ſuch a character is infinitely more acceptable to a ſenſible reader, than an ideal, a paragon of perfection, which can exiſt no where? I am, however, far from granting that the main point, the *eſſence of the moral* of the Obſerver, is over-ſtrained and fanatical.—But I ſhall not explain myſelf, at preſent, more at large as to this point, intending to do it at ſome other opportunity, when I, pleaſe God, ſhall be ſo explicit, that every impartial man will be capable to judge whether I demand too much, or too little, from men and from myſelf. At preſent, I ſhall ſay only thus much concerning this point:—The goſpel contains no commandment, no precept, which, according to its eſſence, is not written on the hearts of all men; nay, the human heart is even far greater, far more

expanded

expanded and ſublime, than the moſt rigorous letter of the goſpel (*a*). The goſpel conveys nothing into our heart, as a faithful explanator interpolates nothing into the text. It is to rouſe only what is in the heart. The goſpel demands, through ſounds, and letters, and luminous examples, what our heart demands through deſires and feelings. The goſpel is only the commentary on our heart. God and man are always the text. All letters are nothing but explanation; nay, they are only image, copy, delineation, ſketch. On this head, my friend, I wiſh to impart to you, one time, my thoughts more at large. - - -

But now the public demands undiſguiſed truth, and fragments will not do! Yet ſomething muſt be publiſhed—becauſe the Editor has made a kind of *promiſe*. - - - - Beſides, I have received numerous applications for the performance of that promiſe; the moſt reſpectable men ſeem to wiſh for a continuation—but how difficult is it, *now*, to comply with their deſire! I am very ſenſible of all the reaſons that ought to deter me from doing it. It has been ſaid by a number of people, who may be above all ſuſpicion of being ruled by mean paſſions in their opinion, "Wherefore is the moſt ſpecial "private hiſtory of an individual to be intruded "upon half the world? How important muſt La- "vater appear to himſelf, if he preſumes to tell "half the world at what hour he riſes, goes to bed, "&c. &c. &c.? Can he be aſtoniſhed—and how "little knowledge of the world muſt he poſſeſs, if "he is?—Can he be aſtoniſhed when this is deemed "the higheſt degree of impertinence, and when it "is looked upon as the moſt glaring proof of his "vanity and conceit? If he has a right to give an

"air

"air of importance to his perſon, and his moſt "trifling occupations, then any other perſon has "the ſame right—and if this right is common to "all, and every private man ſhould take it in his "head to intrude his Journal upon us, what then "will be the conſequence? What are we to think "of ſuch a familiarity with the public?"

This, my friend, will, undoubtedly, be ſaid;—and what can we reply, if we reſolve to comply with the wiſhes of ſo many other perſons? How can you ſet me at eaſe with reſpect to that point? What will you tell the public, in that volume, in my defence?

I could ſay a great deal on that head;—however, I rather wiſh I had leſs motives, were leſs neceſſitated to publiſh ſome fragments of my genuine, real, *preſent* Journal! You are at full liberty to ſay whatever you think beſt; I ſhall ſay only thus much:

I have not yet found that man who has ſo little of the human nature, that I ſhould think him unworthy to read to him what I, at preſent, am going

to venture to lay before the public, if you approve of it, or to let him peruſe it at home, if I ſhould think that it would afford him pleaſure, and be profitable to him. May I now not expect that the readers of my Journal, in general, are not the worſt people I know?

I wiſh, farther, that all thoſe who find the above-mentioned plauſible language natural and reaſonable, would have the goodneſs and equity to imagine themſelves in my place and ſituation. - - - - Was I not neceſſitated to tell my mind on what has happened, and to defend myſelf againſt ſome erroneous comments which have been made? becauſe many perſons believe me to be the Author and Editor of the firſt volume; and ſo many judgements, judgements of great influence with regard to the work and its author, or rather my character, have been framed? Could I remain ſilent after ſome have been offended at my - - - - - - and ſome at my having reproached myſelf for it? And what would you ſay, if my principles (though, at bottom, the ſame) had been more purified and fixed in the

application,

application, if my ideas had been rendered more distinct, so that I could remove all misunderstanding caused by the Journal which has been published by you, by a candid communication of some Unselected Fragments of my genuine Journal, which I have composed without paying any regard to the public, and thus should retract whatever has been erroneously stated; would this not sufficiently apologize for me?

I do not believe that I am grown worse, though I act with more discernment, and less restraint --- I do not think that my principles are less evangelical, though I am grown easier concerning my occupations, my foibles, and errors; I do not mean, more *careless*—but *easier*; that is, less *servile* and *anxious*. I must, however, not forget to add, that if I can contribute something to render the prevailing unnatural estrangement of men from men, and the mutual air of indifference about their reciprocal happiness which they are wont to assume, ridiculous, and to promote fraternal, confidential,

and ſincere communion between men and men, and a mutual intereſt in the domeſtic and moral concerns of our fellow-creatures; if I can contribute ſomething to eſtabliſh the idea that authors and readers are *men*, and connected by the *ſtrongeſt ties*;—and if the publication of this book (which properly ought not to be accounted a literary work) promotes this purpoſe, I can conſole myſelf in this reſpect for many miſinterpretations.—As for the reſt, every one has, indeed, the ſame right I have; and although I may predict, with much probability, that not every one will make uſe of that right, yet I muſt obſerve, that I ſhould think myſelf very much obliged to every perſon who would communicate to me ſuch a *genuine* hiſtory of his life, and his heart, interſperſed with ſo many trifling incidents, and enriched with ſuch an accurate account of bad, good, and indifferent actions and ſentiments. I ſhould prefer the reading of ſuch a book to the peruſal of any one elſe, the Bible excepted.—Do not all philoſophical hiſtorians complain that, as yet,

yet, the hiſtory of man has afforded ſo little moral advantage, becauſe one knows ſo very little of their private hiſtory, and the detail of their life?

I leave it to you to refute the objection, that the moſt minute trifles ought not to have been publiſhed, which has eſcaped ſome of the wiſeſt men; and the author, or the editor, of a journal ought to publiſh only an account of ſins and virtues?---Has not every picture a ground?—and many medicines require a veſſel to be put in, or a vehicle.—*Water* has no taſte, nor does it nouriſh; it is, however, a vehicle for many ſorts of nouriſhment-----I could make a great many more remarks on that head; you will, however, do me a favour if you do it in my place.

Sending you ſome Fragments of my real, unaltered Journal, which has not been reviſed by a friend, I have left all remarks, obſervations, and converſations, in the ſame ſtate in which I ſet them down, more at large, or ſhorter, according to my inclination and leiſure----I give you full liberty to do whatever you like with what is not *obſervation*

on myſelf, of which no more muſt be communicated to the public than the Editor of the firſt volume has done, who has confined himſelf more to mere moral ſituations. You may leave out whatever you think not uſeful, or fit for communication. I think, however, that *variety* ought to have ſome value, as a ſubordinate mean leading to a *good purpoſe*. Yet you may do whatever you like; I ſhall, certainly, not find fault with you. Yes, I leave this work, or rather theſe Fragments of a work, which I have compoſed merely for my and my children's immediate uſe, and perhaps for that of ſome very intimate friends, entirely at your mercy.———If you find that the benefit ariſing from the publication of this Journal will overbalance the harm it may do; if you find that all the cenſures and inconveniencies its publication may occaſion cannot be compared with the advantage many readers may probably reap from it; then you may publiſh it without the leaſt alteration of the *moral* text; and, if you chuſe, add explanatory, warning, and inſtructing annotations: but if you ſhould find the contrary,

contrary, then you will have the goodneſs to return me the manuſcript; and I ſhall tell the public, in ſome future edition of the firſt volume, that the Editor has committed no act of diſhoneſty, and that what he has ſaid is not ſo very inconſiſtent with what I have wrote to Mr. Reich. If you do not publiſh it, I ſhall be eaſy and content, and in many reſpects very glad, becauſe I ſhall not be expoſed to public cenſure. If you, however, ſhould think it fit for publication, then I will arm myſelf againſt all miſinterpretations, diſagreeable criticiſms, and the more pungent reproaches of my little modeſty, by thinking with ſome ſenſible readers, "that I never have wrote, nor ever ſhall write, a "book more uſeful than ſuch a Journal;" and I ſhall find conſolation in the firm perſuaſion, that I have not been influenced by vanity; and that, if ever I have publiſhed a book with the pureſt view of affording pleaſure, and being uſeful to my fellow-creatures, it is my Journal.

I can, at the ſame time, ſolemnly declare, that I ſincerely wiſh not a word might be ſaid to *my*

praiſe on the preſent occaſion, and that whatever deſerves cenſure might be criticiſed without mercy. Farewell, my friend; and do, at leaſt, not deſpiſe me, when you perceive ſo many faults in my conduct.

JOHN CASPAR LAVATER.

Oberried,
June 19, 1773.

THE

THE EDITOR'S ANSWER TO MR. *LAVATER.*

NO! my deareſt friend, I am not ſo unjuſt that I ſhould ſentence to oblivion a work like your Journal. I know that many ſincere Chriſtians wiſh for its continuation, and I have every reaſon to hope that (with the bleſſing of God) it will prove extremely uſeful, and that the utility of your performance will greatly overbalance all accidental harm that may ariſe from the miſapplication of ſome paſſages that are liable to be miſconſtrued.

I muſt, indeed, confeſs, that this continuation cannot be quite ſo uſeful as the firſt volume muſt have been. The chief aim of the latter was to excite

cite Chriſtian readers to reflect on themſelves, to obſerve and to examine faithfully their ſentiments and conduct, and to teach them, by examples, how to proceed in that buſineſs, and to which points to direct their chief attention. The moſt material point that was to be conſidered, was not the hiſtorical part of the book, but its fitneſs for the attainment of that aim. This has been acknowledged by many of your readers, philoſophers and non-philoſophers, Chriſtians and non-Chriſtians; and they would, merely for that reaſon, have pronounced your book a uſeful performance, though its contents ſhould have been leſs intereſting and good. This chief aim could, indeed, have been attained without the continuation; but why ſhould you not gratify the deſire of ſo many of your readers who wiſh for its continuation, ſince it is in your power to do it? Why ſhould you not improve the opportunity that offers itſelf to vindicate yourſelf and the Editor, to remove a very plauſible contradiction between our mutual declarations, to refute the reproach of over-ſtrained anxiouſneſs, which has been

been imputed to you, and to obviate the bad conſequences which may ariſe from that charge, by convincing the world that you really poſſeſs a greater ſhare of chearfulneſs and eaſineſs with reſpect to whatever relates to Religion and Chriſtianity?

This imputation could, indeed, never have been ſtarted againſt the book itſelf, which (as you juſtly obſerve) is neither *precept* nor *pattern*, but *obſervation*; however, obſervations and experiences of a man who enjoys ſome degree of eſteem, may eaſily be miſtaken for, or miſapplied as, precepts or patterns. It affords me, therefore, additional ſatisfation, that you yourſelf have cautioned your readers againſt that over-ſtrained anxiouſneſs, and, in many inſtances, have diſplayed an eaſy and ſerene mind, and a free manner of thinking, with reſpect to religious matters. It has, at the ſame time, given me a great deal of pleaſure, that you ſo repeatedly declare againſt fanaticiſm, and have diſplayed ſo many uncontrovertible proofs of your being no fanatic. A ſenſible heart, and a lively active zeal for whatever

ever is good, ought certainly not to be confounded with fanaticiſm, though they may eaſily lead to it.

Many readers will, perhaps, find paſſages in this book where you *ſeem* to overſtep theſe limits; I have, however, great reaſon to hope, that the conciſeneſs of your ſtile, and the obſcurity which inevitably muſt ariſe therefrom, will prompt every candid reader to plead in your behalf. The more you accuſtom yourſelf to arrange your ideas properly (and that you certainly can do, becauſe you have attempted it already frequently with ſucceſs), the more you endeavour to *inſtruct* your readers in a plain and explicit manner, the more you will ward off all ſuſpicion of fanaticiſm.

As for the reſt, I have found nothing in your book that could offend, or appear ridiculous to, readers who do not require abſolutely that an author ſhould think, feel, and expreſs himſelf, on every occaſion, according to their own notions and pleaſure. Much leſs reaſon have I to apprehend, that your countrymen and fellow-citizens, who, undoubtedly,

edly, will prefer plain ſenſe to wit, and ſerious tranquil meditation to jocularity, will have the leaſt objection to the continuation of your Journal, or make its contents and their author objects of a ridicule equally unfounded and offenſive. If the language of the Journal be not always the ſame, the reaſonable reader will not be offended at this *variety*, the latter being ſomething very natural and unavoidable in the life of even the wiſeſt and moſt pious man.—If in ſome letters a free and dictatorial language occurs, it muſt be conſidered that theſe letters have been written to *intimate* friends, who cannot but be pleaſed with that language.—If, finally, ſentiments or maxims occur which ſome readers eſteem erroneous, or unſtable, it muſt be underſtood that they are forced upon nobody, give an opportunity for reflection, and ſerve to improve us in fraternal forbearance, which is one of the chief duties of a Chriſtian.

In ſhort, ſince I am deſired to tell my mind frankly, I muſt declare, that I think the publication of this book will be very uſeful. Although it

cannot

cannot be a book of edification, like *the firſt volume*, becauſe nothing is ſelected or altered, it will nevertheleſs promote piety; and the *reflecting* reader will, at the ſame time, be enabled, by this *genuine* and *faithful* Journal, to ſolve many apparent contradictions of your manner of thinking, your character, and your writings, and ſee how he has been miſtaken in many reſpects in the judgement he has formed of you.

This may be ſaid even of ſome reviewers of your book. You are right, my deareſt friend, when you ſay that ſome of them have miſſed the proper point of view in which they ought to have examined it. At leaſt what they charge on you, and our friend who has communicated the manuſcript to me, as the principal defect of the book, namely, that one cannot exactly diſtinguiſh what is your own obſervation and hiſtory, and what not, is, in my opinion, a real advantage which the firſt volume has over the ſecond. This pretended defect has introduced more variety into the work; and of what concern can it be to the reader, whoſe object

is

is inſtruction and edification, whether, for inſtance, I have diſplayed my vanity on riding in a ſledge, or in a converſation on a book, if only the obſervation be true, and the remarks I make on that occaſion juſt and inſtructive?

It will now be proper that I ſhould account to you, and to the public, for the liberty I have taken with the ſecond volume. You have, indeed, left a great deal to my diſcretion; more than I, perhaps, ſhould have accepted of any other author. I can flatter myſelf that I have taken the greateſt care not to make an improper uſe of the liberty you have given me; but whether I always have made the *beſt* uſe of it, this is a queſtion which you and your readers muſt decide.

I have omitted many unimportant, hiſtorical incidents which were not connected with your moral obſervations. Not becauſe I have deemed them abſolutely improper for publication, but becauſe they did not promiſe to be intereſting to all, nor to moſt of your readers, though ſome of them have afforded *me* great pleaſure. Some occurred

too

too frequently, and would, therefore, have been tireſome to many; others required a ſimplicity of manners, veſtiges of which can be traced only in few civilized countries; and others were really unimportant, and could be intereſting to no one but the author and his family. Moſt of your readers, perhaps, will think that I ought to have omitted a great many more incidents of that ſort. Sometimes I have done it merely for the ſake of connection, ſometimes for the ſake of variety, ſometimes out of conſcientiouſneſs, becauſe I ſhould, otherwiſe, have been obliged to ſubſtitute ſomething elſe, and neither would nor durſt alter any thing of the text, grammatical errors excepted.

It is, indeed, a particular pleaſure to accompany, all the day long, a man whom we eſteem, and who ſignaliſes himſelf by many pre-eminent qualities and merits, and to be an unſeen witneſs even of his moſt trifling and unimportant actions. If we, however, have enjoyed this pleaſure repeatedly, we are, afterwards, ſatisfied with learning only his moſt remarkable ſentiments and actions, and prefer to repreſent

repreſent to our mind the trifling, unimportant incidents which occur every day, to a repeated and minute recapitulation of the ſame. He who, like you, my dear friend, writes a Journal for his own uſe, can, indeed, reap ſome benefit even from the inſertion of ſuch trifling incidents. He can, for inſtance, ſum up, at the end of every week, or month, the hours which have been taken up with this or that ſort of occupation, how much time he has ſpent in reſt and in occupation, in ſolitude and in company, in joy or grief, in his own or in foreign affairs, in a good or a bad ſtate of mind, in ſelfiſh or public-ſpirited views; how much time he has loſt through negligence, or gained through diligence and regularity, &c. &c. &c. The ſituation of every individual reader differs, however, too much from the ſituation of the author, than that he could draw the ſame benefit from ſuch minute accounts which the author can reap. It is ſufficient for him to be inſtructed, by a few examples, how to go about this buſineſs, and what requires his

particular attention, if he will make ſuch moral accounts.

As for my remarks, you will be ſo kind to view them in the light of well-meant, but, perhaps, not always well-executed additions, which are intended to render your book more uſeful. I have not made theſe remarks for you, but for your readers; for with *you* I can converſe, by means of letters, on ſubjects of which we, perhaps, have different opinions, yet without detriment to our friendſhip and fraternal love. Should I, perhaps, not always have rightly comprehended your ideas, or gone too far in my apprehenſion that ſome paſſages might not be properly underſtood, or miſapplied, then I beg you will believe that I have been prompted to it by the idea of the numerous claſs of your readers who will read your book with more pious and good ſentiments than clear and juſt notions. I have paid particular attention to readers of this claſs, and endeavoured to guard them againſt all miſinterpretation or miſapplication.——Being a natural enemy

to

to all polemical language, I have found it ſo much the leſs difficult to ſteer clear of it; and when I appear to contradict, Ihave generally endeavoured to contradict, not the maxim contained in the text, but the falſe concluſions which might be derived therefrom.

I need not to ſay any thing farther in my defence. No! you would have reaſon to be offended, if I were to apologize to you for the uſe I have made of the liberty you have given me.

May God protect and aſſiſt you with his powerful aid! May he grant you the bleſſing of ſucceeding in your endeavours to promote Chriſtian piety, and the happineſs of human kind!

I am,

With the ſincereſt regard and love,

Your faithful friend,

THE EDITOR.

JOUR-

JOURNAL

OF

A SELF-OBSERVER.

UNSELECTED FRAGMENTS

FROM MY

JOURNAL.

If we would judge ourſelves, we ſhould not be judged.

TUESDAY, NOV. 10(*a*), 1772.

BEING at tea with my wife, I complained of the great extent of my buſineſs, and conſulted with her on the limitation of my correſpondence——I took the reſolution not to

(*a*) I had neglected, for a conſiderable time, to continue this Journal.

enter into any new one, if not neceſſitated to do it, except with a gentleman with whom I am not yet acquainted—I ſaid to myſelf, I muſt make him my friend, if it pleaſe God; I cannot do without him; my heart has panted for him more ardently than I dared to ſay. Ten times was I going to write to him; but not knowing the place of his abode, and having received no anſwer to a letter which I had written four years ago, and chiefly becauſe I thought it intruding to trouble ſuch a man without having a particular reaſon, I omitted it—And this gentleman is Mr. N***.

A friend came to ſee me, becauſe I was not quite well—We converſed on many good ſubjects; I am, however, not at leiſure to write our converſation down.——Leonard brought me a letter from the poſt—An unknown hand—"Again a letter from a ſtran-"ger!"—ſaid I, coolly, to my friend—"and "this

" this very evening I have taken a reſolution " not to begin a new correſpondence with- " out neceſſity." I unſealed it—looked at the ſignature—and exclaimed twice: " From " Mr. N***!—O! my good, good God! is " it poſſible?" I wanted to read it, but could not—I related, ſtammered, and laid the letter aſide.———" O! thou paternal, " friendly, tender Providence of my God! " thou haſt granted the moſt ſecret wiſhes " of my heart before I have uttered them!"

I went to bed; read the letter, and trembled with the deſire to tell P*** of it—but he did not come. I wrote——no anſwer to N***—but only a ſheet filled with expreſſions of the tendereſt friendſhip—only the effuſions of my joy (*b*)——Here follow ſome paſſages of his letter:

(*b*) I inſert a few paſſages from this Letter, which I think ſo inſtructive, that it would be injuſtice and ingra-

" I cannot deny that a certain frigid, " nerveleſs tone has mixed itſelf with Chriſ- " tianity, as well as with many other objects; " and that moral (particularly according to " ſome Engliſh theological philoſophers) is " become a certain ſound, external policy, " and an empty internal tranquillity, in a " higher degree than it ought to be; I will " not ſay according to the ſpirit of religion, " but only according to the condition and " the wants of human kind, who, certainly, " are not a frigid abſtract, but a body com- " poſed of numberleſs operative powers. " Even with your friend N*** is this the " original ſin of all his writings, by which " he does ſo much miſchief, though invo- " luntarily. Should we, perhaps, not be

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titude towards the Providence of my God, if—*vanity* ſhould prevent me from communicating them to the public. L.

" ſenſible

" ſenſible of this fault which we ſo fre-
" quently commit?—But let us diſcuſs this
" point at ſome other opportunity, and exa-
" mine the chief end of your book; at the
" ſame time let me beg of you (not the
" liberty on my part, for that you muſt al-
" low me, but) on your part that ſelf-denial,
" that reſignation, without which you, as I
" find in many paſſages of your performance,
" look upon every thing as ſpoken *againſt*
" *yourſelf*. This is not right, although you
" may reply with ever ſo much modera-
" tion.——It is evident (for inſtance, from
" the preface to the ſecond (*c*) volume), that

(*c*) Mr. N*** alludes to Mr. Lavater's *Views of Eternity*, a book of very great value, though replete with many eccentric notions. The tranſlator has attempted an Engliſh verſion of this work, and means to offer it to the public, if it receives the ſanction of ſome of his learned friends, to whoſe examination he intends previouſly to ſubmit it.

" you always ſpeak of eternity, as if it were
" your *own work*, and not that of God. In
" the ſecond volume you have already been
" frequently miſled by expatiating too long
" on that ſort of occupation; one ſees clearly
" that you are no longer an obſerver and
" contemplator of divine myſteries, but an
" arbitrary architect of your own, and, fre-
" quently, very trifling, indifferent, and
" unimportant ideas; you rejoice at the
" ſcaffolding which does not belong to the
" building. Dear Lavater, this is already a
" real ſtate of *puniſhment*, is *ſelf-will*; and you
" know what the conſequences are, if one
" has been drawn into it. Eternity is a great,
" nay, the greateſt concern of God, which
" we, deareſt Lavater, cannot honor better
" than if we contemplate it with all reſigna-
" tion of ſelf-invention, and of courſe keep
" in certain bounds, and, in proper time,

" *caſt*

" *caſt down our eyes*, and *reſtrain* our thirſt of
" knowledge. This is practical adoration,
" and of far greater value than words.
" What can *God perform* in *one*, in the ſmalleſt
" world? what in all worlds? and what can
" Lavater gueſs?

" You ſee what a great deal of your book
" muſt be melted down, particularly in the
" ſecond volume, in which your theories are
" nothing elſe but the workmanſhip of a
" mole, and *childiſh* reaſoning. - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
" Time and paper bid me to finiſh my letter,
" and I have not yet ſaid what I wanted to
" ſay . . . . . If we but agree with reſpect to
" the point of view in which every thing
" muſt concentre, in order to rouſe here the
" future angel in us, and to teach us to ſa-
" crifice, with entire reſignation, every other
" object to God alone" . . . . . .

I confeſs before God that this letter, although very humiliating, nay, even thoſe few paſſages which I think erroneous, have not excited in me the leaſt, not the moſt ſecret anger, and that I have ſincerely thanked God for this very inſtructive letter——Nothing can humble me more, nothing affords me more moral energy and greatneſs, nothing can elate me more, than ſuch tender proofs of the *divine Goodneſs* to me.

Ought I not to have tranſcribed this?—O! that I were more at leiſure to ſet down in my Journal much, very much of what God does for me! how frequently ſhould I afterwards be aſtoniſhed and adore! An additional reaſon for continuing my Journal, which I have neglected a great while!

LET-

LETTER *to Mrs.* B***.

IS it poſſible, my dear Mrs. B. (I ſay this by way of reply to your letter to our dear Mrs. H.) that you could be ſo much wanting in faith, although particularly favoured by Providence?

What ſhall I ſay to you?—Should *you* be the only human being whom God ſhould viſit without having a paternal view in doing ſo? Should he puniſh *all* his creatures with *tenderneſs*, and purſue—only *you* with unrelenting ire?

The *goodneſs* of God has given you a child according to the laws of nature, and not the ſame *goodneſs* of God ſhould have taken it from you, according to the ſame laws?

If you would but begin to ſum up the *real* and *undeniable* proofs of God's mercy which

which you experience every day, and have experienced ſo particularly this day; would then the ſmall portion of *ſeeming* evil, mixed with them, be able to extinguiſh every ſpark of faith which can repoſe on many thouſand proofs?

It would be ſhort-ſightedneſs, baſhfulneſs, and ſelf-willed obſtinacy againſt God—if you would ſeriouſly maintain that you ſhould be more content and happy if your child were ſtill alive——Certainly you would not—elſe your child would not be dead.—Aſk all ſuffering parents whether children who *ſhare* their *ſufferings* are a comfort or a burden?

O! my dear, good Mrs. B.! believe me, God is a better friend to you—loves you more tenderly than Mrs. Sch**, and better than a mortal can love a mortal, better than any one can cheriſh the darling of his heart.

LAVATER.

Nov. 12, 1773.

To

To Mr. HASENCAMP.

Nov. 14, 1772.

IS Haſencamp ſtill alive? Is he ſtill my friend?—Theſe queſtions I have, frequently, put to myſelf—A printed preface told me: Yes!—I thank you, my brother, for that preface! I am juſt beginning to read Oettinger's work on the High-prieſthood of Chriſt (for I received it but to-day), and will examine it fairly—It ſtrikes me, however, that the Spirit of conviction which was in Chriſt and in St. Paul is not in him. His lofty ideas force their way through every thing, or rather fall foul on every thing. Has this been the method of Jeſus Chriſt? He brought to light what already exiſted, built always upon it what ſound reaſon and

conſcience

conſcience would allow; combined the new doctrines with the old ones, and ſhowed the analogy of the former with the latter.

I have, nevertheleſs, found in Oettinger's book great ideas, which, lately, I have partly detected myſelf, aſſiſted by the light of God. But this is not meant to be a critique.

The third volume of *my Views of Eternity* has been ſent to Duiſburg, and there awaits its ſentence from the honeſt, unbiaſſed, and enlightened Haſencamp.

I am not quite well. P***, the darling of my heart, is with me, and greets *our* brother.

LAVATER.

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, NOV. 15, 1772.

I HAVE (thanks to thee, my good father in heaven!) had a good and eaſy night, and my cough has not troubled me in the leaſt.

I awoke before ſix o'clock, and began to admire my life, the Providence of God, my origin and death, and my future deſtiny.—I prayed aloud, and ſilently, with great emotion.

It was eight o'clock when I got up; my cough was violent, and ſtunned my head. The bells were juſt ringing for church. It was ſomething new to me to be at home ſo lonely and ſo ſtill, during the ringing of the bells; and every new unuſual ſituation has a very ſenſible effect on my feelings—a ſweet, ſoft melancholy trembled through my breaſt ——Preacher and hearers paſſed the review in

in my imagination—I myſelf made obſervations as preacher and hearer—was aſhamed and—pleaſed. "So many uſeful things will "be heard to-day! Many a thoughtleſs "mind will be rouſed to reflection! How "many hearts, eager to be edified, will be "comforted!——How much wickedneſs "would be occaſioned, promoted, and pro-"pagated, if there were no public worſhip, "no ſermons! Why are we ſo indifferent "to this bliſsful inſtitution of Providence; "why am I, as preacher, ſo inſenſible? "why, as hearer, ſo callous, although I hear "in the church which I frequent, in general, "very uſeful ſermons, which could produce "ſuch happy effects on my mind?"

The bells ceaſed ringing: I drank my herb tea, and walked half an hour with great tranquillity up and down my room. The company of my little ſon gave me great

great pleaſure. My wife had been watching with her ſick ſiſter. I opened the new edition of the Bible publiſhed at Zurich, and read the 15th and 16th chapters of the firſt book of the Chronicles. How much did my love for David increaſe! how ſtrongly did I feel the truth of his inſpiration! *Let the heart of them rejoice that ſeek the Lord! Seek the Lord and his ſtrength; ſeek his face continually! Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice! Let the ſea roar, and the fulneſs thereof! Let the fields rejoice, and all that is therein! O! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever!* O! how could I have preſſed the anointed of God to my boſom, when he ſat before the Lord, and ſpake: *Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine houſe, that thou haſt brought me hitherto? And yet this was a ſmall thing in thine eyes, O God! for thou haſt*

alſo

alſo ſpoken of thy ſervant's houſe for a great while to come, and haſt regarded me according to the eſtate of a man of high degree. O Lord God! what can David ſpeak more to thee for the honour of thy ſervant? for thou knoweſt thy ſervant!

And what ſhall *I* ſay to thee, O Lord God! on this day? What haſt thou done for me from my juvenile days to this hour! How much more haſt thou bleſſed me than many thouſands of my fellow-creatures! How great is the number even of thy moſt diſtinguiſhed bleſſings! How much haſt thou inſtructed me, how much enlightened and improved me, through friends and foes, through books and converſation; how much through thy goſpel! How much more ſerene, unbiaſſed, and eaſy, am I now! It is true, my heart is not always, is not wholly thine! I ſeek thee, however, with more confidence

and

and more certainty of finding thee wholly! How evidently haſt thou heard my prayers for knowledge and wiſdom! how much more do I now ſee *thee* in *all* things! how much opener is my eye and my heart on every, even on the moſt eternal changes of things, to behold *thee*, to adore and to love thee! Although I am far diſtant from the mark which I am to attain, and perceive every day that other affections beſides the love of Chriſt and his beloved creatures are active within me, creep in among my better inclinations, and poiſon them; although I ſtill have great reaſon to lament my almoſt unconquerable indolence, alas! particularly with reſpect to prayers, yet I perceive, nevertheleſs, improvement in faith, in love, and in hope, and find it every day leſs difficult to ſubmit to the omnipotent and beſt will of Providence, to believe what I do not ſee, and to love where I am not beloved.

O! how much do I rejoice at the true words of Jeſus Chriſt: *Every branch in me that beareth fruit he purges, that it may bring forth more fruit.*

I am, however, in many points, not ſo good as my friends tell me—I am, certainly, not ſo kind, ſo modeſt, and ſo moderate! God knows, I do not contradict them out of an affected modeſty; I know it; I feel it; I muſt confeſs it. I am aſhamed, but will not be diſpirited. God has ſupported me, as yet, more than I deſerved; and he will continue to ſupport me more than I ever ſhall deſerve; will know how to accompliſh, againſt the day of Jeſus Chriſt, the good work he has begun in me.

The idea of being thought better, by others, than I really am, is inſupportable to me. O! it is ſuch a happineſs to be really what one is believed to be; to be better in the eyes of God than one appears

to

to men; and I will and can not be eaſy, till I am thoroughly better in the eyes of God, than I appear to men. I will, however, never ſeparate from that juſt and natural diſſatisfaction with myſelf the faith in the future aid of God, the hope that I can arrive to that degree of perfection which God deſires I ſhall attain.

O! if I could but pray more frequently and fervently!—O! my God! how many of thy children may fancy that I ſtand whole hours before thee (*d*) by day and by night—and, alas! this is but very ſeldom the caſe! I know, O! father, *one ſingle* moment of

(*d*) To dedicate whole days to devotion, to meditation, reading, prayers, &c. &c. &c. is very good, and uſeful; but to ſpend whole hours in what is properly called praying, is, in moſt caſes, neither poſſible nor adviſeable, if one ſhall not become guilty of vain repetitions, againſt which Jeſus Chriſt cautions us, Matth. vi. v. 7. EDITOR.

filial faith is equal in value to a whole day of verbal prayers (*e*). My remiſſneſs and negligence in prayers is, however, the effect of indolence, weakneſs, averſion from thee, and want of knowledge of love, and of a lively ſenſe of thy bliſsful amiableneſs.

How frequently and how long ſhall I be obliged to repeat this old complaint? How needful is it to me, to fix particular hours for the performance of it? becauſe I always

(*e*) A good action, acceptable to God, uſeful to our brethren, and performed with a ſincere heart, is alſo of much greater value than the longeſt verbal prayer which does not incite us to act, or, which is worſe, prevents us from being uſeful to our fellow-creatures. Do not ſuffer thyſelf to be miſled, my Chriſtian brother! Prayers are only *means* of promoting piety and rectitude, but never muſt be confounded with them. He who foſters in his heart the ſenſe of his dependance upon God, and, conforming to his ſituation and calling, performs the will of God cheerfully and willingly, becauſe he knows that it is the will of God to do ſo, prays without intermiſſion. T.

ſlide

ſlide over this moſt important, moſt natural, and bleſſed occupation, till, at night, I cannot reſiſt ſleep, overcome with wearineſs.

If God bleſſes me ſo much at preſent, how much more capable ſhall I render myſelf to be bleſſed by him, if I pray more repeatedly and continually (*f*)!

My little ſon interrupted me frequently by his queſtions; I was, at firſt, rather angry with him, but did not ſhew it, and anſwered him always; at length, he and myſelf were more ſatisfied.

I read, afterwards, in the Odes of Klopſtock, and prayed with him: "O! let me

(*f*) Not only prayers, but alſo every lawful and faithful application of our abilities and faculties, of our gifts and poſſeſſions, render us capable of attaining a higher degree, and a greater meaſure, of the bleſſings of God. Prayer is not to raiſe us above human nature, but is intended to render us willing and able to perform the duties which are incumbent on us as men. EDITOR.

" live, that I may die *when I have attained*
" *the mark!* that I may not begin my great
" career beyond the grave, till I have ſung
" triumphantly the hymn that proclaims thy
" glory! O! thou, my maſter, who haſt
" taught the greatneſs of God with power
" divine, ſhow me the path which thou haſt
" trodden, whereupon the holy ſeers, the
" proclaimers of thy Majeſty, ſang rapturous
" ſongs! Show me the career whereupon,
" at the diſtant mark, the palm of victory
" is diſplayed; that my conſecrated arm may
" take flames from the altar of God, and
" pour the blazing fire into the hearts of
" thy redeemed!"

I continued my Journal, played with my little girl, and then went to dinner. The ſervant came to look for my little ſon; we called him, ſearched every where, but could not find him. I was ſeized with anxiety,

and

and felt how reluctantly I ſhould ſacrifice him to the will of my heavenly father. I ſent my ſervant out, and ſhe found him with his mother in the *ſalt-houſe*, whither he went without his hat, becauſe he could not find her at home, and had not ſeen her the whole evening, which he was not uſed to.

After dinner, I wrote to Frankfort, and reſumed the Odes of Klopſtock. I paſſed ſome of the Odes over, reading over and over again only thoſe which were ſublime with reſpect to the ſubject they were written upon: *To the Redeemer*; *To the Omnipreſent*; *The Contemplation of God*; *Hymn on Spring*; *The Merciful*; *The World*; *The Stars*: I wiſh he had wrote no other Odes, but ſuch (though even *theſe* Odes could bear ſome more new, bright ideas); none which paint with the greateſt poetical ſublimity, trifling, though innocent pleaſures. I alſo do not like the

fashionable introduction and revival of the old German mythology, and the language of the ancient bards, although mere poetical ears may relish it ever so much. Such pieces will do very well for poetical exercise; they ought, however, not to be laid before the public, which is so fond of imitating, by an author whose great celebrity cannot but be seducing. It gave me great pleasure to observe that the imitation of the ancient battle-song, the drinking-song, and the love-air, are left out in this excellent collection, and, of course, as I hope, have been disapproved by the pious poet. They were, indeed, quite unwarrantable pieces, which, certainly, must frequently have made blush that great author, that confidant of the angels.

My wife came home, and lovingly deposited on my face her mother's and her sister's blessing, along with her own. We were sitting

ſitting for ſome time, hand in hand, without ſpeaking much, the cough having fatigued me.——I read, during the evening ſervice, the Epiſtle to the Epheſians. How abundant in ſublime ideas, in great hints, and excellent inſtructions, is this epiſtle!—*God has choſen us before the foundation of the world, that we ſhould be holy and without blame before him in love.* How infinitely much do theſe words imply! What philoſopher from Eaſt to Weſt has ever ſpoken that language? Are there any where elſe to be found expreſſions, ideas, hints, and inſtructions, ſo important, and ſo abounding in hidden knowledge(*g*)? *To know what are the riches of*

(*g*) Although the ſubſequent apoſtolical inſtructions and precepts are very true and excellent, and worthy of an inſtructor of human-kind, yet I muſt caution thee, Chriſtian reader, againſt the erroneons idea, that the words

of the glory of God's inheritance in the ſaints, and what is the exceeding greatneſs of his power to us ward who believe—The church (the ſociety of all thoſe who have become good men through Chriſt) is the body of God, the fulneſs of him that filleth all in all. God, who is rich in

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words of the Goſpel ſignify whatever they CAN ſignify, or that every ſentence of the Bible is an inexhauſtible ſource of ſingular ideas and revelations in religious matters. This would be the ſureſt means of rendering the Goſpel a very obſcure and myſterious book. If thou wilt underſtand the Holy Scripture, then do not aſk, What meaning *may* be found, or can *I find*, in this ſentence or paſſage? I rather would adviſe thee to aſk, How could (for example) St. Paul, who was a learned *Jew*, how could the Epheſians, &c. &c. &c. the new-converted Chriſtians from the Jews and Heathens, underſtand it? If thou, at the ſame time, art better inſtructed, then diveſt thoſe paſſages which ſound rather ſtrange of the Hebrew garment they ſtill wear in our tranſlations. Thus thou wilt find (for example) that—to know what are the riches of the glory of God's inheritance in the ſaints—can have no other meaning, but—to know what great advantages Chriſtians have over other people.

mercy,

mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in ſins, has quickened us together with Chriſt, and has raiſed us up together, and made us ſit together in heavenly places through Chriſt Jeſus—that in the ages to come he might ſhow the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindneſs towards us through Chriſt Jeſus—We are God's workmanſhip, created in Chriſt Jeſus unto good works, which God has before ordained, that we ſhould walk in them.—Through him we both have acceſs by one ſpirit unto the Father—We are no more ſtrangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the ſaints, and of the houſehold of God——We muſt be framed unto a holy temple in the Lord——Unto the principalities and powers in heaven ſhould be known by the church the manifold wiſdom of God.——We muſt be rooted and grounded in love, that we may be able to know the love of Chriſt which paſſeth knowledge, that we might

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be filled with all the fullneſs of God.——God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we aſk or think.——There is one body, one ſpirit, one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptiſm, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all; therefore we ſhall endeavour to keep the unity of the ſpirit in the bond of peace.

We ſhall all come in the unity of knowledge unto a perfect man, up to the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt.—We ſhall be righteous, we ſhall huſband the truth in love.—We ſhall be kind and merciful—forgive each other, as God has forgiven us for Chriſt's ſake.—We ſhall be followers of God, as dear children, walk in love; ſacrifice ourſelves one for another to God, as the Son of God has ſacrificed himſelf for us. We ſhall be a light of God—underſtanding what the will of the Lord is—and, full of his ſpirit, be uſeful and give pleaſure to

one

one another, giving thanks always for all to God; ſhall ſubmit ourſelves to one another in the fear of God. We ſhall love our wives and huſbands, as the Son of God loveth men, who are of his fleſh and of his bones. All in ſincerity of heart, as if done to the Son of God.—We ſhall always look up unto the Lord of heaven, with whom there is no reſpect of perſons.

O! my heart! how could'ſt thou ever read theſe paſſages, theſe expreſſions, without being ſenſible, that this is the language of the moſt ſublime truth; the voice of him whoſe work *thou* art, and whom thou never canſt perceive more ſweetly and happily, than when thou, in loving thy brethren and ſiſters ſincerely and diſintereſtedly, loveſt him who gives life unto every thing—*Every one that is of the truth heareth, underſtandeth, and followeth the voice of God.* I wrote an ode, intitled, *My Exiſtence*; then continued my Journal,

Journal, remained ſome time longer in private, and afterwards ſat a few minutes with my mother. I was called away; read ſome tender and kind congratulations which quite made me bluſh, and returned an anſwer nearly in theſe words: "O! ye loving and "beloved friends, you are too kind! I dare "not accept your kindneſs, till I can ſhow "myſelf to you in my real form, till nothing "is left within me that endeavours to con-"ceal itſelf from you; then only I ſhall be "deſerving of your love and your good "wiſhes."

Some friends came to ſee us—We read a few of Klopſtock's odes; diſcourſed on the caprice and the diſſatisfaction of children. Converſation with ſuperiors and inferiors is particularly beneficial to them, becauſe they uſe themſelves to become ſenſible, that ſuperiors and inferiors ſtand in the ſame predicaments

dicaments with themſelves. I ſend my ſon to the public ſchool for, almoſt, no other reaſon, but to make him more ſociable; to train him up to aſſociate with men, although he ſhould learn nothing elſe there; nay, even if he ſhould (as I have not the leaſt doubt) learn many improper and bad things. This evil ſeems to me not to be compared to ſhyneſs, that dreadful bane of ſociable pleaſure—to a diſpoſition to deſpiſe and to avoid human ſociety. Individual bad diſpoſitions and faults which his mind may be tainted with, and which, generally, ſhow themſelves while in the bud, at leaſt ſoon after they have taken poſſeſſion of the mind, can more eaſily be removed by degrees, when they are perceived, than the dreadful inclination of the whole character to man-hatred, moroſeneſs, and roguiſh ſullenneſs. Beſides, I think it alſo ought not to be neglected, and ever

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to be kept in view by thoſe who write on education, and make a profeſſion of educating children, as it ought to be the conſtant object of all preachers and moral writers, *that we muſt take the world as it is, and that we cannot alter its order and regulation.* The ſituations and connections in which we are, may be good or bad; they are always as they are. It would, therefore, be fooliſh to endeavour to alter them; and if one cannot do that, to ſeclude and tear one's ſelf from them. Men and children muſt, conſequently, be trained up to behave prudently, and to act right in *thoſe* ſituations which cannot be altered; children, therefore, muſt not be uſed to be gentle and virtuous only in *private* and *at home*; one muſt not fancy to educate them well, if one ſecludes them from the ſociety and noiſe of children; they alſo muſt learn and uſe themſelves to be good among the

the *bad*, becauſe it is impoſſible to prevent them from mixing with the *bad*. If they ſhall become wiſe and happy, then they muſt acquire a moral *firmneſs* and *ſelf-conſiſtency* of their own, which is entirely independent upon and free from authoritative inſpection; but this they cannot acquire by means of any artificial education whatever.

I peruſed Oettinger's work on the *High-prieſthood of Jeſus Chriſt* (*h*). A few, however,

(*h*) Not having read Oettinger's works, I neither can nor dare judge of their deſerts. They are, however, according to the teſtimony of judicious and impartial men, very myſterious, and partly unintelligible; I ſhall, of courſe, never read them; and the ſame advice I would give to all unlearned Chriſtians. He who cannot ſpend much time with reading, and is not, what they commonly call, a man of letters, ought to be very cautious in the choice of his books, and to read only thoſe which he can eaſily underſtand, and apply to his inſtruction and improvement. Whatever is moſt eaſily underſtood in ſcripture is always the moſt uſeful and important. EDITOR.

by far not ſufficiently digeſted great ideas excepted, I have found very little in it; leſs than the worthy Haſencamp, whoſe underſtanding and heart is, in every other reſpect, ſo *found*, gave me reaſon to expect.

But why does my heart feel ſo little ſatisfaction at being quoted by Oettinger, a man ſo generally eſteemed? Why can I not help feeling ſome ſecret uneaſineſs, *malaiſe*, and an obſcure diſpleaſure, which ſeems to be afraid of myſelf, and for that very reaſon paſſes quickly by, when I ſee my name printed by that of *Oettinger* and *Bengel?* Is this vanity? childiſh fear to be laughed at as a follower of them?—and, yet, my heart tells me, that they are honeſt, pious, and, in many reſpects, deſerving and active men; tells me audibly, that, in ſpite of the fame which my ſtile has procured me, I do not come up with them, neither in piety nor in meek-

meekneſs; that they have the concerns of God, and of the kingdom of Chriſt, more at heart than myſelf, notwithſtanding the weakneſs, peculiarity, and obſcurity, which may appear in their writings and character; that I muſt lay aſide a great many things, and (as brother Haſencamp admoniſhes me with ſo much fraternal kindneſs) that *I muſt cleanſe myſelf from all filthineſs of the fleſh and ſpirit*, if, in the world to come, where the ſearcher of hearts certainly will make known their virtues, and emblaze them with radiant light, I ſhall, in their ſociety, ſincerely delight in their and our God. O Lord! cleanſe my heart from all the dregs of vanity, conceit, and ſoul-poiſoning envy!—*Only thoſe that have pure hearts ſhall behold thee, Lord!*

P*** came, and was glad to find us ſo ſociably and peacefully aſſembled. We ſpoke of Mrs. D. and her ſtill being inconſolable about the loſs of her only child, her ſole joy

on earth. I thought that if one more epiſtolary attempt of conſoling her ſhould be made, it would be beſt not to ſay much more on that head, and not to comfort her expreſsly and directly; becauſe her grief would then, perhaps, ſooner abate.—One can, indeed, frequently render grief more unconquerable by applying conſolations which do not ſtrike home. People who are much afflicted *at a real* misfortune, which cannot be retrieved, *will not be comforted*; becauſe they find a kind of pleaſure in abandoning themſelves to their melancholy. Every direct attempt to tear them from their luxurious grief is a kind of violence againſt which their heart revolts..... P*** told me that he was going to preach from the words, *Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what haſt thou that thou didſt not receive?*—We cannot reflect too much on the idea, that whatever we have has been *received*.

We

We *rob God* in the full ſenſe of the word, if *we* conſider the leaſt thing in the world as our *own* work; for it is literally true, in the fulleſt ſenſe of the word, that *we are not ſufficient of ourſelves to think any thing as of ourſelves; but our ſufficiency is of God.* It is one of the characteriſtics of the ſickly mode of interpretation, peculiar to our, in many reſpects, as much as poſſible *unphiloſophical* century, that we call to our aid, and laviſh *grammar* and *learning*, in order to confine the moſt general truths to a local ſenſe, becauſe they have, perhaps, been applied by Jeſus Chriſt, or his apoſtles, to a *particular* caſe; and that we treat with a kind of contempt thoſe who do not degrade a *general* truth to a *local* one, becauſe it has been applied to a *particular* caſe!!!(*i*)

We

(*i*) Should it alſo be *unphiloſophical*, if one endeavours to aſſign to every ſcriptural paſſage a *fixed* ſenſe, adapted

We happened to difcourfe on the fublime fentence of St. Paul, *All are your's; ye are Chrift's, and Chrift is God's:* God has deli-

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to the rules of the language, to the purport and the connection of the difcourfe, and the individual fituation of the auditor, and refufes to make every thing of every thing? In the paffage, *We are not fufficient of ourfelves*, &c. &c. &c. the apoftle fpeaks evidently of himfelf and his fellow-apoftles, and of their ability to adminifter the functions of the evangelical miniftry. Why then fhould we not explain that paffage to *that purport*, but apply it to a matter which, though ever fo true, is quite foreign to the object in view? Certainly, none will prefume to deny that we derive all our abilities and faculties from God, and that he alone preferves them; and he who feels and believes this fincerely cannot poffibly be proud. But does it follow thence, that we can do nothing at all with the faculties which God has granted us, if he does not continually influence us in an immediate and miraculous manner? "We apoftles (St. Paul fays in the paffage quoted above) "have not ourfelves invented the doctrine "we are preaching, but it has been revealed to us by "God." Dare we, now, conclude from that, that all our good thoughts are derived, in the *fame manner*, and in the *fame fenfe*, from God, and confequently are *divine revelations?* E.

vered

vered every thing to Chriſt, Chriſt to his redeemed; and yet every one retains his right! What God poſſeſſes is Chriſt's; what Chriſt poſſeſſes is the property of his whole congregation (*k*). O God! open our eyes, that we may know our dignity, and what are the riches of God's inheritance in the ſaints!

(*k*) Can this paſſage, if read in connection with the preceding and ſubſequent words, have any other meaning than, Do not adhere, in a ſchiſmatical manner, to any individual teacher of the goſpel: do not boaſt of one apoſtle in ſuch a manner that ye deſpiſe the reſt, and alienate yourſelves from them: be not ye, therefore, ſervants of men. *All is your's:* whatever God ſpeaks and performs through us tends to your happineſs; and you can, and ought to profit *by whatever* we preach and do, although our gifts and delivery ſhould differ ever ſo much. *Ye are Chriſt's:* his diſciples, his property; and not diſciples, nor ſervants, of Paul or Cephas, or any mortal whatever. *Chriſt is God's:* he himſelf is the ambaſſador of God, who taught and executed only what God has ordered him to teach and to perform; and who did not ſeek his own glory, but that of his heavenly Father. E.

Before ſupper I was alone for a little while. My cough was very violent; the excretion had a taſte of blood. This recalled the idea of death ſtrongly to my mind. Gentle, filial ſubmiſſion wreſtled with a ſecret wiſh to live longer, and to execute firſt this and that on earth. I would not ſee what I was, nor what I had performed; but what I could have performed, what I ought to have been. O God! how humble ought I to be?

I ſupped with my parents, was eaſy in my mind; yet I melted ſeveral times into tears at the idea, if I were to waſte my vital powers with coughing.

MONDAY,

Monday, Nov. 16, 1772.

AT breakfaſt I communicated to my wife the preface of Oettinger's work on the *High-prieſthood of Chriſt*. "I ſhould be glad" (ſhe ſaid) "if they would write of you neither bad nor good!"

I wrote a few trifles; ſettled ſome œconomical concerns with my wife; and begged P***, who called on me, on paſſing my houſe, to ſupply my place in the houſe of Orphans. I requeſted him, at the ſame time, to ſearch for ſomething among my papers: he could not find it immediately. Impatience began to be ſtirring within me: the ſame happened to me a quarter of an hour

hour afterwards, when I was vexed by my ſervant. I compoſed the hymn for the Orphans, and then reſted half an hour on my bed, occupied with different reflections. I roſe at nine o'clock, and finiſhed my Journal of yeſterday. Then I received a letter from a poor perſon whom I knew, and who was out of employment. He believed to have offended me, or to have been calumniated, becauſe I had not enquired after him for ſome time. I determined to write to him without delay, put his letter aſide, and was going to read the Epiſtle to the Philippians, but was interrupted. This would have grieved me, ſome time ago; but now it did not. It gives me allways great pleaſure, if, on ſuch occaſions, I do not deſire to have a will of my own, and entirely ſubmit to the will of Providence. The leſs I will, the leſs ſelf-will I have, even with reſpect to what is good;

good; or, rather, to the *choice* of what is good; the more I submit implicitly in this respect to every call of Providence; the more easy, the more evidently blessed, am I.

One half of my Sermons on Jonas were returned to me by the Censurers with an approbation; and my *Manuscript for Servants*, by a friend of mine, along with some remarks and additions, which I found very useful and proper, and instantly inserted and made use of.

Miss A*** came to see me, complaining gently and modestly, with tears in her eyes, of the corporeal and moral disorder of her nature. She staid till noon: I endeavoured to cheer her up, and to inspire her with faith in God through faith in men.

A parcel, containing the second part of my treatise on Physiognomy, arrived from Leipzig. I always tremble when I see a

new

new publication of mine. My writings produce quite a different effect on me when *printed* than when manuſcripts; I alſo view them in a light entirely different.

I ran the treatiſe over, read the preface and the annotations; was frightened at ſome leaves which through neglect had been left blank; wrote ſome letters, and went to dinner.—We ſpoke of Mr. Schmiedlin, who is ill; of the loſs his congregation will ſuffer, if he ſhould die; and how much they deſerve to have a worthy man in his room, if that event ſhould happen. He is, indeed, a worthy and kind gentleman. I cannot value his muſical talents; have, however, heard ſome of his compoſitions with the greateſt emotion. His *Duſt to duſt*, &c. &c. &c. I have already beſpoke for my death-bed.

A citizen's wife brought me, after dinner, a letter

a letter from her poor husband, who wants some assistance for carrying on his profession. I could give her little hope; promised to speak to my father, and to send her an answer.—My father gave me something for her.——I continued my Journal, and sent some copies of my Essays on Physiognomy abroad. My wife brought my little girl to me—The little, innocent, lovely child!—Who gave her that innocence and loveliness? For how many millions of children has the Father of all beauty, innocence and loveliness in store? O! my God! who could ever take a child on his arm, and bear the horrid idea which once I have heard expressed in a sermon; *Little children are an abode of the devils!* Our Saviour can, certainly, not wish us to become such an abode, when he desires us to become *children!!!*

I read

I read the Epiſtle to the Philippians. I wiſh I could always tranſcribe thoſe paſſages, ideas, and expreſſions, which ſtrike me particularly, and appear to me to deſerve a peculiar reflection. Indeed, we ſkip over a great deal that is of the higheſt importance, and ought to improve our *Chriſtian taſte.* How important are, for example, the following expreſſions and ſentiments; and how much would they refine our moral taſte, if we did not read them with ſo little attention: *So be ſincere, and without offence, till the day of Chriſt——Being filled with the fruits of righteouſneſs, which are by Jeſus Chriſt, unto the glory and praiſe of God——If only Chriſt is preached every where; if he only is magnified in my body, whether it be by life or death—to me, to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain, which is far better*——O Lord! Lord! may this ſpirit, this ſimplicity, and this pure, amiable zeal,

animate

animate all thy ſervants, animate my ſoul, inſpire me whenever I act, ſpeak, write, pray, ſuffer, honour, and am honoured.—— There are moments when I fancy to have a right to repeat theſe words of the apoſtle's, with application to myſelf; I am, however, ſtill frightened when I look up to the glory and love of Jeſus Chriſt.—*Wherever I am* (ſays the heavenly truth) *my ſervant and follower ſhall be too.*

I cannot eſteem, admire, and love, too much, that man who could write to people who formerly were immerſed in ignorance and vice; *Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Chriſt, not only to believe in him, but alſo to ſuffer for his ſake.*

In lowlineſs of mind, let each eſteem others better than themſelves. Let this mind be in you, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus!

Be

Be blameleſs and harmleſs, as the ſons of God, without rebuke, in the midſt of a crooked and perverſe nation, among whom ye ſhine as lights in the world!——Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I ſay, rejoice!——Let your moderation be known unto all men!—Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and in ſupplication, with thankſgiving, let your requeſts be made known unto God!——The peace of God, which paſſeth all underſtanding, ſhall keep your hearts and minds, through Chriſt Jeſus——Whatſoever things are lovely, think on theſe things——The grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with you all. Amen.

How can *we miniſters*, how can I, who am a miniſter of the goſpel, read the good and indifferent deſcriptions of good and ungodly miniſters, without being ſenſibly affected? *All of them ſeek their own, not the things*

things which are Jesus Christ's——What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ—— I desire to know him, and the power of his resurrection, and being made conformable unto his death—I forget those things which are behind, and am reaching forth unto those things which are before—I tell you, weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, their belly is their God, their glory is their shame, and their end destruction, for they mind earthly things.

When we hear the apostle say: *Christ has power to submit all things unto himself; God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth; and every tongue should confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.*

Alas! how dare we ministers, so void of Christ, and so neglectful of him, lift up our

eyes by the ſide of the apoſtles, who were inſpired by Chriſt (*l*)? In vain will the whole world, and the moſt enlightened geniuſes, be aſhamed of the name of Chriſt, when Chriſt himſelf is violently preſſed forth (as it were), and placed upon an eminence.— *It ſhall be; and I will not cloſe my eyes; and this hand ſhall not be numbed before Jeſus Chriſt has been glorified on my body; it be for life or death* (*m*).

(*l*) This paſſage contains much truth, but, at the ſame time, ſome vague ideas, which eaſily may be miſapplied. Whoever preaches the goſpel of Chriſt, whoever, like him, endeavours with ſincerity of heart to propagate truth, virtue, and honeſty, is not a miniſter void of Chriſt, though he has not continually the name of Jeſus Chriſt on his lips. We find in the goſpel long ſpeeches of Chriſt, and whole apoſtolical epiſtles wherein his perſon ſcarcely is mentioned? And who is ignorant that in the writings of the apoſtles the name of Chriſt frequently means nothing elſe but the Chriſtian doctrine? E.

(*m*) Can this mean any thing elſe, than to ſuffer for Chriſt's ſake, to become a martyr for his doctrine? And

I wrote an anſwer to the letter I had received in the morning. I could ſay, with the greateſt veracity, that nothing but my inability was the reaſon why I have not aſſiſted him any longer, and ſeemed to have forgot him.—I was quite ſilent for a quarter of an hour, meditating on the declining ſtate of theology in Germany, and ſighing to my heavenly maſter. P*** came; I begged him to ſtay with me, and he conſented. We read the ſecond and third Epiſtle of St. John, and afterwards a tract of Benſon, in the Britiſh Theological Magazine, on the *reſuſcitated Saints*, who, after the reſurrection of Chriſt, appeared to many Chriſtians at Jeruſalem. It appeared to us not ſufficiently

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is it not againſt our duty to draw ſufferings wantonly and forcibly upon ourſelves? One can, indeed, be a good Chriſtian without ſuffering as a *Chriſtian*. Piety has, in our times, more than in thoſe of the apoſtles, the promiſe of the life that now is. E.

proved that they have been mere Chriſtians who had but lately died; and that, without their being known, the impreſſion which their appearance would have produced muſt have been fruitleſs; becauſe it is evident, that Moſes and Elias have been recogniſed by the three apoſtles on the holy mountain, although they had been dead many hundred years, and, conſequently, have never been ſeen by the apoſtles.——Benſon is a diligent explanator of the ſcripture, but only a common labourer; yet a very uſeful labourer in the exegetical ſcience! How little feeling does he, however, ſhow! I recollected, on this occaſion, to have read in the relation which Euſebius gives of Chriſt's letter to Abgarus, that the apoſtle Thaddeus is ſaid to have told that king, that Chriſt came from heaven quite alone, and returned to it in company of many thouſand ſaints

LET-

LETTER *to Mrs.* B.

Dear Mrs. B.

Nov. 16, 1772.

I WILL not deny that your ſufferings are unſpeakably great—but you have not followed my advice, have not anſwered the chief points of my letter. You muſt firſt make repeated *trials*; and, if they ſhould prove unſucceſsful, then I ſhall, certainly, agree with you that you are inconſolable.

You muſt begin to reflect upon, and to ſum up, the numberleſs benefactions which God has beſtowed on you, and ſtill continues daily to beſtow. While you add only to the ſcale of ſufferings, and reflect only

upon *them*, you are unjuſt to God, and incapable of being comforted. My diſconſolate friend! you alſo have returned no anſwer to the aſſertion of our common friend, Mrs. ***, that God poſſeſſes more than he *can* give to individuals—more power, more wiſdom, and infinitely more love, than any one of your friends *can* have and receive from him.—What may you expect from the *ſun*, if a ſingle ray can ſatisfy you! *God is greater than our heart!* That you have not conſidered.

I muſt ſpeak to you without diſguiſe—Do not fancy that I am unfeeling!—I am ſenſible of your miſery—If you, however, wiſh for comfort, then I can and muſt direct you only to the path whereupon it is to be met with.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, NOV. 17, 1772.

I CANNOT inſert ſome remarkable ſcenes of this day; I muſt, however, remark, for the ſake of my own information, that I have wronged very much, and have been very angry in my heart with ſome friends, who inſiſted that ſome perſons whom they met in my houſe were inſincere—that I fancied to defend innocence, and thus wounded the hearts of my much more innocent friends.

In the evening I received a letter from the worthy *Kraemer*, of Dudelheim. This ſick and afflicted honeſt man made me bluſh by his too grateful friendſhip. I imagined to have ſent him the third volume of *my*

Views of Eternity, which he was ſo deſirous to have; and the worthy, poor man buys it, from a deſire to ſtrengthen himſelf for his journey to the next world. Such miſtakes and neglects, on my part, have cauſed me already much grief. I conſole myſelf, however, with the faith in the faith of my friends.

He had incloſed a letter, written to him by the ſenſible and honeſt Mr. *Hedebrand*, of Buedingen, in which this gentleman makes ſome excellent remarks on the third volume of my *Views*, particularly on the *arbitrary* puniſhments of eternity, which I entirely approve. We agree in the *main point*. What, at preſent, appears to us *arbitrary puniſhment*, is, at bottom, in the eyes of a ſuperior being, who overlooks the whole at once, *natural puniſhment*.

The ſeparation of the wicked from the righteous, their tranſlocation to a place of torture,

torture, laborious occupations, heat and cold, and ſuch like things, may, indeed, at preſent, appear to us *arbitrary puniſhments*, and yet naturally originate from the *moral* and *phyſical* diſpoſition of man, which are cloſely connected.

The relation of our body to certain ſimilar and homogeneous ſubſtances may render its tranſlocation to the worſt climes of the univerſe *natural*; and this relation may chiefly depend on our moral diſpoſition, and on the impreſſions which, here below, have been imprinted, by our paſſions and actions, on that part of our being which is to be immortal.

I was rather vexed that the worthy man ſeems not to have underſtood my plain hints concerning the puniſhments of the wicked, or, at leaſt, has not diſcovered it in his letter. Nothing vexes me more than miſunderſtanding, or not underſtanding, my opinions, when

they

they are repreſented ſo plainly, and with ſo much ſimplicity.

P*** brought me that volume of the *Univerſal German Review of Belles Lettres*, which contains the criticiſm on my *Secret Journal*. Having read already the Review, I did not read it quite through. I was ſenſibly affected by ſome paſſages which I had overlooked, at firſt, certainly for no other reaſon but becauſe I had bluſhed ſeveral times, and was very much diſpleaſed with ſome remarks.

I have, indeed, wronged the author of that criticiſm, and am ſincerely aſhamed of it. Yet I cannot deny that ſome paſſages ſtill appear very ſingular to me.

P***, dined with me. I peruſed Weiſſe's pretty *ſpelling-book*. We ſpoke of Brandt's(*n*) crime. My brother, the doctor, joined us:

(*n*) One of the conſpirators who deſigned a plot againſt the life of the King of Denmark.

ſpoke

ſpoke of Mr. Schmiedlin's illneſs and death; and, on that occaſion, praiſed Mr. E*** very much. P*** wiſhed I might enlarge ſome chapters of the Eſſays on Phyſiognomy. I recapitulated the reaſons which would not ſuffer me to do it, though it ſhould be in my power. "The only thing (ſaid I) I could do farther, would be to publiſh *Miſcellaneous Phyſiognomical Obſervations and Reflections*, for which I have a great number of ſubjects amongſt my drawings. And thus (added I) I will ſilence all doubts through facts; but I will firſt enlarge my collection a little more."

I was loſt, for ſome moments, in aſtoniſhment, at the moral diſharmony of one and the ſame man.

"Pfenninger!" (exclaimed I, with a violent emotion) "I will proclaim, as loud as "poſſible, to the world, to all heroes in vir- "tue, authors, miniſters of the goſpel, ſen- "timentaliſts,

" timentaliſts, judges, ſpeakers, and to all " thoſe who have ſome authority in the " kingdom of virtue, " *O! ye dear, worthy* " *reſpectable, and beſt of men! if you have not* " *alſo ſome moments, minutes, and quarters of an* " *hour, when you muſt deſpiſe yourſelves, when* " *the whole world would deſpiſe you, if it could* " *ſee the inmoſt receſſes of your hearts, and knew* " *nothing elſe of you!—O! then baniſh me ſolemnly* " *from your circle! I do not belong to you! I* " *am either the moſt unhappy or the moſt ſcelerate* " *being on earth; for I am certain that not a* " *week paſſes without my having ſuch a minute,* " *ſuch a quarter of an hour.*"——

" I will join with you"—Pfenninger ſaid, ſmiling—" they ſhall baniſh me too from " their circle, if they perceive nothing of " that kind with regard to themſelves(*o*)."

(*o*) Should not this obſervation frequently be a mere deception? Should it, really, render me ſo deſpicable, when unavoidable external impreſſions, or an involuntary aſſociation

My friend left me at nine o'clock.—I made a few additions to my Journal, and examined my conduct during this day. I have thought too little of God. I was, indeed, involuntarily involved in a conſtant buſtle, and cannot accuſe myſelf of an act of injuſtice againſt any perſon whatever. I have, indeed, been uſeful and beneficial to others; it would, however, have been poſſible, and naturally better, if I had regarded the concerns of V*** more than the concerns of God; and how eaſily could I have done that, if my mind had been occupied

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aſſociation of ideas produce within me bad and wicked thoughts, which I, however, inſtantly view in their proper light, rejecting and ſuppreſſing them with indignation. They may, perhaps, deprive me of the good opinion of men, who ſee only the effect, and not its cauſe, nor my ruling ſentiments; but they will, certainly, not degrade me in the eye of God, who ſees and judges both at the ſame time, and honours my heart. E.

with

with God. I did not grieve me at all that I neither have read, nor could read, in the ſcripture. Not I, but Providence, directed it that I ſhould *act*, and not *read*. Some premature emotions of anger could alſo not pleaſe me much. The ſervant came to tell me, that my wife had flung herſelf on the bed as ſoon as ſhe came home.—Diſpleaſure at her not having firſt come to ſee me, if only for a moment, was, evidently, the firſt and prevailing ſenſation of my heart; I ſoon, however, got the better of it, aſſiſted by my good opinion of her.—And how naturally did ſhe act! She had violent pains in her ſtomach; I was not alone—ſhe apprehended ſhe ſhould make me uneaſy, or be detained.——Having recovered a little, ſhe came to ſee me, although her pains were not as yet entirely gone off.—O! how much did her kindneſs abaſh and rejoice me!

WED-

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18, 1772.

I WAS very cold, and diſinclined to prayers, when I awoke. The thought,—*Creature!—averſion from God!*—ſtruck, or rather thrilled, my ſoul; and I ſighed for faith and love.——My wife wiſhed me a good and a more tranquil day than yeſterday was!—"Juſt as Providence pleaſes," (ſaid I). "I "wiſh, my dear! we may increaſe in faith, "love, hope, and patience!"——My children came into my room; I amuſed myſelf with them; ſhowed them ſome pages in Weiſſe's Spelling-book, and related to Henry the tale of the ſweet-meat.

My friend returned *The Pocket-book for Servants*, along with ſome remarks and additions,

ditions, which I approved very much. I wrote the Addreſs to Maſters and Miſtreſſes, with which that little performance begins, and corrected the text after the annotations of my friend.

I received a letter from Mr. ***, of St. Gallen, in which he thanked me for my little poem on his deceaſed mother, and for the communication of my opinion of the ſtate of the ſoul after death.—I was agreeably ſurpriſed that this worthy perſon is ſo much above the prejudices of the place of his abode. I read his letter to my wife.—*There is ſtill ſalt every where!*—O! how many thouſand noble and enlightened ſouls more ſhall I get acquainted with!

I wrote a note to Mrs. ***.

" I WAS yeſterday, for the firſt time, not " pleaſed with my friend—not pleaſed with " her look of denial and miſtruſt with regard " to

" to the *ſincerity* of Lady B***. This is the " firſt time that our ſentiments differ, or, " at leaſt, ſeem to differ. One ought never " to obſerve a friend with the eye of a mer- " chant, even if he ſhould be the beſt upon " earth. Nothing but *man* himſelf ought to " obſerve; nothing but *man* muſt ſee, and " ſee nothing but the man: O! why did you " not feel that Honeſty herſelf cannot ſpeak " more forcibly than the phyſiognomy of " that lady? O! my friend! if that lady " has not the ſtrongeſt diſpoſition to virtue, " then all my delight in honeſt human faces, " all my delight in your face, is at an end."

Mr. E*** came to ſee me, and gave me an account of his ſituation; which, indeed, is very lamentable—O God! why haſt thou given me ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of pity, ſo ſtrong inclinations to relieve the afflicted, and ſo little power? I could never conceive that

there can be a greater and a more divine pleaſure, than that which ariſes from the *harmony* and the *proportion* of the *deſire* and the *power* of *doing good*.—If futurity ſhould not procure me that happineſs, then the love which I have foſtered here below would become to me a treaſure of torments—*Love* without *power* is *infernal torture*.

I received a note from Mrs. ***, in anſwer to what I wrote to her to-day: "Not "with the eye of the beſt merchant will I "ſee!—No! I will ſee with you—Let me "bluſh, and rejoice that you are right!— "Alas! how much is my heart afflicted! "Tell me that you will bury in oblivion, "and obliterate, all my faults. I muſt con- "feſs, in honour of truth, and to my own "ſhame, that your friend was right, and I "wrong—I deemed the guilty innocent; "and, for that reaſon, pronounced the in-

"nocent

" nocent guilty. It is, therefore, my duty " to be more cautious in future, and to beg " your pardon."

My boy came weeping into my ſtudy. He had refuſed to come up from the ſtreet on the firſt ſummons of his mother, who had conducted him to me. He promiſed to behave better; but I would not liſten to him, and only told him I would pardon him; yet could not believe that he was ſerious, till I had ſeen proofs.

Elkan came to fetch the manuſcript of the book for ſervants. I peruſed a few pages of it, and wrote a continuation of the Sketch of Religion. Mr. Jacob Heſs, the author of the Life of Chriſt, being with me, we ſpoke of it.—Before we inſtruct any perſon in religion, we ought firſt to make him ſenſible that he wants inſtructions of that kind. *Conſciouſneſs of our wants is the main*

ſpring of all human actions—and then *faith*, or *confidence that ſomething exiſts which can ſatisfy our wants. Chriſt has, for that reaſon, very wiſely encompaſſed his religious inſtructions in two words*, viz. REPENT, and BELIEVE IN THE GOSPEL! Be ſenſible of your depravity, and believe that God will extricate you from it through the Meſſiah (*p*).

A woman from F*** came to acquaint me with her poverty, and the miſery of her huſband, who, for many years, had been afflicted, every ſpring and autumn, with a fit of melancholy.—To tell the truth, I had not

(*p*) One muſt, indeed, believe the offered means of repentance and ſalvation to be good ones, if one ſhall apply them willingly and faithfully. This is the confidence which the goſpel requires of us. But then one muſt make a proper and conſtant uſe of them, if they ſhall make us better and happy. Confidence in a phyſician is beneficial to us only as far as it induces us to follow his directions, and to regulate our life accordingly. E.

ſo

ſo much money in the houſe as ſhe wanted, and could not recollect directly any perſon to whom I could have ſent her, having already importuned my moſt intimate, benevolent friends too much.—O! how much ſecret, pungent grief has it already given me, that I cannot, or dare not, have ſo much confidence in my dear auditors in general, to recommend to them, with all due modeſty, one or the other deeply-afflicted fellow Chriſtian!—But, perhaps, I wrong them? ought, perhaps, not to lament their untried diſinclination to benevolent actions of that kind—but rather my timidity and my diffidence in their readineſs to oblige me!

Mr. Schinz and Mr. Voegli came to ſee me. We ſpoke of the ſelf-created and of the natural wants of human nature; particularly of death, and the little *natural* appearance of the living exiſtence of man, after

death and the deſtruction of the body——I ſpoke with great difficulty, becauſe my breaſt pained me very much.

A note from Mr. T. M***. Continued my Journal, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. *** came to ſee me. We ſpoke of the poor Z****. O God! preſerve my patience with men who do not underſtand men!——The honeſt man ſaid (when going out of the room), "You ought to thank "God that you are not obliged to ſee ſo "many inſtances of bad people and wicked "actions as I do."——"I ſee," (replied I) "as many bad ones as any man living; but, "thank God! ſo many good ones as few "people can ſee; and every day ſo many "*very* good men and actions, that I ſhall "never become a miſanthrope."

Continued my Journal. P*** came.—"How do you do?"—"I am tired" (ſaid I), "and

" and diſſatisfied: tired, becauſe I have talk-
" ed much; and diſſatisfied, becauſe I have
" talked in vain." I related; he ſighed....
We unboſomed ourſelves, at ſupper, to each other, with reſpect to many cruelties and inſenſibilities which, frequently, are minded ſo little—I could, ſeveral times, not help ſhedding the bittereſt tears—Once I dropped a very harſh word—" Will that word, too,
" be inſerted in your Journal?" P*** aſked, kindly ſmiling. " No! (was my reply); *writ-*
" *ten* it would appear much harſher than *ut-*
" *tered* in the heat of juſt indignation. Be-
" ſides, I cannot but confeſs that, however
" one ſhould be determined, one cannot
" write down in one's Journal ALL bad
" actions or thoughts, as little as one can
" and dare inſert all the good ones, however
" we may be perſuaded that no perſon ever
" ſhall ſee it."

To Mrs. F***.

Dear Madam,

FIRST of all, I muſt beg your pardon for not having ſent an earlier anſwer to your laſt kind, ſiſterly letter, which was accompanied with a preſent as unmerited as it was unexpected. I could not poſſibly write ſooner. You may, however, be aſſured that your kind attention has given me the greateſt pleaſure. O! what would become of me, if not ſo many good people did forbear me in love? To how many whom I know, and not know, do I owe thanks, and the moſt cordial love! O! how happy ſhould I be, if I were to all theſe worthy people more than a dead letter! O! when will the Spirit of power, of love, and of heavenly wiſdom, break forth from my poor hut with ſuch an enlivening ſplendour that the life

of

of Jeſus Chriſt ſhall be manifeſted on my mortal body? O! believe me, in order that you may be induced to pray for me with ſo much the more ardour—believe me that I am infinitely more weak than your love for me repreſents me to you. I will, however, not diſpirit nor diſcourage you in the leaſt by this confeſſion. The unbounded patience and forbearance which God ſhows towards me affords me much courage, and liberty to encourage all, even the weakeſt ſouls, and to proclaim his mercy to them. I have ſaid ſeveral times to my confidant, "that all ſins "I have committed prove beneficial to me, "and bleſſings to others; that, of courſe, I "ought to thank God for them too (q)."

(q) One muſt not miſapply this paſſage. The author does not thank God for the ſins and errors he has committed; but he thanks God that, through his wiſe and kind providence, he has made ariſe much good from theſe very ſins and errors. Woe unto him that does evil, that good may come! E.

Every

Every thing draws us nearer towards him in whom the wiſdom, the power, and the love of God ſhine with the brighteſt ſplendour—to him whoſe name is like unto his power, who is all *aſſiſtance* and *ſalvation*. O! let us look up to him, and rouſe his ſpirit within us through faith!—The ſpirit of Chriſt is every where. He is within myſelf—and within you; he is within all, even within the moſt horrid ſinners(*r*). But only thoſe *have* him, *perceive* him, and enjoy his animating power, who *believe* that he is within them. Whoever can believe this firmly, is enabled, is enlivened, to become like unto Chriſt, and to repreſent on earth

(*r*) The author muſt mean by the Spirit of Chriſt ſomething ſingular, and unknown to us. The ſcripture generally means by it the *mind* of Chriſt, his *manner of thinking*, his *moral character*. But theſe things can exiſt only in good men. E.

the

the image of the eternal Father of Jeſus Chriſt.—Let me be recommended to your prayers, your love, and to the communion of your ſpirit.

May the love of God diſplay itſelf within you according to the meaſure of your faith, which God may increaſe!

Prove an honour to Chriſt, as Chriſt has done to his Father!

I am,

Your undeſerving brother
and ſervant,

LAVATER.

P.S. As ſoon as my Sermons are publiſhed, I will ſend you a copy. They will, perhaps, be printed off before new year. Commend me to your family, and do not doubt my gratitude. May God enlighten

us

us all to behold, in its proper light, his adorable glory in the perſon of Jeſus Chriſt! May Jeſus Chriſt become *within us* what he was *without* and *for* us—the *Victim* of *Love!* —Nothing for himſelf, all for God, for the benefit of the world!——Do not be diſpleaſed with my brevity, ye dear ſouls!—I muſt write ſeveral letters more.——The mercy of Jeſus Chriſt be with you all! Amen.

To Mr. Sp***, at C***.

Deareſt Profeſſor,

Dec. 9, 1772.

INDEED you have made me bluſh very much by your too kind letter. I muſt tell you frankly, that the notions you entertain of

of me are entirely wrong. I am a being exactly as weak and poor as you are. Beſides, my dear friend, men muſt never admire men, nor Chriſtians their fellow-Chriſtians. We are all alike before God. The Spirit which is within me is alſo within you. You are an abode of the Almighty; I am a breath of the Almighty..... Ought two worms upon a heap of duſt praiſe each other, look up to each other, and admire each other?

O! my dear friend, give me leave to return you thanks for your goodneſs, but at the ſame time to beg you to take it as plain, true, and natural ſincerity, when I tell you that I am leſs averſe than you from being miſtaken for one of the beſt of mortals. I am not entirely bad; God has done a great deal in me and through me; I am, nevertheleſs, undoubtedly, ſo weak a reptile, that I can frequently ſcarcely lift up my eyes before

fore people who are only half-good.—Let me beg one favour more of you! Ten lectures a day are at leaſt by half too many; they are, certainly, too much for you; and you muſt leſſen their number by all means. If you have no family, then I conjure you ſevenfold; but tenfold if you are bleſſed with children. I ſhall make free to write to your Prince, if you reject my advice, and beg of him the life of a man who calls him amiable, and will not take care of his life.

You ſay, you are ſo frequently led aſtray by the world! But you are, perhaps, uneaſy about things which are innocent, or only *fate*.——If you, however, ſhould mean it in the worſt ſenſe, my anſwer is briefly this: " *Do not fear—believe only* (*s*)! It is forgiven you

(*s*) In order to prevent abuſe, I add, *Do not become diſpirited and faint in the combat againſt ſin, and the bad examples*

you already—only *believe* it! Your ſins are already obliterated; the Holy Ghoſt reſides already in your heart. *Believe it only!* You are dearer to God than you can conceive! *only believe it.* IF YOU CANNOT THINK HUMBLY ENOUGH OF YOUR DESERTS, YOU ALSO CANNOT THINK HIGHLY ENOUGH OF YOUR DIGNITY. You *deſerve* nothing, and *poſſeſs* every thing.—Even the moſt depraved prince is ſtill a prince; the greateſt ſinner (and what elſe is ſin but depravity of human nature?) is ſtill the creature, the beautiful work of God. God can never hate his creatures; he only hates what deforms his beautiful work; and to root this

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examples of the wicked world: ceaſe not to endeavour to grow better, although thou ſhouldſt not ſucceed as thou doſt wiſh; riſe when thou art fallen, and do not laviſh thy time and powers with inactive penitence; but apply them to a more cautious proſecution of thy career. E.

out

out of human nature is the work of Chriſt. Let us believe and rejoice in him. Do not be diſpirited, even if you ſhould be led to deſpiſe yourſelf a thouſand times, nay, ten thouſand times—This penitential ſenſation is ſalutary; but do not ſtop here! *Proceed to faith! Proceed to faith!*——A human being for whom the Son of God has prayed but once, and for whom he ſuffered himſelf to be fixed to the croſs, is of greater value in the eyes of God than ten thouſand worlds without ſouls—And of how much importance muſt a world be to him who directs, by his power and wiſdom, even a falling hair of our head! Do, therefore, not fear; *only have faith*(*t*)*!*"

(*t*) Mind well, Chriſtian reader, that the author is ſpeaking of faith which ſhows itſelf active through a ſincere love to God and our neighbours, and earneſt and conſtant endeavours to perform the will of God. E.

Accept

Accept theſe remarks as a token of my friendſhip for you. Commend me to all thoſe on whom God bleſſes my weak endeavours. I am

Your ſincere ſervant, and
brother in the Lord,

J. C. LAVATER.

To Mrs. D****.

Dear Madam,

Dec. 19, 1772.

YOU are perfectly right, when you ſay, that ſouls who are faithful in patience, in ſilently ſuffering virtue, and in negative obedience, are more ſcarce, than ſuch who are faithful in active, poſitive virtue; although active virtue, if not ſelf-willing, but a filial

ſervant of Providence, has conſtantly opportunities to ſhow negative obedience.

You maintain, that there are few hearts who are capable of a true communion of ſentiments and external riches; yet he who is capable of ſuch a communion will eaſily find a congenial ſoul; for God creates no wiſh within our hearts which he does not ſatisfy (*u*).

May I incloſe a copy of my Almanack? Farewell! and let not the inſtant Chriſtmas expel me from your memory. I mean to preach on that occaſion from 1 John i. 1—5. O God! what a veil covers our eyes! How little do we know what we may expect from God through Jeſus Chriſt!

(*u*) But take care, Chriſtian reader, not to miſtake every livelier, ſtronger wiſh, ariſing within thy breaſt, for an immediate produce of God. E.

My

My dear wife begins to recover a little from her dangerous illneſs.

I am

Your moſt devoted friend and brother,

LAVATER.

To Mr. G***.

Dear Friend,

LET me perceive, during the preſent feſtival of Chriſt's nativity, that you pray, that wiſdom, ſtrength, and holy fervor, may be granted me. Whatever you pray for me, you pray for yourſelf. I diſtribute again whatever I receive.——My dear wife is ſtill very ill; ſhe is, however, a lamb in patience

and goodneſs; full of tranquillity of mind, and without ſelf-will—repoſing in the lap of heavenly love.

J. C. LAVATER.

To Mr. E. GP***.

Honoured Sir,

Dec. 23, 1772.

MY dear wife has had to-day (ſince I have wrote to your father) one of the worſt days of her life. Indeed, only a god-like patience can bear what ſhe endures.

The heart of the dear Biſchoff has a very beautiful ſide; yet I fear he betrays too much *want of light, too much weakneſs of faith, and too much caprice.* I obſerve, in general, more and more frequently, that the beſt of men

are

are ſo very capricious. It is a dreadful thing; the pliant *ſimplicity* of a child, on the contrary, is an excellent, heavenly diſpoſition. We rule, undoubtedly, in the ſame meaſure in which we ſerve, and are free in the ſame meaſure in which we make ourſelves the ſervants of others. He who will have every thing muſt deſire nothing (*x*). *Faith*, my dear Sir, is ſomething ſo unſpeakably *ſimple*, that the greater number do not obtain it, becauſe they fancy *faith* to be ſomething more than to *believe*. Whoever is a *true* believer ſcarcely knows that he believes.

Being, at preſent, overburthened with buſineſs, ſorrows, and ſufferings, I perceive the

(*x*) If I am not miſtaken, the author means nothing elſe, but that we muſt reſign ourſelves entirely to the wiſe Providence of God, chearfully perform what he bids us to do, patiently ſubmit to the ſufferings he lays upon us, and never doubt that his will is always the beſt. E.

ſtrengthening hand of God. I deſire nothing, and am eaſy; I believe, and my faith will conquer.

LAVATER.

FRIDAY, Jan. 1, 1773.

I AM no more at leiſure to compoſe a complete Journal; I will, therefore, as much as thoſe moments which I cannot employ to a better purpoſe ſhall allow, write down, with as much brevity as poſſible, only my moſt remarkable hours, occupations, ſituations, incidents, feelings, weakneſſes, inconſiderate actions, and faults; more at large, when I am more at leiſure; when not, more briefly. It ſhall not make me uneaſy, when I am

am prevented from doing it. With regard to this point, I will alſo ſubmit to the will of Providence, in a filial, ſimple manner, and without the leaſt anxiety.

I wiſh, indeed, to have wrote down more, and to have been leſs negligent laſt year: yet it cannot be altered. I will grieve leſs and leſs about ſuch matters, and be leſs determined with reſpect to futurity.

I could not ſleep the firſt midnight hour of this new year—and I cannot tell what was the ſecret cauſe of it; whether it was weakneſs or childiſhneſs, or an inexplicable melancholy trembling, on account of the loſs of a year, and of the beginning of a new period of my life. I could not go to bed before eleven o'clock—and from eleven to twelve o'clock I had ſufficient matter for reflection, being gently rouſed by the diſtant harmonious ringing of the village bells.—

I attempted to thank my Creator for his numerous bleſſings, and *could* not; attempted to pray; but my prayer conſiſted chiefly in tears, and in a ſweet, thrilling anxiety.—I thirſted after light and wiſdom, in every reſpect—My mother, my wife, my children, and ſome of my friends, had the largeſt ſhare in my wiſhes—Some particularly preſſing concerns came in for theirs.——I fell aſleep.

I awoke a little before ſeven o'clock, and addreſſed myſelf to the paternal goodneſs of God, burning with a deſire for wiſdom.—I heard the voice of my dear wife, went to her, and we bleſſed each other with the ſweeteſt, tendereſt, and moſt innocent affection, diſcourſing on the fate which, almoſt to certainty, will befal us in the preſent year —I read the New-Year's Hymn with particular fervor.

I had

I had ſtaid a little too long with my wife, and was going to dreſs myſelf with too much impetuoſity, and to aſk for what one had forgot to keep in readineſs.—*I will not begin this year with uneaſineſs!*—This thought reſtrained and pacified me.

It coſt me ſome ſtruggle to be prepared for every gratulation which might come in my way.

The gratulation of my fellow-labourer covered me with ſhame, and mortified me unſpeakably.—O God! how much will thy judgement differ from that of men! They ſee only what is before their eyes, but thou ſeeſt the heart!

Alas! what ſhall I wiſh to my mother, who is overburthened with corporeal ſufferings?—As much patience as ſufferings! as much faith as ſhe will have gloomy days!

After dinner—four *cartes blanches* for my friends.

friends.—P*** ſent me one ſigned with his name, and I wrote upon it, " Oblivion of all follies and weakneſſes; forbearance of all indifference; daily interceſſion with God; plain admonitions and reprehenſions; more earneſt in ſtriking reproofs—more inſtruction, leſs partial regard, more humiliation, leſs praiſe, promiſes his friend Lavater"

J. C. PFENNINGER.

I almoſt fainted on the pulpit; head-ache, and the great exertion I had made in the delivery of my ſermon, threatened to prove fatal to me; I acquitted myſelf, nevertheleſs, pretty well.—I was rather regardleſs when I came to the congratulatory part of my ſermon.—The prayer for wiſdom for *myſelf* was, however, more ſincere and fervent.

Temptations to impatience, occaſioned by idle diſcourſes in a houſe where I had offered

my

my wiſhes for a happy new year!—I conquered through faith in Providence.

I took, by accident, a letter out of my pocket, which I had not yet read, and juſt received—read it aloud—and ſome comical ſtrokes of wit which occurred in it would eaſily have given an opportunity for profanation, if I had not ſtopt and left off reading.

Faith in Providence ſileneed my uneaſineſs at my not being able to ſpeak a Chriſtian word to a Chriſtian female friend.

My ſon was ſitting on the bed of his mother, and ſaid his prayers, which he had learnt without my knowledge, and which did not meet my approbation.——Stifled anger.

A kind letter from Mr. G***, which I read to my wife: "Humility, my dear friend, is "nothing but—knowledge of truth; no one "ought

" ought to think higher of himſelf than he " deſerves—Let us always judge according " to truth—and not forget the author of our " being."

Doubts whether I ſhould preach next Sunday or not—reaſons *pro* and *contra*—I perceived no ſelfiſh view in this irreſolution, and yet could come to no determination. I continued my Journal with tranquillity till ſeven o'clock.

P*** came: we were interrupted; but could, nevertheleſs, converſe a few minutes longer on want of knowledge, and of obſervation; on want of attention to ourſelves.—I had a fit of bleeding.—My wife begged me to requeſt a friend to preach for me; I conſented, and was eaſy.

Read Mr. Irminger's laſt ſermon of the preceding year, on Eccl. xii. 13, 14. with great pleaſure and edification. After ſup-

per

per we read the ſecond book of Samuel—My partiality for David increaſes, the more I ſtudy his character—How much was he a *man!*—I cannot help repeating again and again, there is no hiſtorical book in the world more intereſting than the Bible!—What characters! always illuſtrated by actions—always ſo human, and ſo *true*; ſo true in virtuous and vicious ſituations!

My brother came to ſee me: we ſpoke of my mother's ſituation, of her patience, and of other great ſufferers who, perhaps, are alſo ſtruggling for victory, and, after their redemption, will certainly not wiſh to have ſuffered a ſingle moment leſs. Finiſhed the Journal, and wrote ſome verſes for my afflicted mother.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, Jan. 2, 1773.

A LETTER from Mr. Schloſſer. Wrote an anſwer to it. Some ideas concerning the Bible. All the doctrines of faith are hiſtorical. Belief in the immortality of the ſoul is belief in the reſurrection of Chriſt: the belief that God will give us immortality through Chriſt is belief that God already diſtributes through him powers of life, &c. &c. &c. This afforded an opportunity of diſcourſing with my friend on the Jewiſh theocracy. I hit, during our converſation, on ſome new ideas concerning the aim which God has attained with regard to the education of the Jewiſh nation, which deſerve farther inveſtigation and developement.

At

At three o'clock I viſited a ſick girl, who deſired to ſee me. I explained to her, in the moſt ſimple manner, by her deſire, the evangelical method of comforting and reforming ſinners.

No man can be morally corrected without confidence and friendſhip. What no precept, no law, can effect, confidence can. Confidence and faith are, therefore, always the firſt and chief aim of the goſpel.—This ſimple principle, which is ſo efficacious in any other caſe, ought not to be neglected and ignored ſo much, nor ought it to be ſo abſolutely confounded by our modern moraliſts, who pretend to poſſeſs ſo much knowledge of man, with obedience, ariſing therefrom.

Converſed with P*** on fanaticiſm.—Although the ſcripture abounds in marvellous ſtories, and promiſes of communion with God,

God, yet fanaticiſm is kept, as much as poſſible, at a diſtance. The Godhead never ſpeaks ambiguouſly, never like heated imagination. God ſpeaks always through actions which the whole human race, from the philoſopher down to the peaſant's child, *muſt* confeſs to ſurpaſs all known powers of man. Fanaticiſm raiſes every natural incident to a miraculous and ſupernatural one. It calls the refreſhment of a fainting perſon *reſurrection from the dead*; heavenly wiſdom, on the contrary, ſays of the dead, *he is not dead, but ſleeps*.

We ſpoke alſo of a certain new claſs of witty authors, who betray too evidently that they fancy to be in poſſeſſion of truth, and imagine to have it in their power to ſend forth, merely out of grace, as many ſparks of this heavenly light as they pleaſe—who frequently triumph too wantonly, elated by their imaginary

imaginary ſagacity—and, ſpite of their boaſting of learning, diſplay much intolerance againſt certain honeſt and deſerving, but weak people—who exhibit, in their writings, a fine ſhow of ſenſibility; and evince, in their judgments, very little common, natural, and ſimple fraternal love—who, out of mere greatneſs and ſublimity, entirely loſe ſight of the firſt rudiments of equity.

My mother appeared to be weaker—Alas! how little is it in my power, how little in the power of us all, to relieve her! and why ſhrinks my heart ſo much to pray for her deliverance?

I read a ſermon of P***'s on 2 Pet. iii. 13, 14. and copied a paſſage from it:—"Why do we not, after all that ſcripture "ſays of the joys of heaven, conceive the "*natural idea*, that we ſhall enjoy *there*, in "a *higher* degree, and in a *greater* meaſure,

" whatever affords us innocent pleaſure in " *this world?* The ſight of every beautiful " creature, every fine view, the ſerene ſky, " every harmony that charms our ear, every " increaſe of knowledge, the ſight of a " happy fellow-creature, the enjoyment of " the ſweets of friendſhip, &c. &c. &c. " ought to produce the idea: Pleaſures of " that kind we ſhall taſte, one time, in greater " number, more lively and ſublime, leſs in- " terrupted, more unbiaſſed and unmixed."

I muſt accuſe myſelf, to-day, of indolence —I have not prayed with my uſual filial ſimplicity—was inattentive, and rather impatient—This day was, however, not quite unbleſſed.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, Jan. 9, 1773.

FATHER of Light! open mine eyes! give me wiſdom to know how to pray and to act!—Thus I ſighed on opening my eyes this morning.

The idea of the occupations which will engage me to-day made me rather uneaſy; and I felt ſome reluctance to fulfil the promiſe I had made yeſterday to my little boy, to explain the Lord's Prayer to him. I did it, however, with tranquillity and pleaſure. Continued my ſermon for to-morrow—felt ſome ſymptoms of a cold and a flying tooth-ache—and grew angry, becauſe the door oppoſite me had been left open twice, with-

out need. This anger may, perhaps, have been increaſed by an indiſcretion which I was obliged to ſubmit to. But now I ſhould continue my ſermon on religious joy; with *this* heart? No! that muſt not be! that cannot be!

I continued my Journal—and, meanwhile, had room to compoſe myſelf, and to recover my tranquillity. Maternal gambols with my little daughter, which I heard behind me, cheered me up again. I put warmer clothes on. I have frequently obſerved that a negligent and incomplete dreſs in the morning is very diſadvantageous to me, becauſe it makes me moroſe, and diſtreſſes me, when I am requeſted to come inſtantly to ſome place or other.

I received an anſwer which convinced me that I had made too much of, and miſunderſtood, the above-mentioned indiſcretion—

"Want

" Want of proper information, misunder-
" standing, ignorance" (I had just wrote in my sermon), " is an inexhaustible source of
" gloominess of mind, sadness, discontent,
" and melancholy."—This is, indeed, literally true. How necessary is, therefore, the prayer for a simple, sound eye; for tranquil, heavenly wisdom!

Mr. H*** came to see me: we spoke of writing, and the figure of the characters; of legible writings, and of the duty to write legibly, which humanity so strongly enforces. —Legibility rests upon the *distance* of the lines, the *height* of the long, and the *body* of the short characters.

I dispatched some letters which I had written yesterday, and wrote to Mr. Iselin, who had requested my opinion on *Eberhard*'s *Apology of Socrates*.

" *Eberhard*'s *Apology of Socrates* is a well-
" written, truth-abounding, and luminous
" work, which, in many reſpects, *pulls* ex-
" cellently *down*, but does not *rebuild*. An
" author who calls himſelf a *Miniſter of the*
" *Goſpel* ought to recollect that the moſt
" candid reader will expect, that, when he
" ſucceſsfully refutes abſurd ſcholaſtic no-
" tions which either were occaſioned by
" ſcripture, or afterwards may have been
" countenanced by it, he will ſubſtitute bet-
" ter ones in their room, and not entirely
" diſregard and treat as not exiſting thoſe
" ſcriptural notions which are juſt. Although
" I have a great reſpect for all enlightened,
" unbiaſſed, and enlightening geniuſes in
" Germany; yet I do not at all like their,
" almoſt unanimous, attempts to decry as
" ſuperfluous, and to vilify by their *talk* and
" their *ſilence*, the bleſſed perſon of Chriſt.

" He

" He himſelf, the great ſcope of all divine " revelations, is undervalued more and more, " every day; his doctrine (I mean ſome " points of his doctrine) is cried up to the " prejudice of his perſon! But his doctrine, " my friend, is not *himſelf*. He gives *im-* " *mortality*, but not his doctrine. *Reſurrec-* " *tion and life in a heavenly body* are *phyſical* " things which are given us by his *creating* " (phyſical) *power*, and not by his doc- " trine (*y*)."

(*y*) Although this ſhould be true, without the leaſt reſtriction, yet it will certainly be of greater importance, if we confide in the doctrine and in the reſurrection of Chriſt, expect that God will give us immortality and eternal life, and endeavour by a faithful performance of the duties of Chriſtian honeſty and virtue to deſerve and to render ourſelves capable of being admitted to future happineſs, than if we attempt to fix, more minutely than ſcripture has done, the phyſical cauſes of immortality and eternal life. It is neceſſary, with regard to our comfort and amendment, to know and to believe that we are im-

I received letters from Frankfort, along with ſome printed ſheets of my Sermons. I could hardly refrain from reading them. How tempting, how dreadfully tempting, is it to an author, when he beholds, for the firſt time, a manuſcript of his in *print*.

Wrote ſome notes, and then went to dinner. My mother ſat at table, but could not eat, and dozed almoſt conſtantly. I was terrified, in the midſt of the Lord's prayer, at the negligence with which I did—not pray, but only—pronounce the words.

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mortal, and ſhall live for ever; but *how*, and by *what means*, this will be effected, that we may leave to God, who has given us that promiſe through Jeſus Chriſt. As for the reſt, we cannot honour and glorify Chriſt better, than by forming juſt ideas of his doctrine, and following his example and his precepts. Jeſus is an unintereſted phyſician, who has it more at heart to reſtore to health the ſick that claim his aſſiſtance, than to give them a minute and full account of his perſonal qualities, powers, and prerogatives. E.

Wrote

Wrote to Mr. Steiner, and afterwards continued my ſermon for next Sunday.—I went ſeveral times to ſee how my mother did—She ſlumbered without interruption.

I ſearched for the Feſtival Sermons, which I have promiſed Mr. Broenner, and, not finding ſome of them, could hardly refrain from growing impatient. I cannot poſſibly ſpare ſo much time to keep all my writings in proper order, although I am very partial to regularity. This ſource of ill humour, this inveterate enemy to love, muſt be removed too. I will make this one of the objects of my prayers for wiſdom.

I was told that an hoſpital at Paris had been conſumed by fire, and all its inhabitants periſhed in the flames—I turned my thoughts inſtantly to ſomething elſe, when I heard it had been inhabited by *blind* people.—I am glad I could do it; for I have to

bear

bear ſufficient ſufferings of my own. It is at preſent, while I am writing this, ſtill in my power to keep this too tormenting idea at a diſtance.—Thank God! it is over!—I cannot retrieve it!—But woe unto them who wilfully, or through neglect, have been the cauſe of that dreadful conflagration!

I now finiſhed my ſermon, but not quite to my ſatisfaction. How much ſkill does it require *always* to ſay exactly *only* what one wants to ſay!

I read ſome part of my ſermon to my wife, and ſent to Tobler for my *Abraham*. I can truly ſay, that it would have afforded me pleaſure, if he had been at leiſure to make many corrections; but he was apparently much pleaſed with it in general.

After ſupper we read David's hiſtory when with Achis.—This is the moſt unaccountable

able part of David's life. He appears either to have been a rebel againſt his king and country, or a traitor to his benefactor.—It is, however, difficult to judge of individual actions, if one cannot place one's ſelf exactly in the ſituation of the acting perſon. Divine Providence prevented David from becoming one or the other effectively.

It is ſurpriſing how our feelings depend on the leaſt trifles. I had faſtened my cap on my head, becauſe I had been obliged to lay a cuſhion filled with herbs on my ſwelled cheek; and my hands, in which I generally hold the former during prayers, were, conſequently, entirely at liberty. I did, at firſt, not know what was the matter with me; my devotion gained, however, evidently by it, my poſture being eaſier and more natural —and the ſenſe of what I was doing more unreſtrained.

I pe-

I perused and corrected my sermon, shaved myself, and observed that my cheek was visibly swelled—How much such an accident can disfigure the physiognomy, and diffuse over the countenance something ignoble and aukward! How careful and cautious ought this to make me in my opinions of physiognomies, which by accidents of that kind are disfigured to their disadvantage!

SUNDAY, Jan. 10, 1773.

I Delivered my sermon pretty well. Some passages of it came quite from the bottom of my heart. While praying, I could scarcely refrain from weeping at the horrid inattention with which we were standing before our

our common Creator and Father. Alas! how much are our prayers mere ſounds, and dead bodies! Where is ſpirit? where life and feeling?

The converſation during dinner turned on the painful ſituation of my aunt. She begged me to pray for her deliverance. Alas! when will my heart become ſufficiently ſenſible and ſympathiſing to enable me to lay the diſtreſs of others before the throne of God with the ſame fervor as I am wont to addreſs myſelf to him in my own? I am terrified when ſome perſon deſires me to pray for him; ſo much am I wanting in love and faith, and lively knowledge of God, to anſwer, only in ſome meaſure, the expectation of my brethren and ſiſters who confide ſo much in me.—I went for a few minutes to my wife, who was tolerably well; and then to my mother, who was aſleep.—Miſs A***

came

came to see me. I could not converse much with her, except a little on my sermon; how *joy* on account of God is to be produced within us. This feeling is the natural effect of faith, or religious knowledge. Look at the striking proofs of the omnipresent love of God which are placed before thy eyes—reflect upon the advantages which flow from it; imagine thyself in the situation of a person who is destitute of these proofs; acquire a sufficient knowledge, and thou wilt *feel* without difficulty!—Found thy faith on what thy eyes behold, and thou wilt enjoy what thou dost not see.

My uncle came to see me. Town news. I listened to his tale with as much attention as if I had had neither to hear, nor to do any thing else; and this produced some good reflections, which afterwards proved very useful to me. I observe and experience, in general,

general, with a certainty that puts it beyond doubt, that this ſimple liſtening to the moſt indifferent converſation, that this reſignation to all the diſpoſitions of Divine Providence, even on the moſt common occurrences of this world, is an excellent thing, an incomparable ſchool of benevolent humility, an excellent mean of being uſeful to or of deriving benefit from others.

Mr. S*** paid me a viſit. We ſpoke of Mr. Tobler's evening ſermon, and of our duty to dedicate ourſelves wholly to God. We agreed that one cannot reaſonably ſay, "I will be only middling good."—We alſo ſpoke of that, almoſt general, *caprice* which takes poſſeſſion even of good hearts; of groſs and of refined *obſtinacy*; of the infinitely bad effects of this fault, which, in general, are ſo ſeldom viewed in their proper light; of the combination of the moſt invincible firmneſs

neſs with the moſt filial compliance; &c. &c. &c.

My viſitor having left me, I went to my mother, and we read ſelect ſcriptural paſſages, adapted for ſick people. She appeared to me to be extremely weak and exhauſted, yet very attentive to what I was reading.

MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1773.

MR. Burkli ſent me *a catalogue of all my publications* for peruſal, and I was obliged to tranſcribe it, in order to arrange and to complete it. I was really frightened at the number of my writings, and bluſhed ſeveral times, becauſe I recollected the haſte in which I have compoſed and publiſhed ſome of them,

them, particularly in the earlier part of my life. I have frequently thought it would be well if I ſhould make a rigorous criticiſm upon them, and either publiſh it myſelf, or order it to be publiſhed after my death. It made me a little uneaſy, or rather vexed me, to obſerve, on this occaſion, how little my moſt uſeful performances, chiefly thoſe for children, are known in Germany, through the innocent fault of my publiſher. I am aſhamed no other products of my pen but poetry, or publications which are more for the learned, have found their way to Germany. I am ſo much the more aſhamed at it, becauſe I am certain that I muſt appear, and really do appear, to many, in no other light but that of an author who makes a great noiſe, who is nothing elſe but an author, and who deſires to pleaſe only the *learned*. - - - - - - - - - - -

I went, for a few minutes, to my mother, and then to my aunt, whom I found tranquil and eaſy. I was alone with her, and ſpent an happy half hour in her company.

Coming home, I found my *Abraham* upon the table, with a note from Mrs. B***.— "A ſingle ſpark of Abraham's faith would, "indeed, give ſtrength and comfort to my "ſoul; but on what ſhall I found my hope? "My ſacrifice is conſummated; I ſee no- "thing but aſhes inſtead of my *only* ſon. "God has taken more from me than my "heart and life. All that I can do is to "proſtrate myſelf in the duſt, to adore and "to weep." - - - - - - - - - - -

I will write an anſwer to Mrs. B***, thought I; but previouſly finiſhed the catalogue of my works, wrote a few lines to her, and went to dinner. My mother was at table, but almoſt conſtantly ſleeping. We ſpoke very

very little. I obſerved her attentively, and derived, ſeveral times, unſpeakable pleaſure from certain reflections which were brightening up in my ſoul.—The knowledge of God is eternal life!—How true is this! One can, however, neither expreſs nor deſcribe it. Feelings have no ſymbols in nature; and what elſe are words but ſymbols? - -

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Mrs. St*** came for the papers of her huſband. Having miſlaid the papers which ſhe had communicated to me, I was terrified at the ſight of her.—Irregularity! what a ſource of uneaſineſs, uncharitableneſs, and ill-treatment, art thou! - - - - - -

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Mr. F***, my brother in law, and his wife, came to ſee us. A town anecdote, &c. &c.

&c. The converſation turned on young Schw***, who is to go to Marſeilles. I ſaid, with ſome warmth, that I thought this would not be well done; becauſe it would be almoſt impoſſible that a young man, without public and private religious inſtruction, and deſtitute of all moral inſpection, could remain only tolerably good in ſuch a ſituation, although he might have the beſt principles. They were ſorry that my advice came too late.

Wrote an anſwer to Mrs. B***'s note: "*You* behold, indeed, nothing but *aſhes*; "but faith beholds immortality.—You have "not been obliged to *kill* your only ſon. If "you had brought your ſacrifice, ſupported "by *faith*, then you would certainly behold "the *glory of God*, although your child "ſhould remain in the grave. But you "wanted to reap before you had ſown, to

"ſee

" ſee God before you had acquired faith.
" What you *ſee* of him in *nature*, in your
" *heart*, and in *ſcripture*, ought to induce you
" to *believe* in him, even when you do *not*
" *ſee*." - - - - - - - - - - - - -

My brother in law, Qu— S*** came to ſee me; and my *Abraham* juſt lying on the table, I read the two firſt acts to him. I am, indeed, not accuſtomed to read my performances to other people, although I am convinced that it is very advantageous to the author, becauſe he feels the ſtrength and weakneſs of his writings more accurately than any critic can diſcloſe it to him.

P*** came. We ſpoke of *fanaticiſm*. It rejects all *intermediate cauſes*, and is diſguſted with *nature*, although the whole nature proves that God acts through it as our ſoul through our body.—But where does the ſcripture reject intermediate cauſes?—" When the

" ſcripture" (P*** obſerved very juſtly) " teaches an important doctrine, then it " never wants clearneſs, ſtrength, energy, " pictures, and ſimilies, to ſtate it ſo that " every honeſt and attentive reader muſt " find and underſtand it; and if the rejec- " tion of intermediate cauſes were the moſt " conſummate wiſdom (as it is to fanaticiſm) " how diſtinctly ought it to be expreſſed in " holy ſcripture! We find, however, on " every page of the goſpel, juſt the con- " trary."——We could not conceive how the perſons who occaſioned this diſcourſe can, nevertheleſs, eſteem the ſcripture ſo highly, that they never will read any thing beſides the Bible. We apprehended that they will reject it too, by degrees; at leaſt look upon it as ſomething very indifferent to them.

" A lively knowledge of God" (ſaid I) " is

" is ſo efficacious with reſpect to love and " humanity, that thoſe who have attained it " are humility, patience, forbearance, love, " and reſignation itſelf—and that in ſo plain, " ſimple, artleſs, natural, harmonious, and " correſponding a manner, that they do not " become *ridiculous*, even when they are not " imitated, and are inſufferable."

I was called to ſupper. My mother was ſleeping—awoke, and was ſeized with dreadful pains—I could not bear to think of her ſufferings, and was quite ſtunned.—Miſery which concerns us too nearly generally ſtuns. I ſhould, perhaps, be able to weep over her, and to pray with more ardour for her releaſe, if I ſhould hear her ſufferings related, and if ſhe were a ſtranger to me; but now my heart is ſtraitened ſo much, that I can do neither as ſhe deſerves.

We ſaid our evening prayers, and read the firſt chapter of the ſecond book of Samuel. How great, how ſublime, is David's elegy on his *perſecutor Saul!*

Wiſhing my mother a good night, ſhe ſaid to me, " *Do not forget to remember again, to-*
" *morrow morning, poor ſick people! Do not for-*
" *get, nor poſtpone it!*" - - - - - - - -

I continued my Journal, corrected the ſecond ſheet of my Sermons on Jonas, and ſearched for a letter which I had received this evening, and forgot to read. I could not find it, but found another from Mr. H. a vintner, of Wuertemberg, to Mr. S***, which I read. I was very much ſtruck by the words, " If our life ſhould ſhine and
" glare with every virtue, and every one
" praiſe and ſpeak well of us, and our fancy
" ſhould make us believe that we needs *muſt*
" be ſaved, and our Saviour ſhould neither
" approve

" approve *of* nor praiſe ſuch a ſoul, then " we would, nevertheleſs, be on the brink " of a dangerous precipice. Our Saviour " can always find ſome cauſe or other, why " he cannot praiſe ſuch a ſoul, although " every body ſhould do it; and *He*, our Lord, " can always find ſome reaſon or other for " approving of and praiſing ſuch a ſoul, al- " though the whole world ſhould do the " reverſe."—I muſt, however, confeſs, that the reſt of this letter did not appear to me ſufficiently plain, nor purely evangelical (z). There are ſome adopted phraſes and expreſſions, taken from the Bible, from prayer-books, and ſermons, which are liable to a

(z) The ſame can be applied to the paſſage quoted by Mr. Lavater. The writer means, very likely, nothing elſe, than that God does not always judge of us, and our conduct, as men do, and that the approbation of God ought to be of more value to us than that of men. E.

great

great many misapplications, and entirely contrary to the simple, sound, evangelical, and apostolical tone, although they are, at the same time, if judged with equity and indulgence, not quite so improper, as they may sound in a rigorous and critical ear.

TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1773.

I AWOKE half an hour after six o'clock. The sufferings of my mother were my first thought. Another night of woe is past!—Yes, indeed, a night of woe!—My sister came to inform us of it.—I could scarcely bear to listen any longer to her mournful tale.—

Having

Having viſited my mother, and witneſſed her miſery with heart-felt emotion, I read the firſt epiſtle to Timothy, in the Greek Teſtament; the firſt chapters in private, and the reſt with my wife, who followed me in the German tranſlation. I cannot deſcribe how ſenſible I am of the divine origin of the goſpel, whenever I read it, particularly the epiſtles of Paul to Timothy and Titus! How ſenſible am I that it is impoſſible an impoſtor, or a fanatic, could write thus; and I am always ſeized with anger and horror againſt human beings who can talk, nay, only think, of impoſition or fanaticiſm, when they hear men ſpeak thus to men. I do not know whether it be ſo improper, and ſomething of the old leaven of intolerance, when, in moments of the moſt ſincere moral joy at the ſimple and plain voice of heavenly truth, I cannot look without contempt upon

upon thoſe who are not affected by thoſe ſacred flows of the pureſt reaſon and the moſt cordial ſenſibility—and are capable to ridicule or to ſmile at them in a cavalier-like manner. - - - - - - - - - - -

After dinner, I read with benefit and pleaſure, in *Brechter*'s *Obſervations on Baſedow*'s *Elementary Work*, although I was enabled by the moſt evident experience to prove the falſity of one point or the other. It appears exceedingly humane on the paper to baniſh the rod. No one can be more averſe from the application of the rod than myſelf, and I have never chaſtiſed my ſon with it *myſelf*, from fear of uſing it with tóo much paſſion, leaving the chaſtiſement of him always to my more gentle wife. My child has the beſt of hearts, and yet I would not wiſh to be a father for the four firſt years without having recourſe to the rod, as our modern

phyſicians

phyſicians would not like to be phyſicians without *bark*. The advice of many educators to leave children to the bad conſequences of their actions, looks, indeed, very ſpecious on the paper; but whoever has had the charge of children will certainly know that, among a thouſand caſes, this is ſcarcely poſſible in *one* inſtance. The very thing which appears ſo *natural* in this rule, renders education *artificial*. In this point I agree with *Solomon*, when he ſays, "*He that* "*ſpareth his ſon, hateth his ſon.*" I am, for inſtance, obliged to leave ſciſſars and penknives on the table; it is impoſſible to remove them always; and if it were poſſible, yet I would not do it. Why not? External circumſtances ſhall not accommodate themſelves to my children; on the contrary, my children ſhall accommodate themſelves to circumſtances. They ſhall not learn—not to touch a penknife where there is none, but they

they ſhall be trained—not to touch *one* where ten are. I would leave them with all my heart to the natural conſequences of their diſobedience, if I were ſure that they would not hurt themſelves too much. But if they ſhould damage an eye, or a hand!—O! ye wiſe friends of children! what would then be the conſequence? I deſire my child, not to touch the penknife; if he diſobeys, I put it out of his reach, and give him a ſenſible clap on the hand, which, though ever ſo hard, is ſtill a puniſhment more gentle than the leaſt hurt he might receive. I believe, in general, that if one would view things in their proper light, and not with abſtract notions, one would have a thouſand opportunities to obſerve, that the author of nature puniſhes, or, at leaſt, ſeems to puniſh, in an *arbitrary* manner; and that if every fault could be corrected by natural puniſhments, the

the all-wiſe Creator would not have recourſe to arbitrary chaſtiſements. How many thouſand times can a ten thouſand times ſeverer *natural evil* be averted by means of arbitrary puniſhments! My notions of diſpenſations from threatened puniſhments alſo differ very much from thoſe of Mr. Brechter; and here I am likewiſe guided by *experience*. The Pſychology which God diſplays in the education of the human race, guides me in the education of my children. My ſon knows that he dares not touch a knife. I found, lately, a razor full of notches, and was going to put myſelf in a paſſion, but pacified myſelf inſtantly. " Have you damaged the " razor in that manner?" (I aſked in a ſerious tone). ' Yes, Papa!' " Well! I will not " puniſh you this time, becauſe you have " confeſſed the truth. Look! how unhappy " you could have made yourſelf, if you had

" cut

" cut off a part of your finger, or the whole." —I would certainly have punished, or ordered him to be punished, if I had caught him in the fact.—Having, however, nothing more at heart than that my son may never tell *lies*; or, with other words, *sincerity* and *veracity* being virtues of the highest value with me, I declined inflicting the threatened punishment. Children will certainly never tell lies, except from fear of being chastised. It is, therefore, much better to acquit them of the deserved punishment, than to expose them to temptations which are too strong to be withstood. I am not at all afraid that children will grow worse on that account. One catches them but too frequently in transgressions which afford us the lamentable opportunity to execute our threats, and thus to render them efficacious. Punishment without previous menaces is cruelty; and

not

not to puniſh at all, or to puniſh and to chaſtiſe in an arbitrary manner, is either dangerous or impoſſible. I intend to open my mind, one time, on that ſubject (perhaps in my miſcellaneous works), and to appeal to the experience of all *fathers* who are *parents*.——A miſtake of my ſervant excited my anger, but only for a few moments. - - -

burden leſs to bear, at leaſt one half of it is taken from my ſhoulders. The ſtupefaction which the miſery of beloved perſons cauſes me, makes me frequently apprehend it might be hard-heartedneſs, inſenſibility, or indifference; yet I can declare, without flattering myſelf, that even a ſmall diſtreſs, and an inſignificant uneaſineſs, of one of my fellow-creatures, gives me pain, and that I always feel a heavy load taken from my heart, whenever ſuch a diſtreſs which rather ſtunned than affected me ceaſes, and that I thank God for ſuch a deliverance, although I ſhould not be able to ſhed a tear for the living ſufferer, particularly if I ſhould ſee him, or if he were any way dear to me. - - - - -

I now am eaſy at the honeſt Kraemer's death, but am at preſent too much overburthened with diſtreſs, to feel it in *ſuch* a manner as I ſhould, if I were ſuffering leſs miſery

miſery of my own. I hope to God that care will be taken of thoſe he has left behind. I can do little or nothing for them. O! if there but were a communion among Chriſtians! it would then be eaſy to ſell his library, without loſs, for the benefit of his family (*a*)! Well! I will expect what God will put in my mind.

I reſted a little, and then walked up and down the room. My cheek was inflamed; my wife looked at it, and found it dangerous. P*** and my brother, the doctor, came to ſee me. My cheek was examined, and they feared I had a tooth-fiſtula.—Although pains affect me very ſenſibly, and I know that I have very little courage to ſubmit to the moſt trifling operation, ſo that I never could

(*a*) This has really been done through the care of ſome very reſpectable divines. E.

reſolve to have a tooth drawn, particularly one which is rooted ſo deep, overgrown, and already half gone, yet I was not afraid of this misfortune which is likely to happen.

I believe the ſufferings of my mother inſpired me with this fortitude. Beſides, how much ſoever I am ſubject to yield to impatience in the beginning of an illneſs, or on the firſt preſenſion of its approach, yet I become always eaſy, from the moment I am *obliged* to keep my bed, or to ſtay at home; and all days of illneſs have been the moſt tranquil and happy of my life, and proved to me real days of reſt. I have never been able to enjoy myſelf and my friends more, and better, than on ſuch days, and always been capable to do at leaſt *ſomething*. I will therefore patiently await whatever God ſhall ſend, will not take thought for the morrow. Beſides, I and my friends ought

frequently

frequently to have made the obſervation, that if I had been more of the Chriſtian than I really am, I ſhould find it very eaſy to be what I am—becauſe I am ſurrounded with joys and pleaſures of every kind, and that all my ſufferings cannot be compared with my numberleſs joys and pleaſures, nor are proportionate to my ability of enduring pains.—I will, with reſpect to this point, pray neither for nor againſt any thing whatever.—Amongſt all bodily ſufferings, I dread none more than chirurgical operations, and a ſore throat—I cannot expreſs how much the miſery of Mrs. P*** diſtreſſes me!—I recollect, juſt now, that I have been deſired to-day, by a female friend, to implore God to relieve this poor, patient ſufferer.—Why can I do this eaſier for a friend—though not with the fervor of a heart quite replete with fraternal tenderneſs—than for my poor mo-

ther, although ſhe ſaid to me and to my brother, when we took leave of her this evening, "Do not forget to pray for me!" —Well, then! in the name of God! I will go and implore the mercy of our heavenly Father for theſe ſufferers! - - -

" will not grow old, though they are very " healthy in general!"—It gave me great ſatisfaction to hear her ſay, with great reſignation, " The will of God be done!— " Thank God! that they exiſt; they have " not been created in vain! They are our " children, and children of God, whether " they live or die."—

My cheek pained me violently ſeveral times; I knocked my hand againſt it in getting up, and this increaſed my pain; yet I remained eaſy. My mother ſat in a chair near the bed, trembling with miſery, when I came to bid her a good morning!—I could ſay nothing to her but repeat my favourite paſſage from Klopſtock:

Ever nigh is my Redeemer,
Though concealed from mortal ſight;
Deeper in the vale of darkneſs
Is my Saviour and his light.

Yonder I ſhall meet his mercy,
And the bleſſings of his ſight;
Now, now is the time of trials!
Soul! puſh boldly on the fight!

I received a letter from Mr. H***, of St. Gallen, concerning my *Eſſays on Phyſiognomy*, my *Views of Eternity*, and my *Work on Spiritual Experience*, which contained many uſeful remarks; but the bare idea of writing an anſwer, in my preſent ſituation, fatigued me; and not to return an anſwer would be deemed indiſcretion and pride.

Wrote a letter to Mr. Haas, at Baſil, concerning a ſmall chamber printing-office for my ſon, which will afford him uſeful occupation. - - -

THURSDAY, Jan. 14, 1773.

I HAD, thank God! a better night than I expected; awoke at ſix o'clock, and my face was tolerably eaſy.—My firſt thought was my mother, and my anxiety and inability to pray for her. I ſighed, however, for relief from her pains; but without faith, without filial ſubmiſſion. My ſon, who alſo was a little indiſpoſed, came to ſee me; and I gave him ſome tender admonitions.—It was near eight o'clock when I got up. I read the manuſcript news-paper of H***—. Almoſt nothing but unlucky accidents! - - -

lifted out of her bed; and I could not leave the room, although I could aſſiſt her very little, being myſelf in great pain, and although my wounded heart which, at other times, is uſed to ſtruggle againſt impatience, was ſeverely afflicted at that ſight.—It affords, perhaps, ſome comfort to a ſufferer, if he only has a witneſs of his miſery, though he ſhould be entirely unfit to aſſiſt and comfort him! I went to my ſtudy as ſoon as my poor mother was replaced in her bed. Several informations and anſwers which I was to give, almoſt had tempted me to grow impatient. I got, however, the better of it; wrote the anſwers, and gave a ſmall preſent to the boy who was ſtanding before me, in order to puniſh myſelf for having yielded to impatience. I was, at the ſame time, cheered up by a note from a female friend. "God certainly will not forſake you, the

"joyful

"joyful meſſenger of laſt Sunday." - - - I continued my Journal, ſeated myſelf by the bed of my ſon, and told him (Brechter had reminded me of it yeſterday), that I would make a white and a black book for him; the former for his good and the latter for his bad actions; a book of *honour* and a book of *ſhame*. He did not diſlike it. I made it inſtantly, and his mother too was pleaſed with it.—

I heard a woman groan before my door, and gave her a trifle. She went away very well ſatisfied.

L. J. came to ſee me, and we ſpent half an hour in mutual pleaſure. We ſpoke of the ſimplicity of practical Chriſtianity. All is love; wiſe piety and ſelf-denial is nothing but love. Every act of ſelf-denial whoſe ſcope is not love, nor does promote love, is virtuous pedantry, body without ſoul.

Though

Though I beſtow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. This is a favourite idea of mine which I wiſh to repreſent to all my auditors, readers, and friends, in a manner ſo practical and ſo clear, that it ſhould be impoſſible to diſpute it any longer. This idea I would particularly recommend to ſome anxious and good minds, who fancy to honour and to *pleaſe* God by tormenting themſelves with voluntary ſelf-denials and bodily fatigues, without being inſpired with love, and without having the wiſe view to acquire ſtrength for ſelf-denial for the ſake of others, and are want to weep and to grieve for hours, imagining to be bound to implore the mercy of God with trembling and doleful lamentations, when they have not punctually performed ſome ſelf-impoſed law of that nature.—But

is

is this an evangelical, a filial ſpirit? Is this plain, enlightened knowledge of truth?—I have had times, or rather a few days, when I too thought ſo ſervile, but now I have experienced the truth: *that wherever the ſpirit of God is, there is liberty.*

I received a letter from the worthy preſident Uliſſes de Salis, who has procured employment for a poor man whom I recommended to him, and, at the ſame time, begged to have a catalogue of my works, of which the printer juſt has ſent me a proof ſheet. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Joy at having again a poor man leſs to take care of, and, perhaps, the demand of a catalogue of my works which I was going to correct, exhilarated me viſibly. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - An honeſt Swabian with a letter from Heoſlingen. It delighted me to hear him ſay in his ſimple dialect: "The

"The Lord our God has moved my heart "in a particular manner; I would not take "the whole town of Zurich for this call!" On ſifting him particularly concerning his love, he ſaid, in a very natural and uncommonly ſimple manner: "Alas! that is the "very thing! Love is wanting; I improve, "however, every day: a neighbour of mine "cut a hole an inch deep in my ſon's belly; "I could have cruſhed him like a flea;—— "yet when I killed a ſwine lately, I ſent "him a piece of it, with the meſſage that "we would be friends again. All our dif- "ferences are now made up." I gave him ſome admonitions, with the ſtrongeſt conſcientiouſneſs that I have derived more benefit from him, than he from me. -

Mr. N*** begged me to change him ſome money, thanking me, at the ſame time, for a ſmall

ſmall ſum I have lent him, and begged me to have patience a little longer.—His reaſons were unexceptionable, and his modeſty and poverty did not ſuffer me to heſitate a moment to forgive him that trifling debt which I had forgot long ago.

Mr. M*** came to ſee me. We ſpoke of ſufferings, prayer, and the knowledge of the unknown God—but, alas! this time almoſt nothing but empty words.

I went to my wife.—The ſwelling of my cheek was decreaſed by half, and I found myſelf extremely well. The condition in which I find myſelf immediately after I have ſuffered great pain, is to me rather a ſtate of felicity than of mere painfulneſs.—P*** came to ſee me; I made him lay his hand on my cheek, and he ſmiled like love herſelf, when I preſſed it hard upon my face, in order to convince him that my pain had entirely

entirely abated. We ſpoke of the inſtruction of children in religion. To relate, to deſcribe, and to make palpable to them, without reſtraint and with unaffected ſerenity of looks, whatever in God and in Chriſt can inſpire us with confidence and love; to repreſent to them with brevity and feeling our heavenly Savior, now walking through the ſtreets, ſurrounded with ſufferers whom he relieves; now in friendly confidential converſation with his diſciples; now condeſcending to a converſation with a poor woman; now at dinner, or diſtributing nouriſhment among many thouſand hungry people, or fondling little children, &c. &c. &c. to moralize little, and to relate many facts which rouſe the moral ſenſe, and ſtrikes the mind.—Good God! how much more beneficial would this prove, than the eternal dry dogmatizing method of moſt teachers.

We

We were angry, almoſt to intolerance, with all catechiſms, which are entirely deſtitute of the *moral charm of hiſtory, related in a palpable manner.* - - - - My ſiſter came to tell me ſhe fancied to obſerve a viſible change in the ſtate of my mother. I took leave of P***, and found ſhe had not been miſtaken. I aſked my mother whether ſhe was ſtill in pain? "No! not at all!" was her reply.—I ſtood by her bedſide, as if animated with new life.—She was, however, ſo altered that we feared her end was drawing near. My heart now was opened to prayer, and I implored God to cleanſe her ſoul by all the ſufferings of this world, and her inward feelings, from all ungodlineſs, and to animate her through ſimple faith, with pure heavenly love. I wrote a few notes to ſome friends, informing them of the ſituation of my mother, and recommended her to their

prayers. - - - - - - She desired us to go to rest. "Let me sleep! God bless and "protect you! I will resign myself entirely "to God!" She appeared, however, to be a little beyond herself, insisting on our going to rest, because she fancied it was past midnight.—We supped in the back room; I went several times to look after her; and opening her eyes, she wondered why I had got up. I repeated some scriptural passages to her; but she seemed not to attend to what I was saying; breathed with difficulty, and exclaimed: "breath! breath!" imagining that her dissolution was drawing near, I called my father, my brother, and my sister. They came; I prayed; she wanted to get up. "I shall not die yet," said she, and my poor father wept aloud like a child. We made her lay down again, and perceived that she was very much bloated.—I read

some

ſome hymns, and begged my family to go to bed, becauſe we ſaw that no change was likely to happen. My brother and myſelf offered to ſtay with her. - - - - - -

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On my return to my mother, I found her very uneaſy; ſhe groaned almoſt all the night, overpowered with bodily agonies. I ſat in the great chair 'till eleven o'clock, ſighing for her. We then laid ourſelves down on the bed. I was ſo weary and fatigued that it would have been impoſſible for me to continue watching and praying.

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FRIDAY, Jan. 15, 1773.

ALAS! my dear mother will probably die to day! With this idea I raiſed myſelf up in my bed, and began to pray aloud; ſhe ſeemed, however, to take no notice of it.—I went up to my wife, and ſtaid near half an hour with her. We promiſed each other

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I then converſed with my good, good father, on ſome domeſtic concerns, &c. &c. &c. continued my Journal by the ſide of my mother, who ſlept ſweetly in the great chair—gentle tranquillity animated my ſoul, which was entirely free of anxiety and impatience. -

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I went to my mother, repeated to her ſome paſſages

paſſages from the Scripture, and converſed with my brother D*** on life, death, and immortality.

My mother repeated ſeveral times: "Do not forſake H***, forget all his errors, and make him no reproaches!"

At noon we thought my mother's laſt painful hour was arrived. I prayed with tears, but not like on former leſs important and affecting occaſions.—My brother read the prayer for dying people from the hymn book, and I could now pray with fervor; but alas! not entirely with true, filial faith. - - - - - - - - - - -

Mr. H*** came to ſee my mother; he could, however, ſpeak very little with her; yet ſhe ſeemed to underſtand every word he ſaid. He now prayed for her, and we joined him. The great number of people ſtanding around her, ſeemed to make her uneaſy; we retired,

therefore, a little, and kept up a uſeful converſation for half an hour. "How little," (we ſaid, almoſt unanimouſly) "how little "uſeful can one be to dying people! How "little can we ſay to them with the leaſt "hope of ſucceſs, particularly when we "have no thorough knowledge of the ſick "perſon, nor have been uſed to converſe "with them in a confidential ſtrain."——

Some reflections on the bleſſing which, oftentimes, attends the moſt indifferent and, within themſelves, fruitleſs actions and diſcourſes, which, conſonant with the ſituation in which we are, originate from ſincere faith in the all protecting providence of God, and from obedience to our duty, &c. &c. &c.

The worthy, modeſt, and enlightened Mr. Sch. H***, of Hirzel, came to ſee us, and I enjoyed his company with great benefit for half an hour. We converſed on prayer for wiſdom;

wiſdom; on not ſorrowing for the following day with regard to moral improvement; on the eſſential equality of repentance, and faith as the moſt important part of our actions, viz. *the conſciouſneſs of our wants, and the expectation that theſe wants can be ſatisfied by what we are doing.*—We alſo ſpoke of unevangelical anxiety and fanaticiſm.—I have nothing to accuſe myſelf of, with reſpect to what I was ſpeaking of; I muſt, however, confeſs that I was viſibly deſtitute of Chriſtian ſimplicity, humility, and filial reſignation. My wife reminded me of my mother, who was taken out of the bed when I entered her room. I called my friend P*** in; but ſhe did not know him; at leaſt ſhe ſaid nothing: ſhe was ſitting in her eaſy-chair half alive and half dead. My friend and myſelf were equally ſenſible how impoſſible it would be

to produce a moral effect on any human being *ſo* ill and ſuffering in *ſuch* a manner. Whatever ſuch a perſon ſees and hears, has almoſt as little effect on her as on a corpſe. We ſtarted, at the ſame time, ſome reflections on the ſtate of the ſoul, or rather of the inviſible man after death. I mentioned ſome beautiful ſtrokes of my mother's character. - - - - -

I received a letter from the pious widow, G***. of S***, in which ſhe enquired after the continuation of my ſecret Journal; I confeſs that, ſince I have again begun to write a journal, though not always regularly, I have frequently thought that it is an occupation not entirely fruitleſs. I am, at leaſt, convinced that in writing it, I have no temptation to diſhoneſty, and that I confeſs my faults and weakneſſes as far as it may tend

tend to be useful to others. I confess them *without fear*, nay I may say, *with more sincerity than my good qualities*.

At supper I spoke of the hard trials of a man who lives at Tatlingen, and called to-day at my house. One of his children fell down from the oven, and died on the spot; another out of the windows, yet without receiving any hurt; a third has been severely cut with an axe, and a waggon has gone over himself, but without doing him any material injury. He also related to me, (Oh! how did my heart, which so frequently is of so little faith, and so averse from praying, beat and cover me with blushes), that he had a very wicked son, whose heart was harder than flint, and who had never wished him a good day; that he, however, had prayed to God to convert him, and that he now was the best, most obedient, gentlest,

and

and kindeſt of ſons, and one heart and ſoul with him (*b*).——

If any man offend not in word, the ſame is a perfect man, and able alſo to bridle the whole body.

We read the ſixth and ſeventh chapter of

(*b*) Chriſtian reader, pray for thy wicked and abandoned ſon, brother, friend, &c. &c. &c. This prayer, if conſonant with reaſon, and if fervent, will render thee the more willing and capable to work with a gentle ſpirit, and indefatigable zeal his amendment and repentance. But do not think that thy prayers alone will effect his converſion in a miraculous manner. God has never promiſed any thing of that kind; and if prayers could have that effect all men would, long ago, have been pious and virtuous. The honeſt countryman of whom the author is ſpeaking has probably been promiſed by his prayers to endeavour to gain the heart of his ſon, to treat him with more gentleneſs and kindneſs, and not to ſuffer himſelf to be deterred or galled by fruitleſs attempts, and thus he has ſucceeded, aſſiſted by the providence of God who rules every thing, in ſoftening his heart, winning his reciprocal love, and enforcing his admonitions. E.

Samuel

Samuel II. and the hymn for ſick people, &c. &c. &c.——My good father ſpoke afterwards very tenderly and chriſtianlike to my mother, and ſhed many bitter tears. She was likely to live twenty-four hours longer. Moſt of my family went to bed; but I ſat up ſometime longer, not only an account of my mother, becauſe I could give her no relief, but in order to finiſh a prayer, containing a *confeſſion of ſins*, which my father had deſired me to write for him. Alas! every word I wrote ſtung *me* to the heart; yet this was far from being a lively ſenſe of my own unworthineſs.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, Jan. 16.

ALAS! how much have I to meditate, and how little am I able to do it! The moſt common man would perhaps make me aſhamed. Yet I cannot help being ſurrounded with that buſtle.——I will now, at this noontide hour, ſit down and draw a ſketch of the incidents of this day. This afternoon, if it pleaſe God, I may be more diſpoſed to reflect.———

The ſervant came after four o'clock in the morning to tell me ſhe fancied a change would happen.—I got up in a hurry; my wife was much frightened; I preſſed her hand tenderly, went and ſaw her to whom I owe my life, breathe with difficulty.—Her eyes grew dim, and I implored God to have mercy

mercy upon her.—My eldeſt ſiſter was praying too. I went to awaken my father; prayed and reflected how much more uſeful I could have been to my mother than I really was, and prayed with more ardour. I inclined myſelf towards her, and reminded her, ſoftly, and as diſtinguiſhable as my tears would allow, of the comforting promiſes of God. - - - - - - - Half an hour after four o'clock ſhe was a lifeleſs corpſe. - -

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I cannot recollect what I ſaid to thoſe that were in the room when ſhe died; I only know that I endeavoured to remind them forcibly of their mortality and immortality. I then read to them that part of the *farewell hymn of a dying perſon*, which was applicable to our ſituation. My mother was dreſſed in a ſhroud, and I went to my wife, and then to my father. I had no time to reflect on myſelf,

myſelf, my afflicted parent being the firſt object of my attention.——

I wrote ſome notes to ſeveral friends, and then went for a few minutes to my wife, who had my boy, who is very ſickly with her.—"Yes!" (ſaid we one to another), "Yes! we will act in every individual mo-"ment of our life as we, on our death-bed, "ſhall wiſh to have acted; we will execute "with tranquillity every, even the moſt "worldly buſineſs, if it *muſt* be done, and do "every thing as if we had nothing elſe to "do in this world, and as if it were our laſt "occupation." - - - - - - - - -

I received a letter from Sch***, "God "bleſs your family through you, *particularly* "*now!* May many a word of everlaſting "bleſſing flow from your lips for them! "Oh! raiſe them above the vanity of this "world—and then teach and learn how to "live;

" live; that you one time may ſee your " friends die with joy unutterable." - - -

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I was to give a manuſcript to a perſon for to take a copy, and loſt near a quarter of an hour with fruitleſs ſearches.—Impatience began to raiſe her head powerfully, and diſplayed herſelf, at leaſt, in my looks. Another trifling incident encreaſed my impatience. I grew, however, ſoon eaſy again. All my impatience is, on ſuch occaſions, ſoon ſilenced, if I only can refrain from *ſpeaking*.

I received a little treatiſe from Straſbourg, *The Sacrifice of Iſaac*, which I haſtily peruſed, but not with great emotion of heart, becauſe it was only one ſheet, and I wanted a little reſt; yet I found a line in it which I will inſert in my *Abraham*.

Some ſhort viſits.—Comforted an afflicted perſon

perſon by the idea: "What I can not "do God can; God is greater than my "heart!"

A note from Miſs M***, "I only muſt "add," (ſays ſhe), "that I very frequently "have read with unutterable pleaſure the "words:

"Nearer to eternal bleſſing
"Leads thee God through every night;
"What he gives and takes is bleſſing
"Truſt in his paternal might!
"Peace! my ſoul! look up rejoicing
"To his all-paternal grace;
"Mercy are his words and mercy
"Are for ever all his ways!"

My wife told me at dinner, that our little boy is growing very ill; and he looked, indeed, very pale. I can truly ſay, that having been freed of a great burden by my ſuffering mother's releaſe from miſery and woe, I was ſo ſatisfied with God that this information

information did not affect me very much.—He will always be under the protection of God.——After dinner I went to my aunt, who ſeemed to be very weak, and on the brink of the grave.—I do not expect her to live many days longer. I ſpoke to, and prayed with, her as well as I could, that is very faintly.——My prayer would have been more fervent, if a lively *experience* on my part had had a greater ſhare in it.

I was obliged to retire for a few moments.—My uncle related, meanwhile, the hiſtory of her illneſs.—I ſcarcely heard what he ſaid, my attention being occupied with too many other things, "I alſo am a ſhadow, "encircled by the light of God—a handful "of duſt, animated by an inviſible, unex-"plorable power." This *truth* ſtruck my ſoul forcibly—I was called up ſtairs, ſtaid a little while with my aunt, and ſeeing that

ſhe was inclined to ſleep, recommended her to the mercy of God.——

On my way to my houſe, I called on an artiſt who had painted my mother lying in her coffin, as ſerene as a redeemed, who has conquered. I could not help telling him: "Indeed! I could never believe that "the dead will riſe, if I did not believe in "the reſurrection of Chriſt (*c*)!" The firſt

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(*c*). Chriſt has indeed, *brought to light*, by his goſpel and reſurrection, life and immortality; a bleſſing for which we never can be thankful enough. All other arguments for the immortality of the ſoul are too difficult to be underſtood by the generality of mankind; and even thoſe who can comprehend them, are not always entirely eaſed by them. But we ought nevertheleſs, not to reject nor to decry and to weaken theſe arguments. They come from God, as well as thoſe particular promiſes of the divinity, and have a great weight with him who has learnt to reflect on God, on himſelf, and on his preſent ſtate. Chriſtianity was never intended to render human reaſon uſeleſs or contemptible, but to aid and to lead her to the path of truth. E.

man

man who announced and promiſed *reſurrection*, a phyſical life in a new animated body —died, and was dead, as ſure as my mother here in the coffin—and returns to life again. Here all metaphyſical reaſoning is cut off at once, that ſpecious reaſoning which, againſt *all experience*, talks *of living without a body*, of ſouls as *of ſouls*, and ſeparates what God ever and everywhere has joined.—Here experience, fact, *reſurrection of one who was dead*, is placed before our eyes! If we behold matters in this light, how much gratitude do we owe to the firſt harbinger and the firſt witneſs of *immortality*, not of the *ſoul*, but of *man, of man!* - - - - - - - - - -

My little boy begged me to ſhow him his grand-mama; I carried him down ſtairs, and he viewed her attentively, without ſaying a word. I ſaid nothing to him, except

at laſt: "This is a body without a ſoul, "and, for that reaſon, it is dead. What "has animated this body, though one could "not ſee it, is the ſpirit." "Where is now "the ſpirit?" he aſked,—"With God" was my reply, "from whom it came."

Oeconomical concerns—I then deſcribed the miſery of a ſick perſon.—I fancied now to be freed of all miſery, and ſtrong enough to bear all foreign and perſonal diſtreſs, becauſe God has taken from *me* the miſery of my mother; but, alas! the miſery of Mrs. S***, who implores the pity of all men, is ſtill greater than the ſufferings, the weight of which almoſt cruſhed my fainted mother.

Oh! my unſpeakably good God and father! give me a pure, humane, and tender heart, which is as much affected by the miſery of others as by its own, and equally

eager

eager to procure relief, comfort, and aid to all fellow-ſufferers! There is ſtill a leaven left in my heart, which frequently ſteals from me the ſublime happineſs of pure, unmixed fraternal love. Is it indolence, vanity, too much ſelf-conceit, or what is it that, as it were, fetters my love?

A heedleſs perſon in the houſe of correction afforded us, after my return up ſtairs, an opportunity to ſpeak of different degrees of crimes, and of the immorality of certain ſins. We ſpoke afterwards of the Engliſh clergyman Duchal—of the happineſs that flows from the ſubmiſſion to the will of God, and from our accommodation to it.—The more we obey, the greater our dominion will be—not only beyond the grave—but already here. No life is more tranquil and more evidently bleſſed, than the artleſs and childlike life, accommodating itſelf quickly

to every hint of divine providence (*d*). However, if it pleaſe God, I ſhall elucidate this better on ſome other opportunity.

P*** was with us, and we ſpoke of thoſe

(*d*). We muſt certainly accommodate ourſelves to external circumſtances, conſider them with reſpect to their dependance on God and his will, and willingly and faithfully take hold of every opportunity of being uſeful and kind to others? but we neither can, nor ought to accommodate ourſelves *only* to external circumſtances. *Reaſon* inſtructs us as well and generally ſurer of what God will we ſhall do in every individual caſe, than the external things around us. *We can* and *ought* to ſee farther than *children* can ſee. Children are generally guided merely by preſent objects and incidents, but *we* ought alſo to reflect on the more diſtant conſequences of our actions, and to compare what is preſent with what is to come. Our conduct can, therefore, not be entirely like their's. The child is governed by ſenſible impreſſions, the *man*, however, is guided by principles of the juſtneſs of which he is convinced. And how many are the duties of our calling, ſituation, and employment from the accurate and immediate performance of which no external circumſtances dare prevent us!

whom

whom Scripture calls *ungodly*, and of the internal natural health of ſoul with reſpect to love. *The merciful ſhall obtain mercy*; *the loving ſhall be beloved.* Of nothing in the world am I ſurer than that love is the chief ornament of human nature. We can never be tired of love; love can never create diſguſt and averſion.—Love is joy, on account of the happineſs of others; and to endeavour to make our fellow creatures happy, is the ſureſt way to render ourſelves happy. All love that can make us repine is ſelf-intereſted and ſelfiſh, how little ſoever we may think ſo. All verbal knowledge, verbal prayers, and all that is ſymbolical and typical, is nothing, but ſcaffolding is only a light covering of the ſoul, is only local and temporal matter. Love is ſentiment and life, not type nor word. All ſcaffolding, all ſymbols muſt vaniſh in the hour of death;

love only remains. So much love we take along with us into eternity, ſo much, and not more, happineſs will attend us. The value of our faith is always proportionate to its producing love in a moral manner; faith is valuable only as a *mean*, but not as a *ſcope*. Faith works only in a moral way; and what is all faith enforced by the Goſpel, but *intuitive perception of the love of God? We have believed and known the love which God bears us. If God ſo loved us, we ought alſo to love one another. God is love—If we believe this*, then we can and ſhall become love as he is love, give as he gives, and forgive as he has forgiven.——

I continued my Journal, but could hardly keep my eyes open, becauſe I had ſlept very little laſt night, and was obliged to go to bed. However, before I went to ſleep, I read firſt a letter from a young lady to her inſtructor

inſtructor in religion, communicated to me by a friend of mine. One of the chief ideas that adorn this letter, is the following: "I will conſtantly remember the following "three head ſources of virtue: *the conſtant* "*reflection on death*; *the part divine provi-* "*dence takes even in the moſt trifling incidents*; "*and the lovelineſs of religion in general. I* "*will cloſely adhere to theſe ideas, which are* "*the ſources of all virtues*; *will never loſe ſight* "*of them, and then I hope your labour in the* "*Lord will not be in vain.*"—

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SUNDAY, Jan. 17, 1773.

I WAS ſent for by my aunt, as ſoon as I awoke, becauſe ſhe was very weak and diſ-

treſſed

treſſed in her mind. I found her, indeed, very faint and comfortleſs; this was, however, the natural conſequence of her conſtitution and illneſs. I was obliged to ſtruggle very hard, in order to get rid of the drowſineſs which lay heavy on my eyes. I read to her the confeſſion of ſins which I had compoſed yeſterday. I find, indeed, that if one cannot ſpeak directly, and in a moſt confidential manner to ſick people (a very uncommon caſe), one can, by means of prayers and hymns, convey to their mind every thing one ought to ſay, and yet dares not venture to ſay without offending and loſing the moſt neceſſary confidence, provided one does not neglect the natural precaution to begin with *general ſubjects*, and to become by degrees more ſpecial and affecting.—

Being again in private, I reflected on funerals, grave, and other ſimilar things.—

Mr.

Mr. Sch***, my brother-in-law, came to ſee me. We ſpoke of an action which, at firſt ſight, appeared to be very mean. I was very angry at it, at firſt; however, cooler reflection convinced me that I had been too precipitate. I imagined myſelf in a ſimilar ſituation, and we agreed that a great deal of the ſeeming injuſtice of that action diſappeared. It is one of the moſt common vanities of good hearts, that they put themſelves too precipitately and too violently in a paſſion, on account of certain actions and certain kinds of behaviour.—It looks ſo moral and ſo ſentimental, to aſſume a ſcornful air on occaſion of certain faults committed by *other people*; but, alas! how maſterly do pride and cenſoriouſneſs conceal themſelves behind that look! I will accuſtom myſelf to change names, and to imagine myſelf in the room of others—and never to

loſe

loſe ſight of myſelf in criticiſing others. - -

- - - After dinner, ſhort viſits. Continued my Journal. Stifled anger, becauſe I had called my ſervant in vain, four or five times, and received a letter from a friend who informed me that he would not come to ſee me, being afraid to be troubleſome, on account of my preſent ſituation.—P*** came, "How are you?" "I do not know "it myſelf; I am, however, eaſy with re- "ſpect to the paſt ſufferings of my mother; "but nevertheleſs not quite free of care in "many other reſpects."——He went with me down ſtairs to ſee the corpſe. I ſtood at the top of the coffin, and my friend on one ſide. Both of us complained of the ſcarcity of important ideas and feelings at ſo important a ſight (*e*). "The body in which I

(*e*). However important the objects we ſee and hear may be, yet they cannot always produce the ſame lively and

began to exiſt, and to grow a living being, now lies inanimate, cold, and ſtiff, before me.—What is my eye that ſees it, and the cloſed eye that does not ſee? What is life and death?" So I thought after my friend had left me—went to the apartment of my wife, ſeating myſelf ſilently by her ſide, gave vent to my reflections, and was abſorbed in ſoft, devout, and ſweet meditations, and prayer. - - - My father ſent for me, to read a ſermon to him, and to my brother-in-law. Although I had longed very much

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and deep impreſſions on our mind. In this matter a great deal depends on our bodily diſpoſition, and on the preceding train of ideas and occupations, and frequently on trifling circumſtances which are not in our power. Pious Chriſtian do, therefore, not ſorrow nor complain, if thou canſt not think nor feel ſo much good, nor raiſe thy good ideas and feelings to ſuch a degree of livelineſs and ſtrength as thou wiſheſt. The more anxiouſly thou wilt ſtrive to effect it, the leſs thou wilt ſucceed. E.

for

for this ſolitary hour, and was in a fair way to pray moſt fervently, and to enjoy the happieſt raptures in God—yet I roſe after a few moments. Every call of providence ſhall be performed by me (this is my ardent deſire), ſo quickly, ſo willingly, and child-like, as if it were the immediate voice of God. I ſearched amongſt my ſermons for a proper one, and found one on the words: "*Therefore watch ye, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Lord cometh.*" I read it, and my heart ſmote me. Alas! I ſleep frequently, and watch ſeldom. How frequently ought I ſtill to fear the coming of the Lord! How frequently would he not find me in *his buſineſs!* - - - - - - -

I ſpoke with a female friend, who came to ſee my wife, of the evening ſermon (with indifference), of my ſituation: of the turn of my heart at the death of my mother. She could

could not conceive how I could have ſtood the ſight of her death, and that of my two beſt friends, the darlings of my heart.—— I replied: "I rather will witneſs ſuch a "ſcene, than not ſee it. Imagination repre- "ſents ſuch ſcenes always more dreadful "than they are in nature. Beſides, there "always occur ſo many incidents which "moderate our ſenſibility, occupy and di- "vert the mind, &c. &c. &c. that I could "ſtand thoſe ſcenes pretty well. I was "frequently not able to weep; though every "one around me wept; but afterwards, "when I was in private, the longing of "love and the melancholy of painful deſire "awoke. - - - - - - - - - - -

"When ſitting with them in private, I en- "joyed their ſociety as much as poſſible, and "could not endure the idea of their death, "their abſence and diſappearance. The

"funeral

" funeral of Felix Hefs almoft overpowered " me, and yet his brother was left me. " Both of us could hardly bear his lofs; we " miffed him everywhere; but when the " fecond brother died too, I was almoft " ftupified. - - - - Our feelings are, " in general, not in our power." - - - - We fpoke of other important matters; of life and death, hope and doubt, Chrift and immortality. - - - - - - - - - -

Our friend left us, and Mr. Tobler came to fee me. I fpent a very pleafant hour in his company. I wifh I were at leifure to repeat our whole converfation. We fpoke a great deal of the fufferings of the deceafed, of her good qualities and her death, and her probable fate after death; of the great ignorance in which we are kept with refpect to the inviftble animating part of man; of the unfpeakably comforting hiftorical cer-

tainty

tainty of Chriſt's reſurrection, of the natural doubts concerning immortality and re-animation to which man is ſubject at the ſight of a ſick or a dying perſon, and of the ſupporting power of Evangelical Revelation with reſpect to this point;—of viſiting the ſick; of our inability to command our feelings, of the intuitive knowledge of feelings that originate in a natural manner; of the ſound and ſingle eye which ſees every thing as it is and not as we wiſh it to be; of the wiſdom of ſacrificing ourſelves always to providence, and of ſubmitting to every call of our heavenly father; of the ſtriking ſtrokes in the hiſtory of Chriſt, who always ſubmitted in that manner to providence; of the ſameneſs of moral ſufferings and actions—farther: of my father, his good nature, his ſingular love of equity; of his anxious care to wrong no one, and always to examine whether every

one has received his due, and ſomething more over and above, &c. &c. &c.

I continued my journal in my wife's apartment after my friend had left me.—The frequent uſeleſs and teazing queſtions which my little boy troubled me with almoſt provoked me to impatience. - - - -

At table—my thoughts were conſtantly occupied with my mother.—" Will ſhe have " nothing to complain of againſt thee before " that incorruptible judge, who dwells in " heaven, and before his holy angels ?" - -

When I was going to bed, and wiſhed a good night to my little ſon who was juſt awake, he ſaid: " Papa! do you know what " I am thinking? I reflect on all the good " grand-mama has done me."—I rejoiced at it, and bleſſed him.

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MONDAY,

Monday, Jan. 18, 1773.

I AWOKE at ſix o'clock, and ſang Gellert's hymn. *My life glides rapidly along*, &c. &c. &c. I was extremely lazy and ſtretched out in my bed as if I had no ſoul. The recollection of my abſent brother who, by this time, probably will have received the news of my mother's death, and, without doubt, will ſhed the bittereſt tears on that account, rouſed my feelings, and excited me to pray for him and for myſelf. - - - - - -
I went to my father.—A diſtreſſing day for him !——He requeſted me to read to him the daily *morning prayer* from Weiſſe's prayer book. Some obſcure expreſſions which I was ſure would not be underſtood, diſturbed my attention a little.—After prayer I went

to ſee the coffin which had been carried out of the alcove, and placed in the paſſage. I removed the covering, and ſhed a filial tear over her corpſe. - - - - We did not ſuffer the coffin to be ſcrewed up yet, becauſe my mother had obſerved the ſame rule with reſpect to all thoſe who had died in our family. - - - - - - - - -

I continued my Journal, and was called to breakfaſt. The beautiful groupe which was aſſembled almoſt moved me to tears; my dear wife in the bed; little Henry at her left, and Nanette on her ſtool upon two chairs before the bed. She was giving them their ſoup; I took a pencil, and drew a ſketch of that family-ſcene on a ſlip of paper. "But "you forget one perſon that belongs to the "groupe, and ſhares our pleaſure!" my wife ſaid, ſmiling. - - - - Now my joy was complete—God bleſs you, ye darlings

lings of my heart! the giver of joy, God—God bleſs you!

As ſoon as breakfaſt was over I went to imprint this ſcene indelibly on my mind.—It is ſo extremely ſweet to recollect ſuch ſcenes, particularly if they occur on days which are rendered remarkable by other incidents. - - - - - - - - - -

We ſpoke at my aunt's, to whom I paid a viſit, of books of devotion, and of Treſcho's Bible for dying people, which was lying on the table.—I judge very reluctantly of books of that ſort; I almoſt dare neither recommend, nor diſapprove one. It is cruel to make ſick people loathe a book from which they derive comfort and edification; but it is, at the ſame time, very dangerous to recommend a book which contains ſo many confuſed, obſcure, unevangelical and miſapplicable things, and is not written in the

ſound and manly tone of the Goſpel that elevates our heart and our ſoul, and, nevertheleſs, contains many good and excellent paſſages which may overbalance all miſchief that might ariſe from its defects. But where can we find a book of that ſort which would be called perfect? I am always perplexed when I am deſired to point out one. All the books of devotion which I can recommend in ſome reſpect, as for example: *Tobler's*, *Spinks's*, ſome collections of hymns, the Meditations of the Aſcetic Society, &c. &c. &c. are far from being what is wanted and wiſhed for, and do not enlighten the mind, and warm the heart at the ſame time. They contain too many paſſages which can be read only to *few* ſick people, and too much common place matter; are either too ſpecial, or written in a language which the ſick are either too much uſed or entire ſtrangers

ſtrangers to. They are, in general, very excellent for people who are uſed to reading; however, amongſt a hundred ſick people are ſcarcely two who are accuſtomed to it. One ought to publiſh no prayer, no hymn, nor meditations for ſick people, before they have been tried at the ſick bed, and poliſhed till they fit exactly. I have compoſed ſeveral, and found that few of them are applicable. In this reſpect too I ought to pray to God for wiſdom.

I received a note from a bookbinder. I was rather angry at his ſuppoſed indiſcretion to trouble me on *ſuch* a day, and ſaid on opening it: "could he not have ſent at ſome other time?" why muſt he ſend to day? —However, it contained an apology for his not being able to aſſiſt at the funeral of my mother, his wife being ill. I changed my

language inſtantly, and bluſhed a little. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

The coffin was going to be ſcrewed up, and I went down ſtairs. My mother was not at all disfigured; her lineaments being rather prettier and more expreſſive than at any time of her life. I put my hand once more - - - for the laſt time to her cold forehead.—My brother ſtood ſilent, and with weeping eyes by the ſide of the coffin, myſelf at the top, and my eldeſt ſiſter cloſe by me. The lid of the coffin now was ſhut—I removed it once more after the reſt of the company was gone.—It now was ſcrewed up; I leaned myſelf againſt the coffin which ſtood on a table in the back part of the houſe, and thanked God with tears for all the good he has beſtowed on me through my mother who now enjoys her eternal reſt.

Alas

Alas! how much more grateful could I have been!—Reward her, merciful God! and do what is no longer in my power!—*Forgive! ſhe too has forgiven!*—This was my firſt thought; and my ſecond, when will my coffin be ſcrewed up. When ſhall my wife, my children, my friends, and my kindred ſtand around *my* coffin? and what ſhall I then be?

My guardian Angel has already fixed the ſpot
Where in dark night my mortal frame ſhall rot;
Perhaps the oaken boards which then ſhall hide
My clay-cold corpſe, by my anceſtors ſide,
Were cut ere now, to form the darkſome lodge
Where I ſhall reſt with them to riſe again;
What God immortal made cannot the grave retain!

The coffin was carried out, and covered with a white and a black cloth; every pin which it was faſtened with renewed the idea in my mind; again a ſtep farther removed from

from me!—thus thou wilt be covered one day! - - - - - - - - - - - - -

I went to the apartment where the mourners were aſſembled, and was ſilent and abſorbed in meditation. They were ſpeaking of the moſt trifling ſubjects.—I went mournfully down ſtairs, and ſtood before the houſe almoſt petrified. The weather was very bad, the coffin carried out of the houſe, and I almoſt wept, becauſe I could not ſhed a tear of love, at a ſight of ſuch a nature. My ſtupefaction was eaſily accounted for; I endeavoured, however, to divert my thoughts as little as poſſible, and prayed as well as I could at church, and in going home.—At ſupper we ſpoke of my mother's illneſs and death, and of the judgment after death.—I could not repel the idea: "all of "us,"—and then my looks wandered from one to the other—"every one of us will die "one

" one day, either before, or with, or after " me; either of an illneſs or ſuddenly—and " what will then be the ſituation of the " dying, the dead, or the living?"—I viewed one eye after the other: " Thou wilt break- " wilt be cloſe one day; wilt ſee no longer, " nor be ſeen!"—ſaid I, ſoftly to myſelf—and then heaved a deep ſigh: " O God! " open my eyes that I may ſee what I am, " and what will become of me!" - - -

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TUESDAY, Jan. 19, 1773.

I AWOKE for the firſt time in my life to find neither a living nor a dead mother in my houſe. I ſearch in vain for a mother who, notwithſtanding all her failings, was an extraordinary

extraordinary faithful parent.—Not even a ſhadow of her can I ſee! She has been ſo good to me, and alas! I have returned her ſo very little! So ſoon (although her ſufferings laſted long for her), alas! ſo ſoon has ſhe been taken from me—is gone for ever, before I could enjoy her, before ſhe could enjoy me, as a mother, with *her* virtues, and a ſon with *my* ſentiments ought to have enjoyed one another during the fleeting days of a toilſome life. O! God! if I had but been endowed with more ſkill and with a heart more compliant to correct her foibles, and to make a good uſe of her excellent qualities! The knowledge of the human heart, which experience has taught me, would now have enabled me to take more advantage of the many virtues ſhe diſplayed, and rather to build on this foundation than merely to *combat* her faults, either by words, looks,

looks, or anger.—And yet I have done this ſo very rarely, and now can do it no more! - - - - - What reproaches would my heart make me on that account, if I only were humble and honeſt enough to liſten to its reprobating voice.—Well then! although this cannot be retrieved nor repaired with reſpect to *her* perſon, yet I have five ſiſters and brothers, the children of this mother, who is fled for ever; I have an old, good, honeſt, and infirm father. I will make it my chief buſineſs to give ſo much the more pleaſure, and to be ſo much the more uſeful to theſe objects of my tenderneſs. I will repay to them what I have neglected in a moſt blameable manner with reſpect to my mother, who diſtinguiſhed me ſo eminently, and ſought and valued my company in ſo abaſhing and flattering a manner.—I will (for the mercy of God is not confined to a few days,

and

and Jeſus Chriſt is the Lord of the dead and the living), I will ſincerely, and with filial ſubmiſſion, implore the father of ſpirits to preſent their ſouls unblameable and unreproveable on the day of Jeſus Chriſt! - - - - - - The world, at leaſt my friends will, perhaps, expect that theſe and ſimilar thoughts and ſentiments have occupied my ſoul on the firſt morning when I found my mother neither dead nor alive in my houſe; this they will, perhaps, juſtly expect of a man who preaches in proſe and in verſes to his country, and to the world, and who ever has done moralizing; but the world and my friends will, in this caſe, be very much miſtaken. - - - - - - - - - - - -

I awoke, on this firſt motherleſs morning, without any thoughts and ſentiments, as indolent, as inanimated piece of fleſh, as callous as a ſtone.—Alas! when ſhall I awake

awake from this ſleep (*f*)? I roſe with reluctance, but came, by degrees, a little to myſelf, and went to begin my occupations.—Almoſt the whole day was dedicated to œconomical buſineſs, which left me little time for reflections on myſelf.—I went to reſt at eleven o'clock, diſſatisfied with myſelf, and yet not without hope.

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(*f*). Where can we find that man who always could uſe his intellectual powers as he wiſhes to do? who is not ſometimes more fleſh than ſpirit, who ſhould not frequently be involved againſt his will, in inſenſibility and inactivity? The greateſt philoſophers, and men of the niceſt ſenſibility, are, perhaps, moſt frequently ſubject to ſuch, although diſagreeable, yet unavoidable changes.

WEDNESDAY,

Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1773.

I AWOKE half an hour after ſix o'clock from horrid dreams, and very tired. Oh! Lord! open my eyes, that I may ſee what I ought to ſee (*g*)!

(*g*). Do not expect, Chriſtian reader, that God will inſtruct thee by dreams, for he has never promiſed it, and we have ſurer means to know his will. Whoever liſtens to dreams is in great danger to be deceived by his imagination and to be miſled. When the body is ſleeping, the ſoul can, indeed, repreſent to herſelf certain things more lively and clearly than when it is awake, or hit upon certain ideas which ſhe would not have found in a waking ſtate; yet ſhe never can foreſee, with a degree of certainty, future events, neither in one nor in the other caſe. I do not doubt but the author is of the ſame opinion. He eſteems ſcripture and reaſon too much, and knows the turns of the human ſoul too well, than to give much credit to dreams. E.

A ſhort

A ſhort reflection on the exiſtence and the death of my mother, reminded me that my life is ſuſpended by a hair.—I endeavoured to raiſe my heart to God; but the overburdened and giddy heart did not find him. I was obliged to get up and to reſume an occupation which I have begun yeſterday; I did it almoſt with reluctance; however, it could not be poſtponed. - - - - - -

Received a letter from a female friend, &c. &c. &c. God knows that my heart always condemns me when I am praiſed more than I deſerve, though it ſhould be done with the beſt and moſt unflattering view; for, ſuppoſe I really had all the good qualities which are aſcribed to me, and which ſtill are very imperfect, why do not thoſe that praiſe me ſpeak alſo of my faults and bad inclinations, which cannot poſſibly eſcape the notice of my intimate friends, my

heart being ſo communicative, and my character ſo open? Or, if they do not like to ſpeak of what they muſt obſerve, why does their knowledge of my failings not lower the deſcription they give of me? Not only love, but friendſhip too muſt be blind, if it were poſſible that one of my friends could overlook the lightneſs and levity of my character, and the many proofs I give of vanity, lazineſs, neglect, and ſenſuality, ſo very humiliating to me. - - - - - -

P*** came to ſee me; we ſpoke of Wieland, &c. &c. &c. Mrs. G*** informed me of her being very much diſtreſſed about the money for the board of her ſon, a very clever boy. The whole ſum amounting to no more than four guilders, I gave it her, from the money which my father had given me for the poor in the name of my mother, and ſhe accepted it with gratitude. - - -

I went

I went to put my papers in order, and was frequently obliged to have recourſe to the idea: *it muſt be done!*—I can not do a greater work of charity than this; not only becauſe it pleaſes my wife, who is ſo fond of regularity, nor becauſe I am enabled thereby to reſtore the property of every one who has lent me books or manuſcripts, and is either too polite or too negligent to remind me of my impoliteneſs and negligence; but chiefly becauſe the conſtant ſearches for papers or books rob me of my time and good humour. —Ill humour is the moſt noxious poiſon to the ſoul; ill humour is the firſt natural effect of ſearching; and not finding, is the conſequence of irregularity, which always has this bad effect, although it be owing ever ſo little to neglect, or ever ſo unavoidable.— The ſight of the crowded tables, chairs, cheſts, &c. &c. &c. the proſpect which next week, when I hardly ſhall have a moment

to ſpare, offered to my mind, and ſome preſſing buſineſs, which could not be delayed, invited ill-humour with a loud voice. —My aſſiſtant cheered me up. L. Z. came, and I was glad to ſee him. I was, indeed, at firſt, rather uneaſy on account of my buſineſs, and becauſe I had not one empty chair to offer him; I recovered, however, my ſerenity very ſoon, and enjoyed his company for half an hour with great ſatisfaction. We ſpoke of our duty to liſten to the voice of religion in all ſituations.——I wiſh to ſee but one inſtance when love ſhould not know how to ſteal upon us; I wiſh to ſee that inſignificant, inane, dry occupation for the performance of which all-ſufficient love could not afford us light and warmth (*h*). -

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(*h*). It is certainly very excellent when a ſincere, cordial love to our fellow creatures animates us in whatever we

I wiſh I could always record the ideas which frequently occur to my mind much eaſier in a confidential diſcourſe with a friend, who is a lover of truth, than when I am meditating ever ſo ſeriouſly. I can, indeed, not part with the idea, that if I were more at leiſure, I could write nothing more uſeful and entertaining for my children and friends, and, perhaps, for the world too, than a complete Journal; however, I can not ſpare ſo much time. If I am brief, the advantage which I ſhall derive from it will, indeed, be

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we have to ſpeak or to perform with or for them, and when it renders important, and ſweetens even our moſt trifling and inſignificant occupations and ſervices. However, I caution thee, Chriſtian reader, in the name of the author, not to miſtake for ſymptoms of love, the friendly mien and countenance, the ſmooth and fawning tone of voice, and the wheedling deportment, whereby love ſometimes is *meant* to diſcover itſelf, nor to deſpiſe and to condemn thoſe who are not tuned to that key, but are colder and more ſerious in their deportment, though more ſincere and honeſt. E.

great enough; but then it will afford very little benefit to my friends and my ſon, after my deceaſe, and for that reaſon, I have frequently wiſhed for a ſerene and tranquil day, when I ſhould be diſpoſed to deſign general ſhort hand characters, which would ſave me, at leaſt, half the time and paper, if accuſtomed to them.—One of the principal ideas which this evening flaſhed upon my ſoul with a glaring light (ought not every one to record the birth-days of his beſt ideas)? was the following: "The merit, ſoundneſs, and "integrity, of a Chriſtian ſyſtem of religion, "can be fixed in three different ways. "There are three different kinds of examina- "tion by which it can be put to the teſt. "I. It muſt be entirely conſonant with the "whole ſyſtem of the whole ſpirit of Divine "Revelation. *All* and *every* individual parts "of Revelation muſt have a reference to "thoſe ideas which one calls one's religion.

"Religion

" Religion muſt not only be *uniform*, it muſt,
" at the ſame time, be adapted to the moſt
" different-ſeeming manners of conception
" of its authors, diſtinguiſhed and impower-
" ed by God; word and ſpirit, example and
" fate of Chriſt muſt concentre in theſe
" notions in the moſt harmonious manner.
" II. It muſt always be parallel with the
" nobleſt, pureſt, and moſt ſublime inclina-
" tions and ſentiments of every ſound human
" heart.—The beſt human heart muſt be its
" prototype. III. It muſt be applicable to
" *all* ſituations of our life; muſt not deſire us
" to change the nature of things, but enable
" us to be tranquil, content, and happy in
" the exiſting nature of things. It muſt be
" applicable to all mankind, at all times, at
" all places, and in all ſituations, and capable
" to diſplay itſelf through actions and ſuf-
" ferings."—This idea is not quite ripe,

however, it charms me. - - - - - -

In the afternoon I paid a ſhort viſit to Mr. P***. We ſpoke of my mother, of her ſufferings, of the unſpeakably unhappy Mrs S***, who ſuffers ſtill more than my parent did, of love, of the ſhortneſs of life, &c. &c. &c. P*** was juſt writing a ſermon on love, the chief points of which I will imprint on my memory. *I. The ſacrifice of our wealth, nay of life itſelf, is not ſufficient to conſtitute love. II. In love every thing depends upon the ſtate of our heart. III. Love ſhows itſelf through various effects, and diſtinguiſhes itſelf in the cleareſt manner from the falſe appearance of love. IV. Without love all pretenſions to Chriſtianity are falſe and uſeleſs.* Wieland's *Golden Mirror* was lying on the writing deſk. An excellent frontiſpiece! a happy family. P*** was half enchanted with the beautiful ideal of an happy people which he had found

found in it. He communicated to me ſeveral other ideas from this book, which pleaſed me extremely well. I ſhould like to read it, if I could ſpare ſo much time. Such performances, written with ſo much taſte, knowledge of the human heart, and of mankind, and ſo much ingenuity—are certainly excellent food for manly ſouls. How little ſoever I can be entirely ſatisfied with Wieland (not becauſe he is jocund, but becauſe he is ſometimes wanton and offends decency), yet I read none of his performances without benefit. Nay, I muſt confeſs (I would do it publicly, if I did not foreſee that many weak and erroneouſly devout minds, particularly thoſe whom Wieland calls: *Hermaphrodites of hypocriſy and fanaticiſm*, would miſunderſtand my confeſſion, and make an ill uſe of it). I muſt confeſs that many aſcetic works, as they are called, do not

not afford me that benefit (not to mention the improvement of my taſte, which has ſo great an influence on *morality)* which I derive from ſome paſſages in his writings. It cannot be denied, that it is offenſive to a heart which is not loſt to every ſenſe of virtue, to meet with paſſages which one can read neither aloud nor ſilently without bluſhing. The vehicle of what is really good is ſometimes more efficacious than the medicine itſelf. I look upon it as if one were to give to a perſon a bitter medicine mixed with a ſweet poiſon. However, P*** has told me that this laſt publication of Wieland is, without compariſon, better and more generally uſeful than all his former ones(*i*).

(*i*) I have read this work, and have read it with a pleaſure which has been interrupted by nothing but the end of it. Happy the excellent author, and happy the public, which almoſt devours his original and pleaſing writings, if

THURSDAY, Jan. 21, 1773.

I AWOKE at ſeven o'clock; was again extremely lazy, and much troubled in my mind——Powerful impulſions to prayer!—Important concerns which I will not intruſt even to my Journal. So very inſtructive for me! I promiſed to do what ſhould be in my power, and had ſome hopes to ſucceed.

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if he never degrades himſelf ſo far as to become a prieſt of ſenſual luſt, and exerts all his genius, his power of language, his graces, his learning, and his criticiſm, for the propagation of truth, virtue, peace, contentment, and happineſs in the enjoyment of the all-animating God!

L. June, 1773.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, Jan. 28, 1773.

I FOUND it almoſt impoſſible, for ſome days, to continue my Journal. I will try what I can do to-day; for I would certainly render this uſeful occupation more difficult by diſcontinuing it too long. The intermiſſion of a good occupation, although ever ſo excuſable and neceſſary at firſt, can become a motive for not reſuming it at all, though the obſtacles which have been thrown in our way ſhould have been entirely removed. We are diſinclined to begin again, only becauſe we left off doing it; we poſtpone the continuation till we are, at laſt, aſhamed to reſume it. This I experience almoſt every day with reſpect to anſwers due to letters I have

have received. If I am obliged to delay returning an anſwer, only for a few days, then I poſtpone it generally longer than I am *neceſſitated* to do.

I had begged P***, or, rather, he had offered, to aſſiſt me in arranging my manuſcripts and letters, which I had been doing already for ſome days, though my patience had almoſt been exhauſted by continual interruptions. We began after ſix o'clock, and ſucceeded very well till half an hour paſt eight. I received, mean time, a viſit from a young countryman whom I knew, and whoſe mind appeared to me uneaſy and diſordered, and bordering on inſanity. He liſtened attentively to what I ſaid to him, but ſeemed not to comprehend my queſtions. To ſpeak the truth, I had no inclination to have any thing to do with him, becauſe I was occupied with the arrangement of a large

large heap of papers, and perceived that I could be of very little uſe to him. - - - Mrs. N*** came on her ſon's account, and was rather timid, at leaſt pretended to be ſo. Nothing can offend me more, than when people are afraid of me; and they cannot offer me a greater incivility, than by paying me the compliment, *I will take the heart in both hands*, &c. &c. &c. The more confidence one repoſes in me, the leſs one ſupplicates—the more willingly, and the ſooner, I afford aſſiſtance. I wiſh to ſpeak my mind on this point one time more at large. The matter is, with reſpect to religion, of great importance. Every ſign of miſtruſt and timidity offends my heart.—This obſervation ought to make it impoſſible for me to harbour the leaſt miſtruſt in God, the Author, the Father, of my heart. *God is greater than my heart*. This truth is to me the moſt certain

tain and comforting which I can take hold on and keep firmly to; and I think that, if in any kind of ſentiment the expreſſion, *offence againſt God*, which is ſo very improper, and liable to the greateſt miſapplication, could be juſtified, it muſt be with reſpect to *miſtruſt in God*. Our faith in God will always increaſe proportionably to the faith in our own hearts.

FRIDAY, Jan. 29, 1773.

I AWOKE before ſix o'clock, not quite deſtitute of good ſentiments. My heart was ſtrongly impelled to ſeek God with additional diligence, and to implore him to enable me to bring bleſſing upon the great number

number of people to whom I am to point out the road to virtue and happineſs; to rouze myſelf more and more, to exert all my abilities, and to be more rigorous to myſelf. I was unſpeakably ſenſible of what I already have felt a thouſand times, that one aſcribes to me more religion, more love to God and men, than I really poſſeſs, and that the little I am in poſſeſſion of cannot be compared with what I ought to poſſeſs, and really could poſſeſs. I have engraven on my heart not an unattainable, but an attainable original; or, rather, my heart has made me ſenſible a thouſand times, that it is poſſible for me to attain a degree of virtue much more ſuperior to that which I am *ſuppoſed* to have attained, than the latter is ſuperior to that which I really *am* in poſſeſſion of. - - -

I read the two Chriſtmas ſermons of F***, which had been ſent me a fortnight ago, and marked the paſſages I diſapproved; apprehending, however, that without an explanation (for which I can ſpare no time) ſome marks will appear ſuſpicious to him. Men are uſed to repeat certain hallowed formulas, without ſuſpecting that they imply the greateſt errors; and it is difficult to mention them without entering upon a circumſtantial explanation.

SATURDAY, Jan. 30, 1773.

AWAKING this morning, I reflected upon and examined the preceding day.—My imagination repreſented me to myſelf

in all ſituations. How frequently had I reaſon to bluſh! In how different a light do we ſee and cenſure ourſelves, if we look upon ourſelves with the eye of an impartial witneſs. I wiſh, for that reaſon, to be more at leiſure, and better ſkilled in drawing, in order to imprint on my mind, by means of drawings, many ſituations of my life which hardly can be deſcribed by words. I am fully perſuaded that ſuch a collection of faithful repreſentations of that ſort would be the moſt efficacious means of improvement. I could, in this reſpect, ſafely appeal to the feelings of every human heart, which certainly would bear me witneſs, that ſuch teſtimonies and palpable records of our life could not but have a conſiderable influence on our morality. How! if I ſhould ſee another perſon doing what I am doing? if I could look into the ſoul of one who thinks

as

as I am thinking now? if I ſhould preſerve that ſituation by a drawing? how would I then appear to myſelf in tranquil hours, when the paſſions are ſilent?

I united ſome ſighs to my heavenly Father with theſe ideas, and then got up. My dear wife was not well. My little Nanette ſhouted when I entered the room, and I was obliged to ſtruggle againſt the deſire of taking her out of the bed, leſt I ſhould loſe my time; becauſe I wanted to continue my Journal.—I wrote a little while, but could not reſiſt longer; took up the child, and carried her to her mother and brother, &c. &c. &c.—Some trifles vexed me; my wife obſerved it, and ſilently offered me her hand—"I will be good!" ſaid I, with a filial voice, and my ſerenity returned, &c. &c. &c.

After dinner, I went to Sch. H. to meditate there on my ſermon, and to get out of

the way of viſitors. I converſed with P*** on the difficulty of criticiſing ſermons and tracts which are ſent me for that purpoſe. One is always in danger, either not to be ſincere, or to offend by ſincerity. In that reſpect, too, I ſtand in need of wiſdom, wiſdom of fraternal love.——

I converſed for half an hour with Mrs. Pf. on the improvement in virtue. The excellent woman ſhed the moſt beautiful tears on account of her moral frailty. I could comfort her in more than one reſpect. She complained chiefly of her backwardneſs in praying. "I have, formerly, prayed with "more fervor and cordiality," ſaid ſhe.— "I have, indeed, improved in knowledge "and child-like liberty, have diſencumbered "myſelf from many prejudices and little "anxieties; but I am ſtill deſtitute of a "lively ſenſe of love and efficacious faith "in

" in the omnipreſent Godhead." I told her, amongſt others, that ſhe was certainly better than ſhe fancied, her love for virtue and all virtuous people having viſibly increaſed; adding, " If you will accuſtom yourſelf to " concentre all your duties in one point of " view, *in love to human kind founded on faith* " *in God*; if you will acknowledge, in every " thing, ſmall or great, the guiding hand of " Providence; aſſiſt, for the ſake of God, " ſincerely, and as much as your ability " and ſituation will allow, all your fellow- " creatures; honour and love God in all " things; not look upon religion and virtue " as two different things; you will be much " eaſier, much more cheerful and child-like, " always in communion with God, and never " alienated from mankind and your own " heart. This *ſimplification of all my duties* " makes *me* very happy, how frequent and

" humiliating ſoever my daily faults be. If " I devote myſelf to God by ſacrificing my- " ſelf for the beſt of mankind, with the full " aſſurance that I ſhall ſucceed, at laſt; if I " meaſure God always after my own heart (*k*); " if I pay proper attention to the numberleſs " proofs of God's goodneſs, particularly to- " wards myſelf, and judge by what is before " my eyes of what I may expect in future " from ſuch a God; if I remove the preju-

(*k*) The author probably means nothing elſe, but, If *I* can be juſt, equitable, benevolent, charitable, merciful, indulgent, and placable, if *I* can keep my promiſes, &c. &c. &c. then God, who has rendered my heart capable of theſe good ſentiments and virtues, *muſt* and *will*, undoubtedly, be ſo, and act thus to an infinitely higher degree. In the ſame ſenſe our Saviour ſays, *If ye, being evil, failing men, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more ſhall your Father, who is in heaven, give good things to them that aſk him?* As for the reſt, we muſt be very careful not to aſcribe to God, the moſt perfect Being, human feelings; and every, even the beſt human heart, has its weak ſide. E.

" dice,

" dice, that God really could be *offended*,
" and, after a thouſand and ten thouſand
" tranſgreſſions, could love me leſs(*l*); if I
" believe that God is ever ſufficiently willing,
" as well as powerful, to forgive our ſins,
" having given us through Jeſus Chriſt the

(*l*) The love of God towards us can, indeed, not be forfeited, nor ſo eaſily weakened, as the love and favour of men. He knows how to diſtinguiſh moſt exactly guilt from misfortune, and weakneſs from wickedneſs. Ten thouſand *involuntary* tranſgreſſions and failings cannot deprive us of his fervor; for he knows our nature, and never forgets that we are frail mortals. However, want of honeſty, hypocriſy, deceit, and premeditated ſins, muſt needs always diſpleaſe him: although he never can be offended, that is, hurt, diſtreſſed, and irritated, yet a rational, free-acting man muſt ever be dearer to him than the wicked, and he muſt be ſo much the more pleaſed with him, the more guiltleſs and perfect he is. It is true, this manner of repreſenting God, perhaps, ſtill contains too much of the *human*; and the thoughts of God are, in this reſpect too, not the thoughts of man: we *muſt*, however, think *humanly* of God, becauſe—*we cannot think otherwiſe*. E.

" moſt undoubted proofs of this readineſs " and power to take away all the bad con- " ſequences of ſin, and to ſet again in the " beſt order whatever we have diſordered " by our paſſions;—if I do this, my friend! " then I am eaſy, cheerful, child-like, always " in communion with God, and never alie- " nated from mankind, nor from my own " heart.—If *you* can forgive thoſe who have " offended you and treſpaſſed againſt you, " He will, undoubtedly, be more inclined to " do it, becauſe it is Him who has rendered " your heart prone to forgiveneſs, and given " you all the love you poſſeſs," &c. &c. &c. I was obliged to beg my friend and his wife to leave me, becauſe I was not far advanced in my ſermon.—I muſt not forget to inſert an idea of a friend of mine, who obſerved that nature exhibits a phœnomenon ſimilar to the early reſurrection of thoſe whom St. Matthew

Matthew mentions to have been recalled to life when Chriſt expired. " In nature" (ſaid he) " every thing has, indeed, its fixed " time for ripening; yet there are many ex- " ceptions from that regulation; for ſeveral " plants, nay, even animal beings, can be " brought to maturity before their uſual " time through men, through rational, free, " intermediate beings."

I continued my ſermon, and then was called to tea. We ſpoke of Mr. S* J*. I aſſerted, that I had not found him to be that keen-ſighted man for which he is taken by many people. Of his heart I would not judge.—There is a difference between *acting the hypocrite*, and *ſpeaking of religion from habit, and without feeling*. The latter is, indeed, bad enough, and the neareſt way to hypocriſy.

I reſumed my ſermon on 2 Cor. v. V. 1—9. How

How would a minister speak, affect and raise the minds of his auditors, if he, when repeating the words of St. Paul, *We know that if our earthly house, of this tabernacle, were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!* should know and feel the whole tenor of these words!

I paused repeatedly till half an hour after five o'clock. Conversing with my wife for half an hour, I said, I believed God would not prolong my life much longer; but, if he should, I would first begin to live properly; adding, "I am not yet, with respect "to my family, my friends, and my congre- "gation, what I ought to be, and am con- "scious I could be!" I then related some anecdotes of my youth, and spent half an hour very agreeably. - - - - - - - -

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We

We ſpoke, after ſupper, of the death of Mr. H***. My father pitied him; and I reproached myſelf ſilently, becauſe I was not more uſeful to him when I paid him my laſt viſit. We read the eleventh chapter of I. Kings, and I endeavoured to defend David's and Solomon's character againſt the attacks of my father. Theſe hiſtories teach me, in general, how difficult it is to pronounce a juſt judgment on individual actions, particularly on actions of great men, whoſe views encompaſs *the whole*.

SUNDAY, Jan. 31, 1773.

MY imagination diſturbed my reſt by horrid dreams. Methought I had died, and heard

heard my ſurrounding friends ſay, as if at a diſtance, " He is dead!" and a thrilling horror trembled through the nerves of my heart——Methought I wanted to fold my hands, but could not do it, and—expired. I awoke with a palpitating heart, and wiſhed for reſt. I would not ſtir, at firſt, but endeavoured to fall again aſleep, in order to have that dream once more, or at leaſt to continue it; for I have frequently obſerved, that when I do not change my ſituation after a dream (important or not), and fall inſtantly aſleep, the ſame dream returns, or is continued. But this time I longed too much for ſoothing words from the lips of my dear wife. I fell, however, again aſleep, and dreamed of nothing but of microſcopes.—I could not forget theſe two dreams when I awoke, began already to join glaſſes, and probably would have been entirely abſorbed in

in this experimental idea, if that of my death had not always forced itſelf on my imagination.—" And ſhall I then, one day, " really be ſtretched out thus, deprived of " life?—Will, one time, this laſt tremor " really thrill my bones and my heart?— " And if then ſo much has been neglected, " through my own fault; ſo much that I " could and ſhould have done, according to " the inclinations and diſpoſitions of my " nature, and the manifold admonitions of " God?"——Theſe and ſimilar ideas occupied my ſoul. I animated myſelf a-new, before God, to prefer the concerns of my heavenly Father, and of religion, to every thing elſe; and to have them more at heart than any thing in the world. I prayed to God for new ſtrength, for zeal, ſincerity, wiſdom, courage, and for his bleſſing. - -

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I went

I went to church. The Rev. Mr. Hefs preached, from Matth. x. v. 26. on hypocrify. His fermon contained many good, true, and ftriking obfervations. The words, *there is nothing covered that fhall not be revealed, and hid that fhall not be known*, which he pronounced with a particular emphafis, ftruck my heart, not without a good effect.—I was, on the whole, pretty attentive.

Conclusion *of this Month.*

THIS month, fo important to me, is paft too! How many fufferings, how much relief! how many failings, how much mercy!—What refolutions have I taken?—Livelier reflections on my death, which is drawing nearer

nearer and nearer!—More reſignation, more ſpiritual liberty, more filial ſentiments towards God!—But, alas! I am ſtill too ſenſual, too indolent, too obſtinate, and too commodious! I yield ſtill too eaſily to my whims and fancies. I maintain my character too little, and too ambiguouſly, miſled by the prevailing deſire to oblige other people, by weakneſs, vanity, or indolence. I am ſtill far from being what I really could be in my ſituation, with my abilities and talents. My *ſelf* is ſtill too active within me; or, to ſpeak plainer, my love is not yet pure, not cordial enough; is not ſufficiently active, ſubmiſſive, and general. I ſhould be afraid to let all my words be heard, or the thoughts and ſentiments of my heart ſeen; I tremble almoſt every night at myſelf and my heart, when, ſecluded from the noiſy buſtle of the day, I judge myſelf before the Omniſcient.—

Not

Not one day of this year could I be fully ſatisfied with myſelf; and yet I do not require of myſelf an ideal or an unattainable perfection; I require nothing of myſelf, but what I juſtly may expect from *my* character, and *my* ſituation. I know what human nature and what I *can* do; I do not know it from books, but (thank God!) from my *own* repeated experience. Knowing *true love*, I know, of courſe, the *dead body of love*, the mechanical part of virtue. I know that our feelings cannot always be equally ſtrong and lively; but how can I conceal from myſelf, that it is not right, not juſtifiable, not to make room for ſtronger, nobler, and more humane feelings? that it is not right to endeavour to exclude them from our hearts, to think of and to hunt after ſuch only as gratify our ſenſes, while we are ſurrounded with invitations to nobler and better ones? How can this be palliated?

No!

No! I cannot repeat too frequently, I muſt endeavour to ſide more immediately with God! I muſt ſtrive to render my belief in him, and in his providence, more lively and efficacious, by paying greater attention to his works, his ways, and his revelations.—However, *attention* requires *tranquillity*—and *tranquillity* and *ſolitude* are rendered *ſolemn* and *animating* to *attention* by *prayers*. I *muſt become* more *tranquil*, *more eaſy*. Thank God! I am partly ſo already, but by far not ſufficiently. The more I believe in God, the plainer I ſee, aſſiſted by reaſon, and a ſenſe for truth or morality, what is inviſible; the more the moſt amiable, the moſt immediate image of God, the receptacle of all human and divine perfections, Jeſus Chriſt, is preſent to my mind, the nearer he is to me, the more ſhall I love him, and every thing he commands me to love, every thing that is like him, and animated by his Spirit.—

I do not know whether my friends will be ſatisfied with me; or, rather, I know they are: however, I do not deſerve it. *I*, at leaſt, have reaſon to be ſatisfied with them; but *they* are certainly too indulgent. I rely too eaſily upon their goodneſs, am too commodious, and too negligent, than to be with reſpect to them what I could and ought to be. I could relate to them, I could tell them, ſo much which would pleaſe and intereſt, and, perhaps, at the ſame time, be uſeful to them; I am, however, too commodious, too indolent; and—to confeſs the truth—they meet me with the too kind compliment, "You call reſt *wearineſs* and *indolence*—make "yourſelf eaſy; don't ſay any thing; we "are ſatisfied, if you only continue to be "our friend!" Whom ſhould this language not flatter? but whom ought it not, at the ſame time, to animate to return their kindneſs with effectual love? And am I not

(properly

(properly ſpeaking) ungrateful and mean, becauſe I ſuffer myſelf to be lulled aſleep by their indulgence? The many ſervices which I and my ſick wife have received, laſt month, from our friends, are without example. I know they do not expect the leaſt reward, or thanks—but how eaſily could I give them much more heart-felt pleaſure than I really do!—Oh! forgive me, ye beloved! and if you, one day, when I ſhall be no more, ſhould find my Journal, and read this paſſage, oh! then do not entirely diſvalue this confeſſion of my frequent indifference, which I have made already ſo often, and now repeat before God, with a heart ſtung with ſhame, becauſe you are wont to put ſome value on the leaſt trifle that comes from me!——

I muſt add a few obſervations more.

I have not wrote a line for the public, the laſt and the antecedent month, except a

preface; and yet I ſee ſo many, and, as I think, important works before me, which are begun, and ought to be continued. If I would riſe only one hour earlier every day (and it would certainly improve my health; for I ſleep, indeed, much too long), I could with little trouble write down ſo many things which come in my mind, diſturb my attention, and make me uneaſy. If I had but ſufficient firmneſs of mind to carry this into execution, I ſhould then uudoubtedly become every day eaſier; provided I had, at the ſame time, the reſolution—*not to begin a new performance*, except I ſhould receive an immediate call to do it: I ought to *confine*, but not to *extend* myſelf; I then ſhould be able to act in a more ſtriking and deciſive manner, and, at the ſame time, *perform more*, the leſs I ſhould *ſeem to act*.—I rather will diſcontinue my Journal, or only confine myſelf to a few words or cyphers, than neglect what

what I either am bound by duty, or have *promiſed* to do. Whatever I have begun, what always lies before my eyes, and makes me uneaſy, and ill-humoured, at leaſt for the moment, when I conceive only the bare idea, *it ought to have been done, and has not been done*; what cauſes ſenſations in my breaſt like thoſe a debtor feels at the ſight of his creditor, ought to be taken in hand by degrees, and a part of it finiſhed every week.

To theſe diſtreſſing ideas, which are ſo evidently hurtful to my virtue, to my liberty of mind, my peace, my hilarity, and my energy of ſoul, I muſt add the confuſion in which my manuſcripts and letters are; which I, however, will remove without further delay, and endeavour to guard againſt for the future by a better regulation. God grant, that I may not poſtpone this extenſive and fatiguing, but to myſelf and others, particu-

larly to my heart and virtue, important buſineſs!—that I may not be tired of it before it is finiſhed!

This month my dear wife has entirely recovered from her dangerous and painful illneſs; and the ſwelling of my cheek, which might have cauſed me much pain, is entirely gone off.—All-bleſſing father! I praiſe thee particularly for this relief; and thank thee, more fervently than for this ſuccour, for the ſweet contentment which thou haſt poured into my heart at the cloſe of the laſt and the beginning of the preſent year, when I groaned under very heavy trials!

I was firmly convinced that I ſhould have willingly ſubmitted to any thing. I was not proud of this conſciouſneſs; but a ſilent tear of joy ſtrayed down my cheeks when I confided ſo firmly in my God, that I had no other will but his.

The

The death of my mother has rendered this month particularly important to me. Who but a thoughtleſs mortal can with indifference behold the death of a human being, and particularly if this our fellow-creature has been moſt intimately connected with us, and, notwithſtanding many occaſional frailties, has, beſides many good and amiable qualities, that particular claim to our affection, to have ſhared a great part of his life with us? What a deep impreſſion ought ſuch a death to make upon us!

I have a tender, feeling heart, and yet the death of my mother has not made ſuch a deep impreſſion upon my mind. I endeavoured, indeed, to palliate the indifference which I have ſhown on her death, aſcribing its cauſe to her delivery from her great and almoſt inſupportable pains, of which death has releaſed her: however, I ought, never-

theleſs, to have reflected more ſeriouſly on ſuch an extraordinary incident; ought to have ſummed up, and reviewed more conſcientiouſly, the bleſſings which the Divine Goodneſs has beſtowed on me, for more than thirty years, by means of her. I ought to have ſet forth, and recounted to my family more diligently, her evident good qualities, and her merits with reſpect to us, the recollection of which ſo frequently crowded on my mind: this could have been done eaſily enough, and without detriment to any other uſeful occupation. I abandoned myſelf too much to the voluptuous eaſe which aroſe from the exemption from the painful ideas of her ſufferings, which frequently appeared to me to have originated rather from too much ſenſibility and irritability of my nerves, than from real tenderneſs. The ſilent preſenſion of more liberty perhaps contributed

alſo

alſo ſomething to that ſtate of my mind. In ſhort, my *ſelf* was, on that occaſion, too much alive (*m*). I conſider my *ſelf* ſtill too much as *purpoſe*, *mark*, *ſcope*, and *centre*; and this is,

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(*m*) Take heed, Chriſtian reader, not to miſapply, nor to miſunderſtand, what the author, here and on other occaſions, ſays of the too great influence with regard to his *ſelf* produces on his actions and ſentiments. Learn to diſtinguiſh *ſelf-love* from *ſelfiſhneſs*, and do not condemn the former along with the latter. However reprovable the latter be, yet the former is innocent. I have the moſt immediate and clear notion of my *ſelf*; all other external objects are no farther known to me, than as far as they bear ſome *relation* to my *ſelf*. What an unnatural and what a vain effort would it be, if we were to attempt to pay, as it were, no regard to our *ſelf*, or, to uſe the expreſſion of ſome myſtics, as they are called, if we were to *mortify* our *ſelf*! No! not even the moſt ſublime morality can ever dare to combat againſt our *natural* feelings and inclinations; its ſole aim ought to be to confine and to guide them in the beſt manner that is poſſible. We cannot always *immediately* and *intentionally* think and act for the common benefit; however, we can never improve our own perfection and happineſs without promoting thereby immediately the happineſs and perfection of others. The deſire

is, undoubtedly, the head ſource of all my uneaſineſs. *The leſs I live for* MYSELF, *the more do others, the more does love and the God-head live in me.* This I ſpeak from my own experience. I know it as ſure, as I know that I am better in health when I do not eat too much, than when I am immoderate in eating. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Father of Truth! oh! that theſe ſilent meditations might bring me nearer to Thee, and to a perfect exemption from ſin, which encompaſſes me on all ſides! Might I pay more regard to Thee than to men! hear more and talk leſs, learn more and teach leſs! have more faith, in order to have more love! Amen.

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deſire of *living and being happy only for and in others, and the deſire of living and being happy only for and in one's* SELF, are extremes which we muſt equally avoid: *the one is unnatural and impoſſible diſintereſtedneſs*, and the latter is *mean ſelfiſhneſs*. The road to virtue lies in the middle. T.

To Mr. N***.

My dear Friend,

Feb. 4, 1773.

WHEN I have faith in a friend, I ceaſe calculating, imagine him not to be N***, nor myſelf Lavater, but look upon him and myſelf as mere human beings—him animated by the Spirit of God, and myſelf replete with the ſame Spirit. I neither entreat, nor thank, nor apologize; neither do I forgive, nor examine; I only have faith in him as I have faith in myſelf; nay, more than in myſelf: and now, my brother! let me tell you that I cannot but agree with you in many points, My *Views of Eternity*, if conſidered as a book, may be uſeful; but, as ſources of advice, they may, indeed, be of ſmall benefit. I am, however, glad that they have brought me ſome hundred ſteps nearer towards you.

I have,

I have, as yet, wrote—nothing; but only learnt that I know nothing, and that I am a fool—and, nevertheleſs, I continue writing what the Providence of God and my heart bid me to write, becauſe God bleſſes my writings.

A moment of free contemplation, of ſolitary, ſilent contemplation, of ſilent awe of midnight ecſtaſy, which obliterates dreſs, form and name, foibles and follies, awakens nothing but man, and melts him into one with men;—that moment I expect and obtain by faith—and am happy enough. Yet I do not ſpeak of it; for it is not letter; not ink, nor paper—not fit for communication (*n*).

(*n*) If the Engliſh reader does not underſtand this paſſage, then he is in the ſame predicament with the Tranſlator.

As

As to my poems, I have not wrote a word, as yet, except a ſketch of a ſimple introduction, in Iambicks. Writing for the public is, in general, of leſs moment to me than it muſt appear.

I rejoice twenty times at my being immortal, at my being the image of God, and at my fellow-immortals, without thinking of my poem(o). I am alſo diſguſted with writing down every thing. It will be beſt if I make occaſional remarks, and continue to communicate them *(propiorem Deum)* to my friends by way of letters.

(o) The author intended to write a poem on Eternity, the materials for which work he has communicated in his Views of Eternity. T.

To Ss***.

Feb. 8, 1773.

I MUST addreſs you once more.—When will you have eyes to ſee, and ears to hear, that you make the enemies of the Lord blaſpheme? I am, however, afraid that it will be uſeleſs; for you do not want to learn, but to teach. Oh! thou heavenly, evangelical, *child-like ſenſe!* when wilt thou diſpel that inexorable, iron *ſtubbornneſs* of theſe law-giving ſouls? Oh! thou divine love of human kind, thou ray of Chriſt's glory! when wilt thou *beam forth* from their eyes? Oh! my *verboſe* friend, verboſe in inſtructing others, and in ſtunning and repelling thoſe who want to inſtruct you through the word of God, when will the prayer of a man whoſe work on you has been bleſſed by God, I ſay, when

when will the prayer (for *adjurations* without *arguments*, and without *miracles*, are ſpells of an inflated ſelf-love, and of a pride, furiouſly haſtening to meet the moſt dreadful mortifications), when will the *prayer* of a man who, formerly, was your brother, be able to move you, by the moſt ſolemn conjurations, *to liſten patiently to him* only for a quarter of an hour?—Read the hiſtory of that hero in praying, and let me tell you, *If theſe things are done in a green tree, what ſhall be done in the dry?* - - - - - - - - - - - -

FEBRUARY 26, 1773.

IT is time to reſume my Journal again.—This whole month I have added nothing to it, except copies of ſome letters; and yet I have

I have experienced ſome important ſcenes, which are very inſtructive to me, and the deſcription of which may, perhaps, prove very uſeful to my friends and children. It is evidently a proof of the unſpeakable and paternal love of God to me, that he keeps me ſo powerfully back from all religious fanaticiſm.—Ambition, a lively imagination, and a good, ſenſible heart, can eaſily hurry us to fanaticiſm; and how frequently have they already dragged me to the brink of this dreadful abyſs, from which no mortal hand can ſave!

However, Divine Providence has worked, from my early youth, through friends and foes, to draw me back from that dreadful precipice. My irreſiſtible propenſity to *think clearly*, which God has increaſed and bleſſed more and more, my numerous occupations, ſome falſe religious ſteps and pious deviations

tions of my friends which timely came to my knowledge, and chiefly the errors of others which Divine Providence placed close before my eyes, and the constant reading of the scripture (which, although it continually speaks of extraordinary and wonderful events, inspirations, and divine revelations, is, nevertheless, the most efficacious antidote against fanaticism, because it always gives palpable proofs of the revelation, and the presence of God, whom it exhibits to the faith of men), have been employed by my good and eternal God as means to guard me against that pest of the soul. The present month abounds particularly in such manifestations of Providence—perhaps chiefly that I may accustom myself not to behold with a proud smile, but with humble and modest pity, *and as one who has obtained mercy*, those men who unite great virtues with a large share

of fanaticiſm.—One of the worthieſt, moſt learned and pious men ſent me this month a dreadful printed memorial of fanaticiſm, on reading of which I could not help exclaiming, ever and anon, "Lord Jeſus! Lord "Jeſus! ſo much truth! ſo much *divine* "truth! but ſo dreadfully miſapplied, and "intermixed with the moſt inſupportable "vanity!"—I received, at the ſame time, an anſwer to an admonitory note which I had ſent, along with the above-mentioned work, to a very ſublime fanatic—an anſwer which was dreadfully bold, ſo dictatory, ſo devoid of the ſpirit of humility, of meekneſs, and love of Chriſt, that I was ſeized with aſtoniſhment and ſorrow, not on account of the reproaches it contained, but becauſe they were made in ſo ſhocking and unfraternal a manner. I inſiſted upon a conference, and an amicable explanation.

I was

I was ſent for—and went, determined to be offended with nothing, to liſten patiently, and to contradict as little as poſſible. However, although I had not the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect the honeſty of my friend, and could not but admire his zeal for God and virtue, his eloquence, and his numerous quotations of ſcriptural paſſages and examples, and how much ſoever I felt myſelf humbled and abaſhed thereby, yet I could find ſo little clearneſs, preciſion, and ſcriptural taſte, in his diſcourſe, ſo little light and humanity—and, on the contrary, found ſo much confuſion, ſo many contradictions, and unaccountable abſurdities, that I could not help dropping ſome harſh expreſſions, and accuſing him of confuſion and fanaticiſm—ſo that we were under the neceſſity to break off, and to part, with the promiſe to pray for one another. I muſt, however, not forget to obſerve, that

Mr. F***, who was preſent, notwithſtanding his regard for Mr. Ss***, and the great affection he bears him, has ſhown himſelf a pattern of uncommon honeſty, modeſty, and juſt diſcernment. I have, indeed, learnt a great deal of him. It is true, I cannot conceal from myſelf, that the victory which I, indeed, had not gained, but fancied to have well deſerved—that the equity of this moderate, wiſe, and modeſt friend, who repeatedly took my part againſt his intimate friend, at leaſt told him plainly enough that he returned me no diſtinct anſwer to my diſtinct queſtions—and the hope of having perſuaded him to avoid, in future, all notorious extravagancies of his friend's fanatic manner of thinking—and the idea of the ſatisfaction, the applauſe, and the praiſe, which I could expect from my few intimate friends, to whom I intended to relate the whole

whole ſcene at large—flattered me much in going home, and ſeveral times afterwards, and cauſed a viſible ſenſe of pride within me; which I, however, ſoon ſubdued.—— However, the whole tranſaction mortified me ſenſibly, not only becauſe I have, perhaps, ſome years ago, ſcattered ſome ſparks of this evil by ſome vague propoſitions, and too much heat, but alſo becauſe the many reproaches he has made me are not unfounded. This excited in my mind new reſolutions to ſeek God with ſincerity and humility, and to attend more to watching and praying.

A few days after this tranſaction, which, for many reaſons, was ſo important to me, I received a letter from my friend H——, which contained a great part of the hiſtory of his life. I could have kiſſed that honeſt, enlightened, perſecuted, erring, and repent-

ing man, a hundred times. Oh! that all men would write their life thus, and publiſh it! It could not but afford pleaſure and inſtruction. The hiſtory of Mr. H— is, indeed, very inſtructive, and warning, with reſpect to fanaticiſm.

This morning, when I was going to write down theſe obſervations, I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Meyer, of Pfungen, along with ſome remarks of Mr. B**, of S**, on *dancing*, and the *theatre*. Mr. Meyer concludes, by theſe remarks, that Mr. B** S**'s intellects muſt be affected.—The dear, honeſt man! How differently honeſt and enlightened people can view the ſame objects! I cannot but confeſs, that I, who, ſome moments ago, have wrote in my Journal, that I believe the author of theſe remarks to be a fanatic, ſhould (if they had come firſt into my hands) have been induced to

believe

believe thoſe equally honeſt men who refute him to be fanatics, and himſelf an enlightened man. I have great reaſon to look upon this incident as a hint, given me by Providence, to judge with the greateſt caution and modeſty of this man. I did, indeed, never think that he poſſeſſed ſo much judgement, and could reaſon ſo forcibly. I wrote to Mr. Meyer, " My honeſt friend! what " will you think of me, when I tell you, " that I think Mr. S** to be really an arch- " fanatic; but his remarks, which you have " communicated to me, a few lines except- " ed, very reaſonable, and the reverſe of fa- " naticiſm? To judge by theſe remarks " (though I do not entirely approve their " ſtile, and the form in which they have " been publiſhed), Mr. S*** is a very en- " lightened and reaſoning man. But take " care not to let him know my opinion of

" him, elſe we ſhall read, in the next pam-
" phlet he publiſhes," ' Mr. Lavater' (and certainly he will honour me with ſome fine epithet) '*praiſes me, in a letter to one of his friends, as an enlightened, reaſoning man*; *but a man who is enlightened never can be a fanatic. Fanaticiſm and ſound reaſoning contradict each other diametrically*; *conſequently I am no fanatic, according to the teſtimony of Mr. Lavater.*'—" To ſpeak the truth, the good
" man cannot bear the leaſt praiſe; all the
" world muſt aſſiſt him in bearing it; and I
" could certainly have ſaid more to his praiſe
" in my laſt letter to him, and ſhould have
" done ſo, if I had not been afraid that he
" would have had it publiſhed inſtantly,
" and applied it as an *argumentum ex conceſſis*
" *inimici*. As to the ſubject itſelf—*dancing*,
" and *the theatre*—no man of a ſound un-
" derſtanding can deny that they are in-
" nocent

" nocent *in themſelves*, and *can* be very uſe-
" ful; yet there is no doubt that the preſent
" condition of the theatre renders it, in ſome
" reſpect, neceſſary to ſpeak with gentle
" prudence againſt it, or rather to reform its
" *abuſes*. It is, however, difficult to ſpeak
" publicly of theſe matters. If one *defends*
" them, though with ever ſo many reſtric-
" tions, and the greateſt precaution, the po-
" pulace, all friends of devotion, and all
" thoſe that cannot judge of innocence, ex-
" claim, Behold! this pious man, this divine,
" defends the play, that ſchool of the devil!
" and, what is worſe, moſt people pay on
" purpoſe no regard to all the precaution
" one has taken, and to all the reſtrictions
" one has added, and quote before the pub-
" lic what we have ſaid, but quote it wrong,
" and without alledging what we have ſaid,
" in order to prevent miſunderſtanding and
" miſ-

" miſapplication.——If one ſpeaks *againſt*
" plays, and attacks (though with ever ſo
" much prudence and judgement) not the
" *object itſelf*, but only the *preſent ſtate of* the
" theatre, and the bad effect which, in our
" times, is, almoſt unavoidably, connected
" with the theatre, and dancing, the witty
" ſcoffers of our jovial age are ever ready to
" pronounce their ſcornful anathema againſt
" us, and to decry us, with the lofty air of
" healthy men, as ſick people. And theſe
" preachers of tolerance treat us not only
" in the moſt intolerant manner, but even
" refuſe us a fair trial," &c. &c. &c.

The doctrine of *meekneſs*, which I had to explain and to enforce, to-day, in the houſe of orphans, ſeemed to have ſome effect on my mind. I found it, ſeveral times, very eaſy to ſuppreſs the firſt emotions of anger. I was tempted to give vent to it, when in the

the houſe of correction; however, I checked my paſſion entirely. I ſucceeded pretty well in ſpeaking with ſome energy to a priſoner. After dinner, I met Mr. P***, who was coming to intercede with me for a melancholy perſon who was *afraid* to come to me herſelf. I went, and ſaid to her all what I could ſay, but as briefly as poſſible, becauſe I could not ſtop long. Theſe good people never will recollect that WE have not much time to ſpare, though *they* may be at leiſure. Yet this is very pardonable.—A certain religious weakneſs, an indolent, anxious rumination of their grief, joined with an antipathy to correction and occupation; an inceſſant longing to diſburthen their heart, and a perfect diſregard to whatever is ſaid to them, in order to comfort, to encourage, and to adviſe them; a ſecret averſion from every advice which is given with the beſt intention;

tion ;—this kind of melancholy, which is not uncommon, and of which ſome inſtances occur to me almoſt every week, is, indeed, intricate and diſguſting enough to give my tone a form which does not entirely pleaſe ſelf-love, and very eaſily can induce ſome people to ſay, *I was afraid! I did not dare to open my mind!* Yet I can truly ſay, that, whenever I obſerve ſomething of that nature in my mind, I ſhow it leſs than I really feel or fancy to feel it.

I wrote a letter to the worthy Mr. G***, of Schafhauſen. " The more you repreſent " to yourſelf the variety and greatneſs of " the bleſſings of God, the more you endea- " vour to quicken within yourſelf the great " fundamental truth (I almoſt had ſaid, the " *only* truth), *God is love!* The more you " look upon your frailties and ſins as things " which, however they deſerve contempt *in* " *them-*

" *themſelves*, can, nevertheleſs, be turned into " bleſſings, either for yourſelf or others (*p*), " by *that* God who is *all love*, and rules " every thing, as ſoon as you are aſhamed " of them, and unite with that ſhame the

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(*p*) We know, indeed, that all things work together for good to them that love God, viz. all, even the moſt unfortunate things that happen to them; this can, however, not be applied to ſin without the greateſt reſtriction. Sin is, and ever will be, the greateſt evil; it always hurts us; it always impairs our perfection and happineſs; and other people, too, generally ſuffer more or leſs thereby; though Providence knows how to apply it to good ends. Chriſtian reader! take, therefore, care not to make light of thy failings and ſins, on that account, nor to guard leſs againſt them, becauſe God can turn this poiſon into a ſalutary medicine for thyſelf and others, elſe thou wilt make a very bad uſe of the advice of the author to render the duties of Chriſtianity comfortable and cheerful. He only deſires thee not to waſte thy time in an anxious and fruitleſs repentance, but to apply it, without delay, to a more prudent and a better conduct, and then to expect with confidence that the promiſes God has made us through Jeſus Chriſt will be fulfilled. T.

" con-

" confidence in the goodneſs and power of " Chriſt: in ſhort, the more *courage* you have, " the leſs difficult you will find it to become " virtuous, Without this belief, without " this confidential looking up to Chriſt, the " viſible image of the eſſential Goodneſs; " without this tranquil immerſion into the " love of God, no real virtuous life is poſ- " ſible." - - - - - - - - - - - -

I carried my ſick child on my arm for a quarter of an hour, proud that he always wants to be with me, and will be carried by no one elſe. I then went to Rechberg. We read the firſt ſix chapters of the epiſtle to the Romans, and I explained the moſt difficult paſſages, which have been rendered more obſcure by our unintelligible tranſlation. I went home at ſeven o'clock. The female friend whom I hoped to find with my wife being gone, I was vexed for a few moments; how-

however, my vexation vaniſhed as ſoon as my wife told me that ſhe had been very happy in her company.——I complained to my wife, amongſt other things, of my being of ſo little uſe to my friends, who love me ſo ſincerely; and told her, that I frequently conſidered myſelf as a cheat, on that account.——We ſpoke of the impending revolutions in the political world—read the eleventh and twelfth chapters of II. Kings. ——I looked with ſome uneaſineſs at my wife, who was half aſleep, and ſqueezed her hand tenderly. I then read to her a paſſage from the *Reſurrection of the Righteous*, and a hymn of Klopſtock. We went to bed at eleven o'clock. I awoke about a quarter of an hour after I had fallen aſleep, and was pretty well ſatisfied with this day—although I am ſtill infinitely below a middling idea of a *Chriſtian*.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, Feb. 27, 1773.

I AWOKE at ſix, and was lying in my bed till ſeven o'clock, with a weary and heavy heart, amid many good thoughts, feelings, and ſilent ſighs. The chief objects of my meditation were the orphan—and my own children. I roſe at ſeven o'clock, with a ſerene mind; and when the idea of the different occupations which I was to take in hand, and to finiſh, to day, began to make me uneaſy and gloomy, I ſat inſtantly down to make a liſt of what I had to tranſact to-day, and then to execute one thing after the other, with all poſſible tranquillity; an expedient which has already ſerved many a time to eaſe and to chear me up. - - -

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Mrs.

Mrs. Z*** came with a treatiſe of her huſband's, in which he attempted to prove, that St. Paul alludes, in his epiſtle to the Hebrews, to Roman cuſtoms. I read it through while ſhe was preſent, and the whole appeared to me very affected, and extremely unimportant, even if he ſhould not be miſtaken. I informed him of it in a note, and felt the neceſſity to think of another occupation for this honeſt, ſenſible, and learned man, becauſe I was well aware that this will be the only way to prompt him to abandon his opinion. - - -

—I am always frightened, though I always ought to rejoice, when I ſee ſuch a perſon before me. However, I ſpoke to her as well as I could, and ſhe appeared to have underſtood and comprehended at leaſt a part of what I ſaid.——Another woman came, as it appeared, with the ſame view.——I continued my Journal, and thus paſſed the morning in regularity and tranquillity.——

At dinner, we ſpoke of the great misfortunes and ſufferings of a friend. I took leſs intereſt in it than I ought to have done, and yet could not account for it. Should perhaps the great miſery and diſtreſs of which I, almoſt every day, am informed, have hardened and rendered me leſs ſenſible? I am, at leaſt in the preſent caſe, not conſcious of any mediate or immediate paſſion. - - -

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I went

I went to the Schwanenhof, and Pf*** gave me a note to read which concerned the laſt publication of Mr. S***. "Some "antecurſory narrations, and the prefixed "remark of our dear Lavater, ſeduced me "to the precipitate judgement, that this man "muſt be a complete fanatic; having, how-"ever, peruſed the treatiſe, though only in "haſte, I think myſelf bound to retract "my judgement, to recommend him to the "Lord, and his good and faithful guidance "and protection againſt all deviations; and, "meanwhile, to wait patiently what will "be the conſequence of this extraordinary "guidance."

I have inſerted this note for my inſtruction. I am, indeed, ſtill too precipitate in my judgements, although I ſtrive every day to become leſs ſo. I was extremely pleaſed with this gentle and fraternal manner of

judging, and rejoiced that I was pleaſed with it, although I have given my opinion of this man ſo deciſively. - - - - - - - - -

We ſpoke of the impending calamities of war, and I felt myſelf animated by our diſcourſe to adhere earneſtly to God, particularly by interceding for the great number of ſuffering and diſtreſſed brethren. - - - -

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Art thou not better, God! than I?
Then I can never love thee;
But art thou better, God! than I?
How much wilt thou then love me!

I went home at ſeven o'clock, guided by the twinkling of the ſtars, and the ſoft light of the moon. Sweet ſenſations of the majeſty of the Infinite thrilled my heart: however, a trifle, the *ignes minores of Horace*, which the ſight of the ſtars brought to my mind, led me, for a few minutes, aſtray into the regions of criticiſm. Yet I recovered myſelf ſoon. When I came home, I ſtaid a little while with my father, and then continued my ſermon. After ſupper, we read the tenth chapter of the ſecond book of Kings. I was ſtruck with the paſſage, *but Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Iſrael with all his heart.* I do not like at all the ambiguous, falſe, and double-minded ſtrokes in Jehu's character. What a mix-

ture of ambition and duplicity, of piety and religious zeal! O Lord! cleanſe and ſimplify me more and more, that all my thoughts and wiſhes, that all my actions, may ever concentre *in one point*, in the pure love of Thee, in loving all my brethren, and Chriſt Jeſus!

Going to our apartment, we heard our little boy ſcream violently. He was half aſleep, and did not know why he was ſcreaming. "He is the very counterpart of his "father," ſaid my wife. I have frequently made the ſame remark, and many a time trembled at the idea, "if he ſhould ſuffer "as much from dreams as I do, and if he "ſhould come to the ſame horrid gulfs of "doubt to which I came!"—O! Jeſus Chriſt! what will he have to ſuffer!—However, God has ſupported me, as yet, ſo unſpeakably, will he not alſo be the God of my ſon?

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, Feb. 28, 1773.

A DREADFUL night! I dreamed as plainly as poſſible that I was to be beheaded. A look at my children melted me to tears; and—death—death itſelf—chilled me with dreadful fear.——I knelt down, prayed to God, awoke half dead with terror, and ſunk in the arms of my wife, meditating on nothing but death.—I muſt die! This idea ſtruck my mind ſo forcibly, that I thanked God for having been rouſed thus. I fell again aſleep, and had another dream, much more dreadful, which I, however, cannot recollect.—I awoke in the morning pretty eaſy, though very much fatigued. I ſighed, meditated, roſe at ſeven o'clock, and finiſhed my ſermon. I went

not to church, becauſe I coughed violently, but read the two epiſtles to Timothy. The following paſſages and expreſſions I muſt copy:

Jeſus Chriſt, our hope!—Charity out of a pure heart, and of good conſcience, and of faith unfeigned.—The law is not made for righteous men—The goſpel of the bleſſed God—If a man know not how to rule his own houſe, how ſhall he take care of God?—To keep the myſtery of faith in a good conſcience—Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refuſed, if it be received with thankſgiving—The living God is the Saviour of all men, eſpecially of thoſe that believe.—Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in converſation, in charity, in ſpirit, in faith, in purity—Give attendance to reading—Neglect not the gift that is in thee, that thy profiting may appear to all.—Take heed unto thyſelf, for in doing this thou ſhalt both ſave thyſelf and

them

them that hear thee.—He that liveth in pleaſure is dead while he liveth.—Do not partake of other men's ſins: keep thyſelf pure!—Thou, O man of God, follow after righteouſneſs, godlineſs, faith, patience, meekneſs; fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life!—Keep theſe commandments without ſpot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt—Laying up in ſtore for themſelves a good foundation againſt the time to come—Promiſes of life which is in Jeſus Chriſt—God has not given us the ſpirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a ſound mind—Hold faſt the form of ſound words which thou haſt heard of me! Endure hardneſs, as a good ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt! No man that warreth entangleth himſelf with the affairs of this life—If a man alſo ſtrive for maſteries, yet he is not crowned, except he ſtrive lawfully—Remember that Jeſus Chriſt was raiſed from the dead—I ſuffer trouble as an evil-doer, even unto bonds,

but

but the word of God is not bound!—I endure all things for the elect's ſakes, that they alſo may obtain the ſalvation which is in Chriſt Jeſus with eternal glory.—It is a faithful ſaying, if we be dead with him, we ſhall alſo live with him; if we ſuffer, we ſhall alſo reign with him; if we deny him, he alſo will deny us—If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himſelf—Study to ſhow thyſelf approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be aſhamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.—The Lord knoweth them that are his—To call on the Lord out of a pure heart—The ſervant of the Lord muſt not ſtrive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.—Do not be led captive by the devil, at his will—To have a form of godlineſs, but to deny the power thereof—Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth—All that will live godly in Chriſt ſhall ſuffer perſecution.—The man of God ſhall be perfect, thoroughly

roughly furniſhed unto all good works—Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an Evangeliſt, make full proof of thy miniſtry—To love the Lord's appearing.—The Lord ſhall deliver me from every evil work, and will preſerve me unto his heavenly kingdom.—Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with my ſpirit! Amen.

After dinner, I finiſhed my letter to Mr. H***. "I can aſſure you, that the recol- "lection of all the good I do (and I dare "ſay that no day paſſes on which Divine "Providence does not give me an opportu- "nity to perform a good action) does not "puff me up. Nay, nothing humbles me "more than all the good, the execution of "which God has charged me with. No- "thing animates me more to perſevere, and "not to ſtop, than the recollection of what "I have already done. A compariſon with "others cannot (I proteſt before God), as "far

" far as I know, make me proud with re-
" gard to my moral qualities; becauſe I
" perceive, by conſtantly obſerving myſelf,
" which, as it were, is become habitual with
" me, every day, ſo many wounds, ſo many
" unguarded and weak ſides of my heart,
" that I ſhould be mad if I could be proud.
" The more good I do, the eaſier I find it
" to be humble. I am, however, not equally
" humble with reſpect to my talents. Com-
" paring myſelf with the greateſt geniuſes of
" our age, I find, indeed, a great indifference
" between them and myſelf; I hide myſelf
" from them. But when I compare myſelf
" with thoſe people with whom I converſe
" moſt frequently, I am ſometimes fooliſh
" enough to abandon myſelf, for ſome mo-
" ments, to the enchanting fancies of vanity.
" Obſerving, however, every day, that fre-
" quently the weakeſt geniuſes think wiſer,

" in

" in many points, than myſelf; that all the
" year long no one converſes with me of
" whom I could not learn ſomething; know-
" ing that my little learning and knowledge
" is nothing but a collection obtained by
" begging; feeling deeply with how much
" pains I learn; being frequently ſcarcely
" able to bear with my own ſhallowneſs
" and weakneſs; I can ſincerely confeſs to
" you, that this kind of pride too never will
" become a prevailing ſentiment with me—
" and never attacks me longer than, at moſt,
" for a few moments in the week. If ever
" I ſhould prevail on myſelf to publiſh a
" part of my Journal, to which I am preſſed
" by all my friends, I will certainly be ſin-
" cere, and not ſpare myſelf; and no rea-
" ſonable man ſhall accuſe me of having
" trumpeted *only* my good deeds."

SOME

SOME REMARKS.

THE interval during which I could not continue my Journal, partly from neglect, and partly for other reaſons, would perhaps have been more important, and more deſerving of being recorded, than all the other days of this year. I ſhould, perhaps, give an opportunity of being ſuſpected to have *intentionally* ſuppreſſed my obſervations on ſome of theſe days, if it ſhould be known that I have recorded nothing that has happened during that time. However, God knows that I have not done it with a view to hide from myſelf, or my friends, the faults which I perhaps may be ſuſpected of. I am, on the contrary, as ſure, as I can be of any thing in this world, that nothing could be

be more favourable to myſelf, and my exculpation, than if I were to diſcloſe to an impartial eye the whole of my proceedings in ſome ſtrange caſes, though I ſhould be willing to confeſs ſome inconſiderate actions. I am, however, quite tired of apologizing. My friends know that, with reſpect to thoſe points I am alluding to, I have nothing to reproach myſelf, before the tribunal of my conſcience, which is quite at eaſe, and every moment ready to account to thoſe who may call me to an account; and the world will never ſee this Journal. Some of my letters have been circulated, God knows, without my knowledge and conſent. I conſoled myſelf with my faith in Providence, and forgave thoſe who had occaſioned that circulation—The public has judged miſerably;—I was ſilent, and gave to my few friends a faithful account of the whole matter. They were

were aſtoniſhed at the ſecret motives which I pointed out to them; but the public ſhall not know them. I rather will ſuffer myſelf to be condemned, than to commit a meanneſs in order to defend myſelf.

As for the reſt, I will not conceal that I am ſtill not cautious enough, and too unreſerved, to many whom I fancy to have more honeſty, ſecrecy, and prudence, than they really poſſeſs. When I write letters, I forget the world, and addreſs myſelf to the heart and the underſtanding of him to whom I write, and whoſe letters I have before me. *He*, and not the *public*, inſpires me. *He* has put queſtions to me, and I anſwer. He has obliged me to ſay ſomething which is uſeful to him, and hurtful to no one, if only he and myſelf ſees that letter. If he, or ſome other perſon, circulates the letter, then I can be anſwerable for nothing. The public has not

not the eyes of him to whom I write. What is moſt fit for him, can appear very unfit to the public; and what ſtrikes him moſt, can appear very inſipid to others—The public hears only one party, and the other finds no hearing—That I know, and as far as I can view this as the decree of Providence, I am eaſy, and thank God that I am ſo, and can write with large characters in my Journal, I CAN WAIT!

To Mrs. N***.

My deareſt Friend,

Saturday, March 13, 1773.

I WILL give you ſome paſſages of my life, or rather of my character.

God led me *one* way, from my earlieſt youth to the preſent day. I was always

weak and bold—fooliſh and happy—childiſh and ſtrong—meek and paſſionate—both in a very high degree—God always treated me with the greateſt tenderneſs.—My greateſt faults were known to no one but myſelf and only a few friends.——God has ever brought to light my good actions, however anxious I was to conceal them—He has accompliſhed my moſt ſecret wiſhes, when I expected it leaſt.—He has given me whatever I have begged of him with ſilent, bold, and filial confidence. You hardly can conceive how confidential I was in praying—before I had acquired theory. With the improvement of theory, the ſecret, ſublime, heart-elevating experience has decreaſed (*q*).

—The

(*q*) Experiences of this nature, which are not founded on theory, that is, on juſt and preciſe notions of human nature, and the operations of our mind, are always deceitful—They can afford us great pleaſure; however, they alſo

—The ſpirit evaporated—I wanted to ſeek God from knowledge—However, he has no ear for any thing but for the ſilent, ſimple, and warm feelings of the heart.—There was a time when I carried this treaſure only in my breaſt—felt myſelf all-powerful—when no diſtreſs could damp my ſpirit—when I triumphantly hailed, in every darkneſs of my path, with a noble heroic pride, and ſilent faith, the dawning light, ere I beheld the fainteſt ray of it—No ſooner felt a friend of

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alſo can lead us to dangerous precipices; and the joy they create cannot always ſtand the teſt. The more we ſuffer ourſelves to be guided by violent, lively ſenſations, the more will the ſtate of our mind, and our morality, depend upon the condition of our body, and of external, accidental objects; and the more will our virtue and happineſs be ſubject to changes. On the contrary, the more we accuſtom ourſelves to regulate our actions after clear notions and principles, the firmer we will proceed on the path of Chriſtian probity, and the more ſerenity and peace of mind will accompany us on our road. EDITOR.

my boſom, no ſooner felt my fainted Heſs, at the time when the ſweet preſentiment of immortality thrilled his heart, at the dark evening of life, ſomething of the great myſtery of faith (*r*), when my heart ſmote me.

I preſerved it for a long, long time in my heart, and adored the father of ſublime pre-

(*r*) The greateſt myſtery, or rather the ſtrongeſt proof of our faith in God, conſiſts in our firm belief that God, as the beſt and wiſeſt of fathers, will give us every thing that, according to our individual capacities and ſituations, is uſeful and ſalutary to us, as far as it is conſiſtent with the eſtabliſhed order of things, with the welfare of the reſt of his children, and with the ſecret, but certainly moſt perfect plan of his government. If I believe this firmly, and ſubmit patiently to all decrees of God, ſhould I then not act more conſiſtent with my frailties, and my dependence upon him, than when I make bold to preſcribe to him, as it were, *how* he ſhall govern myſelf and others, and *what* he ſhall do in this or that individual caſe? I do not know myſelf and others, preſence and futurity, as I ought to do, if I would demand of God *unconditionally*, and *peremptorily*, for myſelf or others, certain *fixed*, *individual*, ſpiritual or bodily advantages or gifts. EDITOR.

ſentiments

ſentiments with many a ſweet tear — — became again thoughtleſs,—forgot God and my duty, and the name which nobody knows except who receives it, ſwayed by paſſion and ſcepticiſm——I then was plunged in diſtreſs—in threatening diſtreſs—labyrinths without an outlet ſurrounded me—I beheld nothing but gaping gulphs—however, I did not ſink — — — I called to the Lord, and he anſwered me, and delivered me from all my diſtreſs.

To Mrs. S. E. G.

My dear Mrs. G***,

I WAS juſt going to ſend you a few lines along with the incloſed ſermons, and begged Miſs M*** to write for me, when I received

your valuable letter and the incloſed from you; I ſhall therefore be under the neceſſity to endeavour to ſpare a little time for a few lines more------Aſcribe my brevity to nothing elſe but to neceſſity. I am *poor* in every reſpect—this all my friends muſt do me the favour to *believe*. There are too many who think me to be rich—and for that very reaſon I am poor.—Let not your ſpirit give way, although I ſhould not be able to procure you, in your great diſtreſs, the aſſiſtance I wiſh ſo ardently to afford. I cannot alter the decrees of God. The leſs we ſee, the firmer, the more approved and pure, our faith will be. I incloſe the trifles you have deſired; of all my writings I have left only one copy, a few pamphlets excepted. I have been afflicted for a conſiderable time with a dry cough; however, it is not ſo violent as it uſed to be formerly.

My

My buſineſs increaſes every day; but God has ſent me ſome time ſince an aſſiſtant, whom I, however, very likely, ſhall not be able to retain long.

May the paternal grace of God ſhine upon you, from the face of Jeſus Chriſt (*s*)!

I recommend myſelf to your love and prayers. My wife ſends her beſt wiſhes; and I am, with fraternal affection,

Your, &c.

LAVATER.

(*s*) The author wiſhes here that his friend might every day learn to know better the benign and loving ſentiments of God towards us, from what Jeſus Chriſt has taught us in his goſpel with reſpect to his Father, and from what he has done for the benefit of mankind, according to the will of God. T.

March 20, 1773.

SO ſure as it is, my dear friend, that the father of every love can *only love*, ſo ſure you may be that you never will be deceived in conſoling yourſelf (*t*)—We have ſtill from our childhood the falſe notion that we could *offend* God immediately, that he was *injured*

(*t*) Mark well, Chriſtian reader, that the author ſpeaks here to a perſon of whoſe probity he was perfectly ſure. *Such* a perſon can, indeed, not falſely conſole himſelf; he can be aſſured of the moſt merciful indulgence of God. *If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.* Whoever appropriates to himſelf the divine promiſes, and yet does not ſeriouſly and indefatigably ſtrive to fulfil the conditions annexed to them, conſoles himſelf, indeed, falſely. He expects advantages and bleſſings he is not capable of receiving. As for the reſt, God can, indeed, not be *offended* nor *injured*, in the literal ſenſe of the word, however we *offend* and *injure* ourſelves; and our peace of mind, and our perfection, ſuffer by every *relapſe* into ſin. *Therefore let him that ſtandeth take heed, leſt he fall!* EDITOR.

by

by our relapſes. This deprives of our joy, and retards our coming to God. However, this darkneſs, too, is nevertheleſs a bleſſing, although it ſhould ſurround us till we arrive at the end of our career; yet I wiſh that every brother and ſiſter might be freed of it. Whoever has the ſenſe of childhood will comprehend this. Infinitely much is included therein.

My dear Mrs. Gr.

March 27, 1773.

HERE I ſend you a ſmall token of my being alive, and of my friendſhip. I have no time, and the weak ſtate of my health, which is very much enfeebled by a conſtant dry cough, does not allow me to write much. I greet you in the Lord, from the bottom of my heart.

heart. Remember me frequently in your prayers—that the glory of the unknown God may be diſplayed in me, and through me, to the mortification of unbelief, and the increaſe of faith.—O how unknown is God, even to thoſe who fancy themſelves enlightened (*u*)!

(*u*) We can, indeed, form no adequate notions of God. Yet, if we pay proper regard to what the ſcripture and reaſon teach us, we can know as much of him as he will we *ſhall* know; and that is ſufficient for our happineſs. If we know what God is with regard to ourſelves, then we need not to trouble ourſelves about what he is *in himſelf*. This knowledge is hidden from mortal men; and whoever is impatient to pry into it, will certainly be diſappointed: for he tranſgreſſes the bounds ſet to mortal beings by the infinite wiſdom of God. T.

March 29, 1773.

IT is out of my power to write a long letter; want of health, and buſineſs, do not allow me to do it. Accept, with your innate goodneſs, the ſmall token of my friendſhip, which I have incloſed, and let me hear your opinion upon it, as ſoon as convenient to yourſelf.

The preſent ſtate of Chriſtianiſm, particularly in Germany, appears to me to haſten towards a great revolution. Moſt Chriſtians conſtantly keep too boldly, and too obſtinately, to extremes. It requires great honeſty and wiſdom to keep firm to the *goſpel of* Chriſt. Ere long the truth will be confirmed, *Whoever is not with me, is againſt me!*

May the truth and goodneſs of God be active within us! Let us ſeek with an upright

right heart the unknown God—who cannot be known otherwiſe than through Jeſus Chriſt—and then we ſhall behold his glory, and rejoice! Amen.

To Mr. H.

April 10, 1773.—On the great Sabbath of our Redeemer.

Dear Brother,

ON Good-Friday eve I received your lamentatory letter, in which you deſire me to pray for K***.—What effect do you think it has had upon me? Quite a contrary one to what you probably expected. "That "his errors might be kept ſecret"—this alone prompted me to prayers. Not the other reaſon. You poſſeſs, ſtill, too much paſſion, brother; and too little tranquil, ſimple,

ple, filial faith—You have a childiſh fear of the devil—but no child-like faith in God. I do not pay ſo much honour to Satan as to be afraid of him. I have very little to do with this vanquiſhed and cruſhed enemy (*x*).

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I cannot implore God that K*** may not ſtudy phyſic. Let him ſtudy it if he

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(*x*) The leſs the better, Chriſtian reader. To be afraid of Satan, or to aſcribe to him the leaſt power over men, belongs to what the ſcripture calls the kingdom of Satan, or of darkneſs; and thereby it means the idolatry, ſuperſtition, and wickedneſs, prevailing among the then heatheniſh nations. As Chriſtians, we are tranſplanted out of the kingdom of darkneſs into the kingdom of light. Wicked deſires, and bad, ſeducing people, are our *Satans*, our *adverſaries*, againſt whom we muſt guard. James i. 13—15. I would adviſe thee, Chriſtian reader, to care as little as poſſible for the devil, and to behave, with reſpect to him, as if he did not exiſt. So I have done theſe twenty years, after having been deceived in my early youth by childiſh prejudices and fancies; and I find myſelf very happy by doing ſo. EDITOR.

has

has an inclination to do ſo. A good voluntary phyſician is better than a forced ſervant of Chriſt. Do you not, dear brother, create unneceſſary wants merely for the ſake of having occaſion for praying. Thou haſt ſufficient reaſon for it already—and never wilt be in want of occaſion for praying. Do not miſunderſtand me. I love brevity, like my maſter. Pray for nothing more ardently than for wiſdom. Wiſdom will teach thee for what thou oughtſt to pray, and for what not (*y*). Have faith—faith is of more value than praying.

(*y*) Should not this wiſdom teach us, too, that we are not wiſe enough to demand of God without *reſtriction* ſuch particular and *individual* bleſſings, and, as it were, to preſcribe to him, who is *alone wiſe*, how he ſhall govern the world? *He is the Lord, he may do whatever he thinks fit. Father, not mine, but thy will be done!* This, I think, is the language of true Chriſtian wiſdom. Adore the greatneſs and glory of God, Chriſtian reader; rejoice with a grateful

Thy dear letters of the 7th and 5th of February I received in bed; for I have been ill a long time—and worſe, or rather weaker, than ever I was. Juſt now the megrim forces one tear after the other from my left eye, and I cough very much. My illneſs bears particularly heavy on me in the Paſſion week, when I ought to preach ſix times.

In ſuch a caſe, you, dear D*****, would have again done too much honour to Satan, and ſuſpected him of ſome malicious trick; I do not think ſo.

My wife, too, is not well—yet ſhe has

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a grateful heart at his bleſſings; let his providence ſet thy heart at eaſe; acquire before him ſtrength in every virtue and pious ſentiment, and eſpecially in the ſentiments of univerſal fraternal love. Join, in thy mind, with all thy brethren before God, the father of all men, and leave to his guidance their and thy fate; then thy prayers certainly will be wiſe, acceptable to God, and uſeful to thyſelf and others. EDITOR.

faith

faith for me, and I have faith for her.—Now a few words more in anſwer to your letter.

I neither reſemble Iſaias, nor does O..... reſemble Jeremias.—Your advice to make a careful uſe of every ſtone thrown down by Oettinger, which may be ſerviceable for erecting the great edifice, deſerves not to be diſregarded. I ſympathize, indeed, with Iſaias. I prefer him to all the great men of the old covenant, David excepted; of whoſe heart, ſometimes, one ſees more than of his ſpirit. With regard to inſtruction, Iſaias, St. Paul, and St. John, are almoſt alone very important to me among the authors of holy ſcripture.

Oettinger's defence of the ſenſe of ſingle words is evidently carried too far, how fond ſoever I am of ſettling the proper ſenſe of words. To build whole theories upon ſingle expreſſions—is to build on the point of a pin.

pin.—Farewell, my dear. Give my love to your wife and children, and never ceaſe to be my friend and brother.

To Mr. K.

April 10, 1773.

HEARKEN, my weak brother, for a few moments, to a brother who is equally weak; for I can converſe with you only a few moments. There is no ſin ſo deadly poiſonous as unbelief—Unbelief is the ſin of all ſins in the territory of Satan—Unbelief, concealed under the maſk of piety—unbelief, ariſing from falſe humanity—is one of the moſt crafty ſtratagems of the enemy of God and truth.—I intreat you earneſtly not to be diſheartened—God is unalterable, though we are not. He never ceaſes to love, though

we ſhould (z) ceaſe to love. He who is within us is greater than him who is in the world. Reſiſt Satan, and he will flee from you. Drive him away with a few words of ſcripture, which will cut his black ſoul (a). Con-

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(z) Very true! Yet God always ſees and judges us as we really are; and the more active and ſincere our love towards him is, the more capable are we to profit by his love, his favour, and his bleſſings. He never can miſtake the ſinner for guiltleſs, the weak for ſtrong, the wavering for ſtedfaſt, nor faults for perfections. The greater, O Chriſtian! thy love to God is, the more ardently oughtſt thou to deſire to do what pleaſes him. EDITOR.

(a) The author's meaning is, that we ought to ſuppreſs, and to reject *inſtantly*, all bad ideas and deſires ariſing within us, and replace them by pious, Chriſtian ideas. For holy ſcripture ſays no-where, that Satan is *about* and *near* us in ſuch a manner, that he could hear us, and be put to flight by what we are ſaying to him. This would make him *omnipreſent*, becauſe there are ſo many people, living at ſo great a diſtance from each other, who are tempted and enticed to wicked ideas and deeds, at one and the ſame time; and *omnipreſence* is an attribute *only* of

Continue in the calling to which you are called by God, elſe you will repent of it. If you are fallen, God is powerful enough to raiſe you up again.—Whoever is tired of riſing up again a thouſand times, becauſe he is fallen a thouſand times, never will attain his aim—becauſe of his want of faith. He who commands us to *forgive* ſeventy times ſeven in a day, will certainly forgive us at leaſt *ſo* many times within a whole year.—God will certainly hide your tranſgreſſions (*b*)!

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of God. What St. Peter ſays, 1 Pet. v. 8. can be applied very well to a man then living, who was a violent adverſary and a cunning defamer of the Chriſtians.

EDITOR.

(*b*) Yes, he will do it, if it is conformable to his wiſdom, and ſubſervient to his deſigns, unknown to us. If this is not the caſe, he brings to light the ſins and faults of many pious people, in order to humble them, and to caution others. God has given us no particular promiſes on that head. Could we therefore expect it ſo abſolutely and without reſtriction? EDITOR.

Believe it only ſimply and boldly. I ſpeak from repeated experience.—Begin with a *new courage*, and God will return to you with *new bleſſings*. Forget what is behind you—and do not ſorrow for the following day. The mercy of Jeſus Chriſt be with you!

To L***.

April 10, 1773.

O THOU dear, dear L***, why am I ſo inactive with reſpect to you—why ſo unkind?—But you know my ſituation. My health is mending by little and little—I ſhall preach to-morrow and next Thurſday, if it pleaſes God. I wiſh to be of more uſe to you; but, God knows, it is not in my power. I am too much beloved. I am frequently (ſo I think) near the great mark—

but

but more frequently very near the moſt dreadful abyſs. Yet I have more faith, than I dare ſay—although my dear friends repoſe too much faith in me.—You have in general too much *confidence* in me, and too little in God.——A few words more!—May Jeſus Chriſt be revived in you through the belief of his being alive—and along with him the power of God, wiſdom, and goodneſs.—Give my love to whomſoever you like, and as much as you like, with the full bleſſing of the goſpel.

To Mr. S. *at* L.

April 15, 1773.

YOUR whole inſtructive letter contains nothing that ought to have made you afraid of my being angry at it. except the words—

" If you, perhaps, ſhould be angry at it!"—However, this too I will paſs over without anger. Believe me, my dear friend, charity is not eaſily provoked. What you write flows from a ſincere heart, and beſpeaks an amiable ſimplicity—and even the *ardour* which I fancy to perceive, is noble and amiable in your ſituation.

Whether I ſhall wiſh leſs for your picture? -----O you dear, ſuſpicious man!—Forgive me! You are a good man, whatſoever may have made you ſo—You love Jeſus Chriſt ſincerely—whatever notions of him may affect you moſt.—Should I then deſpiſe you? Should I not think you good, and a friend of Jeſus Chriſt? It was a noble admonition your brother Frank, of Montmiral, addreſſed to the aſſembled brethren, when my name was mentioned: " Brethren! remember what " Jeſus ſaid, when he was informed that a

" perſon

" perſon who was not numbered among his " apoſtles, was driving out the devils in his " name: Do not oppoſe him; for no one " can do a deed in my name, and yet ſpeak " ill of me. Whoever is not againſt us is " for us." The ſame admonition ſhall guide me with regard to you. Why ſhould I deſpiſe you, becauſe I know you follow a ſyſtem which differs from mine?—or, perhaps, you only expreſs my ſyſtem with other words than I do? Whether I really have the love I profeſs—whether I, as many think, belong to thoſe prond cavillers, to thoſe unfeeling makers of ſyſtems, who are ſo detrimental to religion, which is nothing but faith and love; whether I am proud of my merits; whether I do not think myſelf the moſt guilty ſinner; whether I ſeek any thing elſe but the *mercy* of God through Chriſt; whether I endeavour to hide my faults from

fear to ſtrike my ſelf-love a deadly blow? dear Mr. S. I will be ſilent with regard to theſe points, will leave the deciſion of them to God, and patiently wait till he ſhall decide.

It is true, we expreſs ourſelves differently with reſpect to our notions of our dear Lord. It is true, your notions are as intolerable to me, as mine are to you—but why ſhould we quarrel about it? Let us *love* our great Redeemer as well as we can—for to love him is our only ſcope—and let us not look upon each other with an evil eye, becauſe each of us is arrived to that love through notions of his own, which he believed to be juſt.

Suppoſe, my dear friend, both of us ſhould be in danger of life at the ſame time—and a noble-minded man plunged into the flames to ſave us; and, in effecting our delivery, ſacrificed

ſacrificed his life—ſuppoſe we could not find words ſufficiently to praiſe the generoſity of our deliverer; and endeavoured, and thought it the greateſt pleaſure, to ſhew all poſſible love to his children—only with that difference, that you called his generous deed an *atonement* or *ſatisfaction*, but I ſhould prefer to uſe expreſſions which ſhould appear to me clearer, more natural, more affecting and juſt; as, *I owe my life to this man; alas! he fell a victim for me! his death was my life!* &c. &c.—would it not be ridiculous, if you would call me ungrateful, proud, cavilling, if you would ſuſpect me of uncharitableneſs, becauſe I uſed theſe natural expreſſions with a heart overflowing with gratitude?

My language may ſound fooliſhly in your ears; however, I ſhall never renounce, nor conſent to be deprived of, the liberty which God and his light gives me.—*Humility* and

aſſurance

aſſurance of *faith* are as little incompatible with each other as *light* and *fire*. However, man commonly ſeparates what God wants to be united.

Partiality is a fault moſt common with thoſe who do not receive the *whole* goſpel with a filial love of truth.

An important obſervation which I muſt make to you, and which is of the greateſt conſequence to you, is this:

" The beſt, nobleſt, and moſt divine ſen-
" timents, which owe their origin to
" certain ideas and notions, are no
" proof that theſe ideas and notions
" are juſt."

If you would take the trouble to examine this idea, what a light would ariſe to you!

There are ſome Roman Catholics, to whom the belief in the tranſmutation of bread affords moſt unutterable ſweet ſenſations—as there

there are certainly Calviniſts, to whom *their* notion affords the moſt grateful, pureſt, and moſt divine ſentiments.

One of theſe notions muſt be erroneous.—It muſt therefore be poſſible that falſe notions, too, can produce, in a good heart, excellent, good, and divine ſentiments; and it is wrong to conclude—this or that notion edifies me very much, it procreates within me divine ſentiments, conſequently it muſt be juſt and divine.

Fancy yourſelf, with your good, excellent, and noble heart, in the room of a ſenſible Roman Catholic: how would you then write to me?—Without doubt, you would ſay, "O! my dear Mr. Lavater, pray become as "a little child; believe willingly! The doc- "trine of the tranſmutation of bread ſtrikes "indeed a deadly blow to reaſon. However, "if you would believe, you would experi-

ence

" ence what I experience: it cannot be ex.
" preſſed by words what I experience when
" I receive the real body of the Lord! how
" I am melted with heavenly ſenſations!
" how it legitimates itſelf in my ſoul as the
" eſſential body and blood of God! how the
" blood of the God-man tranſports me be-
" yond myſelf!—If you but knew it, if you
" had honeſty and ſimplicity enough to make
" a trial—how intolerable would reaſon,
" which tells you," ' Bread is bread, and
' wine is wine,' " appear to you!"—Dear Mr. S. would you not, very probably, ſpeak ſo to me? Well, ſhall I then believe a *piece of bread* to be the *creator* of *heaven* and *earth*, and the *juice of the grape* the *blood of God*, becauſe I do not deny your pious ſentiments, which your faith may have produced, to be divine, and becauſe you admoniſh me ſo brotherly and tenderly?

I wiſh

I wiſh to know how our brother Burgman has received my frank and undiſguiſed anſwer, which I have ſent him by our brother Haſencamp. Of a man of his noble and humane character I expect fraternal ſentiments in cenſuring my ideas—and along with theſe fraternal ſentiments *reaſons*—light and *wiſdom*; for—forgive me that I once more recur to this point!—for even the moſt gentle admonition is a mere *charm* for *weak* and *good* hearts, if not founded on plain and clear arguments. Dear Mr. S. let us take care not to miſtake for truth what is erroneous, becauſe a falſe notion has afforded us edification and good ſentiments!—Truth is ſuperior to edification, as juſtice is ſuperior to love.—Error produces a temporary, truth a laſting edification—One muſt not offer violence to human nature. To bring to light what is hidden in its utmoſt receſſes—

ceſſes—and it contains nothing artificial—this is (to uſe your own words) Jeſus-like wiſdom. God is all love; Jeſus Chriſt is all love! and man, too, ought to be all love. There you have, in a few words, my whole ſyſtem of religion.—Who believes in the love of God through Chriſt Jeſus, he, and he only, can love as Chriſt has loved—or rather, through him God can love as he has loved through Jeſus Chriſt. All love comes from God ſo directly and immediately as Chriſt came from him.—Whoever believes that God is love in Chriſt, is love, and happy in love. All happineſs conſiſts in love, and without love no happineſs is poſſible. No happineſs is poſſible without God, as there is no love without him.—Jeſus Chriſt is the centre of the love of God.—Whoſoever directs his eye towards it, and is caught by it, becomes a ray of the divine love. - - - - - -

This,

This, my dear friend, you will certainly underſtand (*c*). In this you certainly agree with me. If this doctrine ſhould be *intolerable* to you, we will put a ſtop—not to our love—but to our correſpondence, till it ſhall be tolerable to you or intolerable to me.—The wounds of Chriſt certainly will teach you to be juſt to thoſe of whom you know nothing diſpleaſing, except that they neither

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(*c*) Although the author is fully perſuaded, that his friend will underſtand him, yet I muſt confeſs that I cannot underſtand him entirely; and this will probably be the caſe with many of his readers. We will, therefore, ſuſpend our judgement of ſome obſcure paſſages and expreſſions, till the author ſhall, one time, have explained himſelf better.—I have, however, been obliged to omit ſome paſſages, becauſe not every one ſees with the eye of a friend. *I* cannot be offended by whatever a man ſays, of whoſe probity and love of truth I am convinced; and I liſten to him with pleaſure, and learn at leaſt ſomething of him, even when he ſeems to err: but probably not every reader may think ſo. EDITOR.

will

will nor can make uſe of certain expreſſions, becauſe they appear to them to be contrary to the whole ſyſtem of ſcripture. If I believe all what God ſays, all what he has done through Chriſt Jeſus; if I adore Chriſt as the *ſole*, immediate, and eternal author, not only of my immortality, but alſo of all happineſs, I adore him with the ſincereſt love and cordiality; if I believe that I owe *him* every thing, every thing without exception; if I ſincerely rejoice at his incomparable love, ſurpaſſing all underſtanding; if I believe his death to be the life of the world, and the greateſt ſacrifice which ever has been offered to God; if he is to me all in all; if I begin every thing with him, continue every thing with him, and do every thing with regard to him; if I rejoice even at hearing only his name mentioned; if I deem his reproach my reproach, and his honour

honour my honour; if I look upon every mortal as one for whom Chriſt died; if I devote myſelf to God for the benefit of mankind, to the joy of Chriſt Jeſus; if I devote myſelf ſo entirely to him as he has devoted himſelf to God; if I do and ſuffer every thing in his name, that is, if I always act and ſuffer as Chriſt would act and ſuffer, if in my place; if I do, or only endeavour to do that; am I then, my dear S. a *Socinian*— or a Chriſtian (*d*)? I entreat you, my deareſt fellow-

(*d*) I am always grieved when I hear a *Socinian* pronounced to be the *reverſe* of a Chriſtian. The author, no doubt, is no Socinian, nor am I one. However, *ought* and *dare* we pronounce *infidels* thoſe who commonly are called Socinians? How can this be conſiſtent with *truth*, with *Chriſtian charity*, and *forbearance?* How erroneous ſoever ſome doctrines of the Socinians may be; yet they believe Chriſt to be ſent by God, to be their inſtructor and benefactor, their Lord and Maſter; they believe the doctrine of Chriſt to be true, and of a divine origin; con-

fellow-redeemed, do not condemn me, though with the pureſt heart—till you know me better, and have carefully examined, only after the goſpel, my aſſertions!—.

I am no *great* Mr. Lavater, and have therefore no occaſion for taking another courſe in *that reſpect*, as your well-meant wiſh ſeems to indicate; although I muſt confeſs that I have, every day, reaſon to be aſhamed of

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fide in his promiſes, and endeavour to execute his commandments, and to imitate his example. Should a perſon who believes and does that be no Chriſtian? Who of us is free of *all* errors? Have the diſciples of Chriſt harboured no errors *at all* while he was alive? Have the primitive Chriſtians, many of whom wanted to retain the Judaic laws, ſo evidently inconſiſtent with Chriſtianiſm, have they been infidels? And what man rejects *truth* as *truth?* Thank God, Chriſtian reader, if thou haſt *more* knowledge of truth than others, and live conforming to this knowledge; but take care not to condemn nor to deſpiſe thoſe whom thou fancieſt to be *leſs enlightened* and *leſs happy* than thyſelf! T.

many

many deviations from thoſe amiable, child-like ſentiments of a true Chriſtian.

I now will and muſt finiſh my letter. May God render the communications of our ideas a bleſſing both for us and others.

Love me, as I am beloved by Chriſt; if Chriſt abides in your heart, you will not deny me your forbearance and love, and imitate the example of God, who loves me through Chriſt Jeſus.

I thank you ſincerely for your friendly and kind offer. The grace of Chriſt be with us. Amen.

To Mrs. D. de B.

April 16, 1773.

ALTHOUGH your kind preſents give great pleaſure to my children, yet they make me bluſh too much. Your deſire to find out pleaſures for others carries you too far. How much do I wiſh—not to reward (for it is alſo a duty of friendly gratitude to leave to others the ſatisfaction of beſtowing a kindneſs without receiving a reward for it), but to give you a hint at leaſt, how much pleaſure it would afford me to return your kindneſs.

Our dear Mr. **** will ſtay with me till day, perhaps longer. He has informed of your offer. I ſhall take the liberty aking uſe of it—if it pleaſes God to grant

grant us the pleaſure of ſeeing each other once more in this world.

The idea that the beſt-natured people differ ſo much in their opinions, and frequently are ſo ſuſpicious of each other, is extremely gloomy and diſtreſſing to beings who are either too ſhort-ſighted, or incapable to look a few inches forward into futurity. It is a very good obſervation of Moſes Mendelſohn, *The more limited our underſtanding is, the more excluſive our principles will be.*

My wife and myſelf have recovered, as well as poſſible, from a very ſevere illneſs. My two children are alſo reſtored to health. My too anxious friends ſay that my health requires a *capital cure.* In matters of that nature, my motto always is, *Nihil velle & nihil nolle.*—Farewell! My dear wife begs to be remembered to you, and I beg you to remember me before the Lord.

To Mr. H***.

My dear Mr. H***,

April 17, 1773.

YOU have put the important queſtion to me, "How and by what means the king-"dom of God could be propagated by you "at S*** in the beſt manner poſſible?" I will tell you my opinion as plain and brief as poſſible. Happineſs ariſes from faith, faith from hearing, and hearing comes by the word of God. Endeavour to read, not only in private, but alſo once every week in a ſociety of very intimate friends, the hiſtorical and moral pieces of the Old and New Teſtament, without prejudice, and in ſuch a manner as if you were reading them the firſt time. *Hear firſt theſe witneſſes of God*; faith

faith comes by *hearing*, by tranquil, undisturbed, and impartial attention. Above all, do not neglect the historical part; represent to your imagination, as if you were an eye-witness, the *deeds of relieving Omnipotence*; make from these incidents the same applications a sensible spectator would make. From *such* a hearing faith will arise and increase. Attend carefully to what you have before you; forget all interpretations and opinions of others; make few remarks for edification—practise first the true, child-like, simple *hearing*; then you will constantly hear of one and the same thing—namely, of an *all-powerful love*, relieving, pardoning, and blessing, all those who confide in it. You will constantly find one and the same almighty, beneficent, and general Godhead—and you will be excited to believe the love which God bears us, and which has

diſplayed itſelf and aſſumed a *human* ſhape in the perſon of Jeſus Chriſt.—And if you believe in this love, you will be able to love; and according to the degree of that faith, and according to the degree of that love, you will be happy.—The reading of the ſcripture in a ſociety, the members of which are of the ſame mind, friends of truth, and of an humble diſpoſition (the number of whom ought, however, not to be too great at firſt), is one of the ſimpleſt and ſafeſt means to propagate the kingdom of God; that is to ſay, to render more public, and more efficacious, the comforting truth, *God is king*; *God is a beneficial, helping power.*

To HASENCAMP.

Thurſday, April 29, 1773.

FANNED by gentle, vernal breezes, I write an anſwer to your letter from the ---- -------- at the caſtle of my friend's father-in-law, who is ſitting by my ſide. Upon my right, an extenſive field, encircled with riſing hills, and covered with wood, hails my eye—while P-- is fixing his looks on the garland which the hand of his excellent virgin ſiſter has wreathed around my hat, inhaling its fragrant ſmell with ſerene, cheerful looks, and joining with me in adoring, with a ſilent, panting heart, the goodneſs of the Father of nature which is ſtored up around us. - - -

I cannot condemn verbal prayer, nor can I think it uſeleſs, if it has ſpirit and life. Words are the body of the ſpirit. We muſt receive every ſpirit of life in ſome ſhape or other. *All is body and ſpirit.* A verbal prayer, therefore, is conſiſtent with the general anology.

At one time Chriſt *acted*, and at another time he *uttered oral prayers*, inſpired by faith. Let us never view the Bible partially! and never form *general* EXCLUSIVE rules from ſingle ſtrokes. Partiality is the ſource and the character of all ſects.—So much of that!

I am again at Zurich. On my arrival, I found my wife very ill. She has juſt now violent pains in her ſide, and ſuch a dreadful cough, that it cuts the heart of thoſe that hear her. The dear, patient, lamb!—She would not embitter the pleaſure I enjoyed

joyed in the country—I was therefore left ignorant of her illneſs, and dreadful pains, till my return. - - - - - - - - - - - God grant that I may be able to pray, or to have faith. My ſweet little daughter has alſo a violent cough—and I am afflicted with the ſame complaint. Yet I am in good health, in compariſon with my wife.

Brother, be not urgent in your prayers, if you feel no impulſe—impulſe of faith (*e*). Let thy oral prayer be the offspring of *unfeigned truth*—let thy looks beſpeak *faith*—

(*e*) I would rather ſay, Be not urgent *at all!* for it ill ſuits beings, who are ſo ſhort-ſighted and ignorant as we, and it avails nothing. Take care not to miſtake the effects of a ſenſible heart, or of a heated imagination, for an impulſe of faith. Pray God, in general, to grant whatever his unerring wiſdom, and his paternal goodneſs, may deem ſalutary to thyſelf and others, and then expect with confidence that he will grant what ſhall be beſt for thyſelf and others, whether thou haſt prayed expreſsly for it or not. EDITOR.

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thy uplifted arm *unſhaken confidence*—thy bended knee *thankſgiving* for what thou art ſupplicating.——I hope you have received my *Jonas* by this time. I am informed that they are amazed in Germany at our intimate friendſhip. I am not aſtoniſhed that Germany is amazed at it. I foreſaw it; nay, I foreſaw ſtill more than that; and the more I could expect it, the firmer was my reſolution to dedicate my Sermons on Jonas to you—and to do it in the manner I have done.---Pf-- is ſtill at H. There abides ſerenity and humility, hunger for edification, and unbiaſſed enjoyment of the beauties of nature; thirſt for knowledge, light, innocence, and hilarity; there ſerious attention goes hand in hand with reflection, with confidential, warning, cheering, and ſeaſoned jeſts.—There the poor find bread, ſhelter, and kind hoſts—There one learns, what ſo

few

few of the godly know, that to be pleaſed and ſatisfied with God for the ſake of nature, and with nature for the ſake of God—with ourſelves for the ſake of both—conſtitutes wiſdom, happineſs, and religion (*f*).

(*f*) It is ſincerely to be lamented, that ſo many worthy people, who have a true regard for religion and piety, have the falſe notion, that godlineſs is inconſiſtent with hilarity and a cheerful enjoyment of the things of this world. This prejudice, and the gloomineſs which it begets, is extremely detrimental to the propagation of the kingdom of God, the great ſcope of which is to ſweeten the toils of this life, and to teach us to enſure future happineſs in the world hereafter. One of the greateſt ſources of averſion from piety and religion ſprings from the falſe idea, that one muſt ceaſe to be a human being, and renounce for ever the pleaſures of this world, if one will be a Chriſtian. If the unbeliever and the ſceptic ſhould ſee that the true Chriſtian, by his religion, is rendered the moſt cheerful companion, the beſt citizen, parent, and child, the faithfulleſt friend, the beſt maſter and ſervant, and undaunted in misfortune, then his own intereſt would prompt him to become a believer, a true Chriſtian. T.

I tell

I tell thee, brother, not in order to pay thee a compliment, but in full earneſt, thou oughtſt not, oughtſt never think *thyſelf* inferior to me—becauſe I am ſtill inferior, much inferior, than thou canſt imagine, to many who are inferior to thee. Therefore not a word more of that, if thou wilt inſtruct, reprove, warn, and direct me.

Thou art not miſtaken; I have ſaid little, too little, in my *Views of Eternity*, about the angels, and the intermediate ſtate of the ſoul which will take place between our death and reſurrection; becauſe I know little of it, but expect to receive better information from thee and others.

To Dr. ZIMMERMAN.

Dear Doctor,

May 4, 1773.

I RECEIVED your dear letter the evening after our ſynod, and, conſequently, exactly half a year after the laſt you wrote me.—Well, well!—my anger on that ſcore is over now. Witneſs thereof, I am going to write to you—not a note—but a letter—though the compoſing of it ſhould take up eight days. I will endeavour to return your kindneſs—But, in order to be ſatisfied with little, you muſt not forget that I am not phyſician to the King of Great Britain, but only—a poor, humble prieſt.

Firſt of all, I muſt tell you, that there is not a ſyllable of truth in what has been reported about the riots at Zurich. We live together

together like children, and let things go in their uſual train. A new regulation of our military eſtabliſhment is the only thing poſſible which can have given birth to that omnipreſent lie—not to the leaſt diſturbance—but to a lie of a diſturbance—There never has a report been more unfounded than that.

Your *Queſtions of Pedantry*, I ſhall read, pleaſe God, cauſe to be read, and circulate—not without edification. On the evening of our ſynod I read them to a circle of colleagues—and ſoon after another performance, ten times more ſtriking, was read. You muſt read and circulate it, and praiſe or cenſure it as it will be beſt to make it known. Its title is, *Letter from the Paſtor at* ***** *to the Paſtor at* ****, tranſlated from the French.

As for your long ſilence—you may make yourſelf eaſy; although every one of your letters

letters gives me the greateſt pleaſure, and affords me much inſtruction. Make no excuſes—*believe in my faith in you.*

I thank you ſincerely for all that you have done for poor Peter Kraemer. Give my thanks to all who have been charitable to him and his family.

Mrs. N... is a very poor, pious widow, who indeed miſtakes a great deal of theological ignis fatuus for the ſun, and is pretty well converſant in a certain phraſeology. I am ſorry that ſhe has troubled you. I muſt have patience with more than a hundred perſons of that ſort—and this is very ſalutary to me, and better than to be a *braggart, and to write Views of Eternity.*

The critique on the third volume of *the Views*, in the *Frankfurter Anzeigen*, I think, is one of the beſt that ever has been made. I ſhall certainly make uſe of the remarks

which it contains. However, it is as clear as twice two are four, that the Reviewer has miſtaken, as much as poſſible, the ſcope of theſe letters. It is not Herder, but Niemeyer, who has reviewed the Idylles of Geſner. I expect him ſoon at Zurich, and his acquaintance will undoubtedly prove infinitely uſeful to me.

The reſt of what they have ſaid concerning the *Views* and *Poems* I ſhall fairly and honeſtly anſwer in the additions:

What is the view of the author?

Is that view of importance?

Does his work anſwer that view?

Theſe, my dear Zimmerman, are the only queſtions we ought to put to ourſelves when we are going to review a work, and which not one reader among a hundred, not one Journaliſt among a thouſand, puts to himſelf: thence the eternal, ſuperficial cenſures.

Every

Every reader comes to the book with his prejudices, and his taſte; never inquires, For whom has this book been written, and with what view? He never puts himſelf in the author's place; his only queſtion is, Does it afford me amuſement? is it adapted to my taſte?—However, this cannot be altered, and will continue ſo to the end of the world; we ſhall continue to write, and the public will continue to criticiſe and to read our works.

As for the reſt, you muſt give me leave to make a free remark. I think your opinion on the ſame ſubject is likewiſe not ſettled enough. You waver too frequently between praiſe and cenſure, merely out of *friendſhip for your friends.*

Mere readers will find the ſecond volume of my Eſſays on Phyſiognomy *inſupportable*—however, *ſpeculating* geniuſes - - - - -

A plan of a new ſcience, no matter whether good or bad, is important. This *you* will ſee, though the whole world ſhould not; this *you* will affirm, though the whole world ſhould deny it. A literary performance may be uſeful to *few*, but to theſe few *extremely uſeful*.

Do you think—or, rather, you think—that I cannot forget my judgment of the R . . . . No, my dear friend, I do not forget ſo eaſily what I feel more ſtrongly every day, and what makes me groan heavier every moment.

However, if I ſtep into the country of Goſen, called *Knowledge of Man*, then I learn to be *ſilent*, and, inſtead of *tranſmoulding eternal things after myſelf*, *I tranſmould myſelf after them*; or, if it ſhould not ſound too aſcetic to your nice ear, *to be made all things to all men*—of courſe, *a pedant to the pedant*—No! rather any thing than that.

Dear

Dear ſoul!.... If you were as ſure that I WRITE this without the leaſt *reſentment*, as you would be of it, if you were to hear me *utter* what I ſhould wiſh to *write* to you, I would write, that you deceive yourſelf extremely, if you believe that I ever have been under the hands of *Pietiſts*, *Aſcetics*, and *Enthuſiaſts*, how much ſoever I may have been in danger to become one of them—although I was never inclined that way longer than twice twenty-four hours. As for the reſt, your ſolemn declaration, *that it would not have been of the leaſt detriment to my eternal ſalvation*, if I never had been connected with people of that ſort, is perfectly juſt, *a priori* and *a poſteriori*—becauſe *I never have been*.

Do not care, I entreat you, what people think of me. To *you* I will ſhew myſelf as I really am—As for the reſt, *I can wait*.

It is true, why ſhould I conceal it, that I

was in great danger to become a ſpiritual Don Quixotte—however, you cannot be ſurer of your exiſtence, than that I never ſhall be one.

You would be aſtoniſhed if you were to know how I have improved in tolerating—not errors and vices, but the erring and vicious. Truly you would not know me. You will ſee by my Sermons on Jonas, particularly the ſecond volume, but you will ſee ſtill clearer one time, will obſerve with aſtoniſhment by my *works on different ſubjects*, that I would be a villain if I had declined a hair's breadth from the *ſubſtance* of my theological and moral ideas—however, if you liſten to the groundleſs prejudices of the world, rather than *pay attention to my arguments*—then I ſhall certainly gain nothing by it. If I had but the ſmalleſt ſatirical vein, I would ridicule the frivolous cavils of

ſo

ſo many bright geniuſes, as you and your fellows ridicule the *ſuppoſed fanaticiſm* of many people. Man, dear Zimmerman, is as little *all ſoul as he is all body*—Man is as little *all light* and *all fire* as the ſun. In our modern times, it is deemed a kind of *gallantry*, and ſeems to be *faſhionable language*, which, however, will not be of long duration, *to pretend perceiving certain things by means of the intellectual powers*. Vide the *Franckfort Advertiſer* of 1772, and the Letter from the Paſtor of *** to the Paſtor at ***.

Apropos! Have you read *Herder on Language?* If not, go and ſell all your books, and buy this valuable work. At the ſame time let me tell you, that a work like this has never before been ſeen in Germany; and yet Herder is thought by ſome people, by a certain public, to be a ſhallow head. What, friend, ſhall one think of a public

that can undervalue a man thus? Why its judgment, eſteem, or fear?

There is a proverb in the *Country of Knowledge of Man—Speak to every one in his own language.*

If I could cure only one perſon (you would ſay) with a gilt pill of bread, then I ſhould not care to be called a charlatan by the beholder, if I can but cure him. I muſt, however, alſo remark, the fine faſhionable taſte of our age condemns many ſcriptural and theological expreſſions, for which neither philoſophy nor taſte can ſubſtitute better ones. But of that at another time, and in a manner more clear and ſtriking.

Now a word more *on the manner of converſing with and gaining the affection of men.* Dear friend, I know that I have infinitely leſs knowledge of man than you; and yet I will lay any thing that you, by your method,

gain

gain leſs men in two or three years than I do. All the arts of knowledge of man which do not evince immediate, pure, and diſintereſted goodneſs, may perhaps be employed with ſucceſs three, four, eight, or ten times; however, the beſt method a man, who ſtands every day in need of them, who conſtantly is *expoſed* to the obſervation of friends and foes, ought to apply, appears to me to be the moſt ſucceſsful, if conſiſting in the moſt ſincere *frankneſs* of *love*; for the credit of a man ſinks as ſoon as a ſingle ſhift or artifice miſcarries, or is perceived—and then the damage is irretrievable.—Upright, conſtant, uniform, firm, benign, humble, and noble *frankneſs*, upon whoſe praiſe or cenſure one can rely as confidently as on the word of God, always commands *reſpect*, although it ſhould not have the deſired effect. The moſt admirable fineſſe or flattery, though

though ever ſo well meant, is always in danger to be obſerved, and, if once detected, renders ſuſpicious the moſt cordial honeſty. All men are ſenſible of the language of an honeſty which is conſcious of its not meaning to *offend*. And ſuch an honeſty is a thouſand times eaſier forgiven a fault, than artificial *prudence* will be forgiven a real offence. I ſhall certainly gain the heart of a fanatic (if it be poſſible to gain ſuch a man—the moſt difficult problem)—much ſooner by undiſguiſed frankneſs, even if it ſhould offend a little, if he is only ſenſible that I do not *diſguiſe* my real ſentiments, than by all the methods of mere *forbearing* prudence. Forbearance, however, will always be neceſſary.

I ſhall take care not to tell him directly, *Thou art a fanatic:* however, I ſhall ſtate inſtances to him, of which he muſt confeſs two

two things; firſt, that they are *fanatical*; and then, that they are ſimilar to ſuch as occur in his own life.

If one acts thus upright, but as cordially as poſſible, ſuch a man muſt be gained, if ever it be poſſible.

The general principles which I endeavour to follow, in gaining the hearts of men, are, on my ſide,—to ſhew to him, whom I wiſh to gain, and to make him ſenſible, that I do not mean to gain any thing by it—that I am entirely void of all intereſt which is not intereſt of pure charity; and then to lay down, as a baſe, an opinion of my antagoniſt, of the juſtneſs of which he is fully convinced, and demonſtrate as clearly as poſſible, by deſcending gradually from a general to a particular parallel caſe, that the caſe which I want to elucidate is perfectly ſimilar to that which my antagoniſt takes

takes for granted. This was the conſtant, unalterable method of Jeſus Chriſt. This may truly be called uniting wiſdom of ſerpents with harmleſſneſs of doves; and thus, I think, we muſt meet at laſt. This method (I ſpeak from experience) is certainly not fruitleſs. But on that point I will ſpeak more at large in ſome other place.

What Spalding and Baſedow would be with regard to religion, if mixed together, Baldinger is with regard to phyſic, as much as I can conclude from what I have read of him.

Let me add a few trifles more. I have juſt been reading Wieland's Golden Mirror, with great pleaſure. You know, without doubt have heard, that he has wrote a ſatire upon me, of which I know only a ſingle line by heart, becauſe I have only heard it read, and could not get here the *Almanac of the Muſes*,

Muſes, publiſhed at Goettingen. "What, "does not that man ſee through Bonnet's "ſpectacles?"

May your health bloſſom like ſpring, and your friendſhip for me be as immortal as your ſoul!——I embrace you.

On LOVE.

May 19, 1773.

LOVE, what art thou? O Love! who of all mortals has ever pronounced thy glory divine? To give, and to teach, to gladden, to comfort, to relieve, and to warn; is this the whole compaſs of Love? Or is it the province of Love to forgive and relieve our foes; to ſupplicate bleſſings, with tears, for thoſe

thoſe that wiſh evil to us? Or is it the duty of Love to waſte our fortune for friends, to die in their ſervice, unknowing to them? To graſp the miſery of nations, to carry the burden of ages, to ſoar up to heaven, to plunge into bottomleſs chaſms, for groaning mankind's relief; to be entranced with the happy, to groan with the hapleſs in darkneſs of night; to be all for all; to live but in others, as the heart's blood does live in every limb; is this the ſtandard of Love? Speak! anſwer me, Love! Thou ſmileſt, art ſilent! Thy ſmile, what tells it me, heaven-born Love?—*I am all in all*; *unſpeakable like him*; *unfathomable like him!*

June

June 2, 1773.

EVER ſince February I have not added a line to my Journal, ſome letters excepted; and yet I have had many remarkable things to inſert. I will begin once more to continue it.....I wanted at firſt to write down the incidents of yeſterday, but that would have made me neglect the occurrences of the preſent.—I awoke, almoſt diſpirited by the ſight of the number of letters which I ſaw heaped up before me; melancholic on account of E***. I roſe, cheered by looking up to God; bleſſed my wife, and ſat myſelf down to write to G***, H***, and E***, being almoſt angry when I was interrupted. However, my work went on pretty well. At coffee, I related to my wife, and my ſon, that a boy of eight years, the

the ſon of a female friend of ours at Shaffhauſen, was drowned, along with another boy . . . a warning to my ſon! I then wrote a letter to the mother of the drowned boy . . . The letter was ſo flat, that I was myſelf ſenſible of it . . . however, I could not help it, being too much occupied. I wrote alſo to Mr. Wolke for Baſedow. Mr. Wolke wrote to me—" Baſedow would have anſwered, " without delay, your queſtion, concerning " his opinion of the preſent ſtate of Chriſti- " aniſm in Germany, if his firm reſolution " to continue his Elementary work without " interruption had allowed him that plea- " ſure. However, he deplores, with you, " the corruption, and the impending ruin, " of the beſt of religions. Yet the arm of " God is not ſhortened, that he could not " prevent the farther increaſe of unbelief. " We muſt hope more than fear, though we

" can

" can neither foreſee nor divine the wiſhed-
" for ſucceſs of his interpoſition." I an-
ſwered him: " The beſt of religions will
" never be entirely overthrown; I am ſure
" of it. It will, however, come very near
" a ſeeming overthrow. Deiſm and Atheiſm
" are almoſt univerſal, and every defender
" of Chriſtianity will be ridiculed. Many
" divines are paving the road towards it,...
" and other celebrated men imitate them,
" though with more precaution. I have too
" many facts before me, which prove that
" Deiſm is gaining ground very faſt; and
" then Atheiſm will be the unavoidable con-
" ſequence, ſooner than one thinks. Who-
" ever reaſons rationally, will adopt Atheiſm,
" if he *cannot* believe in Chriſt. I rather
" can conceive how one can be an Atheiſt,
" than how it is poſſible to be a Deiſt; be-
" cauſe all the difficulties which occur in

" Chriſtianiſm attend Deiſm equally. If " God has not ſpoken and acted through " Chriſt, then there *never* has been a God " who has acted and ſpoken. If Chriſt is " the work of chance, then man and the " whole world is the work of chance alſo. " If Chriſt did not want the aſſiſtance of a " God to the performance of his wonderful " deeds, nature alſo can perform her works " without the interference of a God.—I re- " peat it; Atheiſm will become common (*g*), " and

(*g*) Chriſtian reader, let not this prophecy make thee uneaſy. It is a *mere* human conjecture, which ſometimes muſt indeed appear very probable to a mind dedicated to the Chriſtian doctrine; yet, as it is hoped, never will be realiſed. God will certainly know how to ſeparate truth from error, and to bring it to light. Chriſtianity will be purified of all human additions, and thereby become more reſpected, and more efficacious. To this the free but well-meant examinations of many divines, as well as the malicious attacks and ridicules of the enemies of religion, contribute

" and then God will again—*act viſibly*, will " ſhew himſelf as the author of his works, " and ſay, *Here am-I!* Then the *ſole article of* " *faith* ſcripture teaches, will become again " the *ſole article of faith with the divines—God* " *rewards through Chriſt thoſe who ſeek him!*"

Mr. B. came to ſpeak to me about a new edition of my *Swiſs Hymns*. It ſtruck me to the heart. I neither can nor will reviſe them a-new; and yet they have ſo many

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contribute their ſhare. But take care not to confound Deiſm with Atheiſm. They differ from each other moſt ſtrikingly in words and notions. It can, indeed, not be denied, that among the Deiſts, as they are called, all of whom are reckoned to be adverſaries to the Chriſtian religion, many Atheiſts are found. But there are alſo honeſt Deiſts, who ſincerely believe in God, his providence, and a future reward, and certainly never will degenerate into Atheiſts. Therefore be careful not to pronounce Atheiſts all thoſe who cannot ſubſcribe to all the doctrines of Chriſtianity. Thou wouldſt offend many of them by ſo doing, and injure them before God and men. EDITOR.

defects which ought to be ameliorated, ſo much the more, the more frequently theſe hymns are ſung. - - - - - - - - - - I was at firſt tempted to add ſome new ones; however, I was deterred from doing it, by the recollection of the many works I had promiſed, and begun, but not finiſhed. Yet at length I promiſed to reviſe them.—We ſpoke of Mr. Steiner, the new bookſeller, whom I ſo much wiſhed to ſupport. My heart bled at the ſelfiſhneſs and cabals of the bookſellers, who threaten to reprint his publications. Mr. B. thought it would be beſt for him to procure a patent.—Alas! I have prattled away an hour and a half in diſcuſſing what might have been ſettled in half a quarter of an hour.—Providence, however, would have it ſo. This comforted me again. - - - - - - - - - -

I wrote a letter to L. Z. "May light "beam forth from your ſerene countenance "in every dark corner of the heart of M. "L. M. thirſting for comfort!—Be to your "dear mother whatever you wiſh your future "children to be to you. Improve every day "in the grace and knowlege of our Lord "Jeſus Chriſt."——I went to the Reechberg, where I was invited to dine in the company of Mr. Rigaud, of Geneva. The ladies being buſy, and the gueſts not yet arrived, I re-peruſed the diſcourſe on the different kinds of verſes, which is printed before the fourth volume of Klopſtock's Meſſiah. I could not help being angry that the greateſt poet diſhes up before his readers, amongſt whom one out of a thouſand ſcarcely underſtands any thing of proſody, his refinements in numbering of ſyllables. The ſubject itſelf appeared to me as ridiculous and

trifling, as if Raphael had wrote underneath his grand picture of the transfiguration of Chriſt upon mount Tabor, receipts how to grind colours' which would rather be inferior than ſuperior to the common method.—The gueſts arrived. My not being uſed to ſpeak French ſhackled me very much. The more I obſerved the young gentleman of Geneva, the more amiable he appeared to me. We ſpoke of *Bonnet*, his Eſſay de Pſychologie, his ſtile, of fataliſm, of travelling; of the folly of ſuffering young men of eighteen or twenty years to travel without tutors; of the gift of obſervation which Mr. Schinz poſſeſſes, of his excellent character, his modeſty, and artleſs civility; of the learned at Geneva, particularly of Mr. Mallet; of the want of taſte, with regard to the fine arts and ſciences, which prevails there; of the election of miniſters of the goſpel; of the increaſing

increaſing Deiſm and Atheiſm; of the intolerance of the Deiſts againſt the Atheiſts.—I related what I have wrote to-day to Baſedow, in a letter to Wolke. We alſo ſpoke of Voltaire, and of L... and D...; of the endeavours of the latter two gentlemen to convert Voltaire to Atheiſm, and of the fruitleſs pains they took for a whole night to attain their aim.—It was related that at Paris an Atheiſt met a beggar, whom he ſent away without giving him any thing; but, conceiving by the diſcontent and blaſphemous anſwer of the beggar, that he likewiſe was an Atheiſt, he gave him ſomething, inquired into his circumſtances, and maintained him for three months.—The more extraordinary the ſyſtem of man is, the more he rejoices to find one who thinks like himſelf.

It was near three o'clock when we parted,

and I felt myſelf pretty much heated.—I went to Pfenninger; he was not at home; and finding a ſermon of Mr. *** on the table, I read it. - - - - - Pf. came.—I obſerved, I ſhould like to know the reaſon why ſo many enlightened men are aſhamed of being connected with me, from fear of being ſuſpected of being fanatics, although I dare to ſay that fanaticiſm has no enemy more implacable than myſelf. - - - - -

At ſix o'clock I took a walk to the water with Pf. and his wife. The lake was as ſmooth as a mirror; the town was covered with a ſoft darkneſs; the ſteeples and country-houſes along the lake were ſtill encircled with light; and the ſailing veſſels ſeemed to emerge from a dark ground. The chain of ſnow-mountains was embroidered with ſilver, and their edges diſtinctly delineated. The ſtone bench upon which we were ſeated

was

was ſurrounded with a luxuriant turf; before us was a nodding corn-field. On our way to this delightful ſpot, we had been ſpeaking with pleaſure of the unknown God; but now our ſenſes were more open to perceive him, and our hearts warmer to feel his preſence. We were all diſpleaſed with having, in our youthful days, read books that had ſhut our eyes againſt nature, which may properly be called the book of books, the text of the Bible. I cannot record all we were ſpeaking of; however, we were truly happy. Pf*** went home with me. I was told my brother, the doctor, was ill. I went up ſtairs to him; he was better, but had been attacked violently. He told me, that the Poliſh clergyman, who had been collecting for a congregation, had proved to be an impoſtor. It rather ſtruck than vexed me. We ſpoke of it at ſupper, when Frankel

was

was preſent. He related much of the Jewiſh cuſtoms. I had juſt received a parcel from Frankfort, which contained a new explanation of the Epiſtle to the Romans. The ardent deſire to read it made me forget gueſts and ſupper. I know my father does not like me to read while at table—however, I could not help reading a few pages by ſtealth, while the company were diſcourſing—He rebuked me gently; I ſtifled my ariſing anger, ſhut the book, and fancied to have made him a great ſacrifice. We read the twenty-firſt chapter of Job, and a penitential hymn of Muenter, who appears to me not to be the worſt compoſer of hymns, but alſo not the beſt. It might coſt him but little trouble to be plainer, without detriment to energy. Before I went to bed, I read the tranſlation of the Epiſtle to the Romans I had received, which indeed not entirely

entirely ſatisfied me, yet much better than all thoſe I had ever ſeen. The author has ſtudied St. Paul very much, and has language and clearneſs at his command.

THURSDAY, June 3, 1773.

I AWOKE at half an hour after five o'clock, and was extremely lazy. My wife rouſed me: "It is ſeven years to-day," ſhe ſaid, "that we were married; I ſhould be re-"joiced, were I to celebrate this day by my "being brought to-bed."—"Yes," replied I, "we will give a little feaſt to our chil-"dren to-day, and thus diſtinguiſh it." - - -

Young Lips, of Cloten, came to ſhew me his drawings. It would be a great pity, if he ſhould not be ſupported as much as poſſible, to be enabled to improve more and more. I made him ſit down, and draw, the whole morning (*h*).

Goſſip *Aſſer* came. I wrote to the miniſter of his village, and ſent him a Louis-d'or, which he had collected. I added a few lines to his letter of recommendation, and proved to him how impoſſible it was to me to do any thing farther on my ſide.

A poor chalk-ſeller came: he wanted to be recommended; which I refuſed, becauſe I did not know him. He appeared much diſtreſſed at it; on which I promiſed to

(*h*) Mr. Lips is, at preſent, one of the beſt engravers living; and it is much to Mr. Lavater's honour that he has encouraged this great genius. T.

ſpeak

ſpeak in his behalf to the gentleman who he pretended had given him hopes he would do ſomething for him.

A citizen's wife, whoſe child had died ſuddenly (ſhe found it dead in the cradle), and who reproached herſelf for it, related the accident to me, and ſeemed to leave me comforted.—I continued my Journal. Some ſhort viſits. Againſt noon a letter from Mr. Str... He reproved me in a friendly manner. *Vous vous ſervez ſouvent de ces expreſſions (eſprits foibles ſans lumière, ſans gout, ſans liberté) pour marquer ceux, à qui vous ne trouvés pas cette facilité d'admettre comme inconteſtable tout ce, qui vous paroit ſi clair* (*i*). I cannot

(*i*) You make frequently uſe of theſe expreſſions—(weak minds, without light, without taſte, and without liberty)—in order to denote thoſe in whom you do not find the ſame facility to admit as incontrovertible all what appears ſo clear to you.

deny

deny the truth of this reproach; nay, I muſt confeſs, that I find it more and more difficult to avoid it, the more I ſee ſtubbornneſs, averſion from inſtruction, and timidity, united in other people, in order to reject truth. I ought certainly to be more indulgent, and to uſe more precaution in what I am ſpeaking.

He alſo mentioned that the Preface to my *Sermons on different Subjects* did not leſſen the ſuſpicion entertained againſt my orthodoxy. I can ſubmit very well to being denied all theological orthodoxy, if they but leave me to the *biblical* orthodoxy. God will never call me to an account for not having thought like *Calvin* and *Athanaſius*—becauſe I can ſee no reaſons why I ſhould aſcribe to theſe men a divine authority; I ſhould, however, be made anſwerable for my not thinking of Chriſt and his death as Paul and John did, becauſe

becauſe I believe to have ſufficient reaſon to aſcribe to theſe men a divine authority. - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

After dinner I was requeſted to ſee two ſick people. I promiſed to come. The ſervant who was ſent by one of them ſpoke very ſenſibly of the different ways to repentance, of the preaching rage of all thoſe who call themſelves *choſen people*, &c. &c.—Some detentions which very near tempted me to grow impatient, becauſe I wanted to have a little pleaſure in the company of my wife and children. At length I was at liberty to do it. We went to the apartment where my wife and myſelf had kneeled down—and ſlept the firſt time, and recalled to our memory all the particulars of our wedding-day, running over the ſeven years which, notwithſtanding all our paſt trials, we had ſpent ſo happily. We related to our boy how

how we had been united, and he liſtened with great concern, which filled our hearts with pleaſure.———We fetched all the flowers we could get, ſtrewing ſome of them on the lap of Nanette, whom I puſhed forwards in her little carriage, while Henry, whoſe hair I adorned with the reſt, was drawing the vehicle. Their mother, who is big with child, beheld it with pleaſure. I ordered Henry to be dreſſed in his Sunday's garments, and read to him a little ſong, which, notwithſtanding I had compoſed it in great hurry, drew a pearly tear of joy from the eyes of the mother and his.—I left this happy circle with reluctance.—Pf. came, and ſhared in our pleaſure.—I paid ſome viſits, took a walk with *Wieland*'s *Mercury*, and ſpent the evening at Zettweg with Heſs, among relations. We ſpoke of the *giant*—of travelling—of literary viſits—of the juvenile

venile years of Jeſus, which Heſs is going to add to his *Life of Chriſt*—of the almoſt inconceivable endeavours of almoſt all the enlightened men, to ſeparate the doctrine of the goſpel from Chriſt—of the unnaturalneſs of the general zeal to leſſen the attachment to Chriſt, and to extol his precepts particularly (*k*). Of unenlightened divines;

(*k*) Whoever has a due regard for the doctrine and precepts of Chriſt, and is ſenſible of their value, will alſo certainly have the higheſt regard for his perſon, although he ſhould not have his name conſtantly on his lips, and perhaps entertain notions of Chriſt different from thoſe of the generality. How can one honour a *teacher* and *maſter* more, than by executing his precepts, and obeying his commands? How can one thank a noble and generous *benefactor* and *Saviour* better, than by enjoying the bleſſings he has beſtowed upon us, and by endeavouring to make the beſt uſe of them? It was the *work of Chriſt* to promote amongſt men truth, probity, and happineſs. whoever imitates him in that with a ſincere heart, carries on the work of *Chriſt*, and promotes his views, although he ſhould, as we think, uſe the wrong ways and means of doing it. EDITOR.

why Forſter touches the heart, notwithſtanding all his ſeeming frigidity and dryneſs; becauſe one perceives that he is *ſure* of his ſubject, and *contemplates* it. He poſſeſſes light, much light—and much light, although directed to one point from a few flat and bright mirrors, produces *warmth*.—Of the new tranſlation of the Epiſtle to the Romans.

I ſhewed the biblical prints, which were finiſhed, to my friend and my wife, and related to them the almoſt inconceivable eſcape of two thieves who had been ſtrongly fettered. *It is incredible what man can do, if he but will*—if all his intellectual powers, ſtrained by neceſſity, by preſſing neceſſity, are directed to one point.—I would ſay to every priſoner, *Thou ſhalt be free, if thou canſt effect thy liberty!* Every effort of human nature ought in ſome reſpect to be ſacred to man. One of theſe thieves ſhowed a generoſity

which

which we would admire in any other man, and, if our falſe modeſty would permit, praiſe to our brethren from the pulpit, in imitation of Chriſt and the apoſtles, as modern and ſtriking examples of magnanimity. Having broken his fetters with inconceivable pains, burſt open the door with incredible ſtrength, he did not yet think of his own eſcape—but firſt went to aſſiſt his fellow-priſoner, who was in another part of the priſon, and ſo far diſtant from him, that he could not preconcert matters with him. His aſſociate was more ſtrongly fettered than himſelf; he found him in the dark, unfaſtened the bolts and padlocks, broke his four chains, and led him out of priſon. But ſtill they had not regained their liberty. The one dragged, with a weary arm, (the other impeded by part of the chains,) a mill-ſtone to a bench, lifting it upon it, in order to reach a ſhutter,

which they burſt open. Thus they effected their eſcape. I ſaw the priſon as I paſſed by, coming from the orphan-houſe, and examined every thing minutely. I was ſeized with an aſtoniſhment which changed into awe—and almoſt drew tears from my eye.

FRIDAY, June 4, 1773.

A VERY important day, of which I can record but very little. If I were to relate all the good I have done to-day, one would think me a ſaint; and yet my conſcience tells me, that I have acted rather in a mechanical manner than prompted by ſenſibility; and if I were to relate all the weakneſſes and faults I have been guilty of this day,

day, one would think me to be an hypocrite and a reprobate; and yet my conſcience tells me that I am as little an hypocrite as I am a ſaint; I mean an hypocrite in the common ſenſe of the word. Nevertheleſs, I think this day to be one of the good and bleſſed days of my life. To have from morning till night conſtant opportunities of being uſeful and giving pleaſure, of being inſtructed and receiving pleaſure, and to make a proper uſe of theſe opportunities—that I cannot call a bad day—However, I ſhould have ſpent it better, if I had not yielded ſo much to my ſenſuality.

In the morning, a couple who wanted to come over to the reformed church, whom I however was obliged to ſend away without accepting their offer.—A viſit from Mr. Thut, a giant of ſeven feet and a half, and porter to the Duke of Wirtemberg. He

and his little wife ſtaid with us till after dinner. He appeared to be an honeſt and modeſt man, who, though it has become habitual with him to ſpeak piouſly, and after the ſcripture, ſhews nevertheleſs not the leaſt affectation; pretends to be nothing, and is not like many of the godly of Wirtemberg, who attack the hearts of others in order to queſtion them apoſtolically about the ſtate of their mind, and intrude themſelves as confeſſors. He is indeed not ſo enlightened as I could wiſh, not ſo *inſpired* by Chriſt as I think a *friend* of Chriſt ought to be; however, conſidering his enormous maſs of bodily ſubſtance, he is poſſeſſed of more ſpirit, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, knowledge, ſenſibility, and delicacy, than many of our tender, ſentimental gentlemen. It is very remarkable that his parents were very little—that he, in his ſixteenth year, was the ſmalleſt among twenty

twenty young men who were confirmed with him—ſo little that the clergyman heſitated to admit him to the Lord's ſupper. He was nurſed up with milk, and bread and butter, and grew every year between three and four inches. Many children from the neighbourhood, and other people, came to ſee him. This ſeemed neither to make him proud nor to offend him. He was obliging to every one, roſe kindly up, and took the children tenderly in his arms, ſaying always ſomething pleaſing to them, in a ſimple, unreſtrained manner.—I wrote, meanwhile, ſome letters which he was to take with him—to Mr. Clemm—and to Meſſrs. Hartmann, father and ſon.—After dinner, I corrected a ſheet of my Sermons on Jonas, which gave me pleaſure while reading it, becauſe I flattered myſelf it would afford conſolation to many of my readers.—I received a note from a female friend, dreſſed myſelf, and

paid a ſhort viſit. Of the new tranſlation of the Epiſtle to the Romans, of Zimmerman's book on Solitude, of my wife. From thence I went to Pf..... read in Wieland's Mercury with great benefit and pleaſure, particularly the treatiſe on the book of Herder, which carried the prize. - - - - - Then I compared the 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters of the Epiſtle to the Romans with the new tranſlation, which I now found very flat in ſome places. - - - - -

evening. I therefore intended to anſwer ſome letters, and particularly that of Haſencamp. I did it with great cheerfulneſs; and, amongſt others, wrote to Stroehlin:—"Your admonitions I received with the "greateſt gratitude; and I cannot but con- "feſs, that I am frequently too quick in "talking, and very often too precipitate— "that I am too haſty in pronouncing the "words *ſtubbornneſs*, *confuſed*, and *taſteleſs* --- "O my dear friend, one exclaims to me from "all ſides, *not too quick*; and I exclaim, on "all ſides, *not too haſty!* I will proceed "ſlower, if you will promiſe me to proceed "faſter!".

To Haſencamp, amongſt others:—"Bro- "ther, and brethren, do not *ſtun* me, but "give me *light* and *arguments*. I will ſub- "mit to the word of God every thing, even "my favourite opinions; however, I will not "be

" be refuted by groans and ſighs, but by " arguments. *Thou*, therefore, wilt not ſigh " and fret about me, nor bemoan my *thought-* " *leſſneſs*—for that is, in virtue of the magical " power of ſelf-conceit, the common way " of all the ignorant promoters of the moſt " irreligious notions—but thou wilt, on the " contrary, lay before me clear arguments, " drawn from the ſource of light - - - - - - - " O ye dear ſouls! why would ye, by your " admonitions and ſighs, aſſail me, with all " the power of tender anxiety, in order to " prevail upon me to give up my filial ſen- " timents, and give me, in lieu of it, your " ſpirit of fear? Dear Haſencamp, dear " Peter, and Samuel, and John, and what- " ever may be your names, ye dear, anxious, " fraternal ſouls, give me leave to ſmile when " I reflect upon you; let me ſmile tenderly, " kindly, and inquiſitively, when you are

" going

" going to weaken my ſentiments by your
" doubts, to darken my clear notions of the
" goſpel, which is not fettered by rules, and
" truly Jew-like endeavour to deprive me of
" my liberty, which Chriſt gave me, or at
" leaſt to confine it. I am not watching for
" lightnings and impulſes to do this or that
" great deed. I obey my moral ſentiments—
" the goſpel, and Providence; that is, I be-
" lieve in God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.
" But forgive me! I fear you do not yet
" comprehend this.

" *Not too quick!* my wife calls to me at
" every meal—*Not too quick!* calls Mr. *Stroeh-*
" *lin* of *Bern* to me—*Not too quick!* calls to
" me a dear ſociety at Duiſburg. I will
" liſten to you, good folks! I will ſuffer you
" to render me more cautious; but I will
" not cringe;—I will rather ſoar aloft, and
" be able to ſink down, than not to be able

" to

" to ſink down, and to—*cringe*. Indeed, I " am well aware that my letters, which I " could not pen in the leaſt with more timi- " dity, in order to obtain your applauſe by " ſurreptitious means, will not impart to you " my *ſenſe for liberty* (though I make myſelf " every body's ſervant). However, if we " could converſe with each other for a few " months, then we ſhould impart to one " another, by way of exchange, each other's " good qualities; and many things which " now glitter, though they are not gold, " would be poliſhed away on both ſides.

" Prayers for wiſdom and illumination are " almoſt the only, at leaſt the principal, ſup- " plications I offer to God; and Providence " grants them, for the moſt part, through " the goſpel or men. I do not pray for this " or that miraculous gift; I train myſelf to " ſubmit all, even the moſt god-like inclina-

" tions,

" tions, to the words of *Chriſt*; for they " have more weight with me than the words " of the apoſtles, becauſe the latter addreſs " themſelves principally to Jews and Hea- " thens, but Chriſt ſpeaks more to man (*l*).

" Yet

(*l*) Chriſt always addreſſed himſelf chiefly and principally to *that* man, or *thoſe* men, whom he ſaw before him; and with *theſe* men he was obliged to converſe in *their* language, according to their notions and manner of thinking, to their wants and circumſtances, the nature and degree of *their* knowledge of philoſophical and religious matters, if he wiſhed to be underſtood by them, to adapt his doctrine to their ſyſtem of thinking, and thus to lead them to piety and ſalvation. We therefore *muſt* learn to diſtinguiſh, in his inſtructions, what is ſaid to all men from what is ſaid to individuals, with relation to time, perſons, and circumſtances, and not mix both together; we *muſt* pay more regard to the ſubjects, than to the words and expreſſions of his diſcourſes The former are eternal, unalterable truths; the latter are always adapted to the changing exigencies of time and circumſtances. If God *at preſent* were to ſpeak to *us* through Chriſt, or other meſſengers enlightened and authoriſed by him, he would indeed tell us the *ſame truth*; however, he would, very probably,

" Yet not ſo, that I ſhould oppoſe the word
" of the apoſtles, or, which is the ſame,
" Chriſt to Chriſt. One cannot take too
" much precaution, if one will not be miſ-
" taken by you, ye dear ſouls—You have
" (I ſay it without rancour) a very unhappy
" gift of being rendered apprehenſive by
" the leaſt trifle, and can't put yourſelf ſuf-
" ficiently in my ſituation; for I can ſpare
" no time to be more explicit, and I prefer
" to give you ſeeds to giving fruits. Once
" for all, I muſt repeat it, *You miſtake my*
" *principles entirely.*

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probably, ſpeak in a *manner* entirely different as to *expreſſions*, and the *manner of repreſenting it*. *Do not* take offence at this idea, which may appear novel to thee, Chriſtian reader. I have added it, not from contempt of ſcripture, which I, as well as thyſelf, eſteem an exceeding precious gift of God, but in order to exerciſe thy Chriſtian meditation, and to promote the ſtability of true Chriſtian faith. EDITOR.

" Have

" Have you ſeen my hymn, which I daily
" wiſh to pray with you, and which always
" gives me ſo much heavenly pleaſure? It
" ſeems you have not yet received my Ser-
" mons on Jonas, elſe you would certainly
" not be uneaſy on my account, with reſpect
" to ſeveral points which, at preſent, make
" you fear ſo much for me.—Yet, I cannot
" remember that I have done the devil the
" honour once, in theſe fourteen Sermons, to
" mention his name—and this, perhaps, ap-
" pears *ſuſpicious* to you. Well, if you are
" *weak*, you may eat greens, and I will
" never touch a *morſel of meat*, if, in a ſcrip-
" tural ſenſe, it ſhould give *offence* to you.
" If you cannot bear this innocent joke—
" dear brother—then I will take care not
" to repeat it *for your ſake*, out of love for
" you, and think like St. Paul:

" *We ought to be guided by our duty, and not*

" *by*

" *by our inclinations*; that is, *by our moral ſenſe*, " and not by what is moſt pleaſing to us. " Herein I am entirely of your opinion.

" *Abſtain for ſome time from thy favourite oc-* " *cupations, though ever ſo good and uſeful, and* " *examine whether thou canſt not find out ſome-* " *thing which for the preſent may be more neceſ-* " *ſary*, or at leaſt *equally uſeful, to which*, " however, *thou art not, at leaſt, much inclined.*" I will examine this advice of your's, by way of applying it to my heart and my ſituation. One of my favourite occupations is *preaching*; writing letters which enlighten, warn, and pleaſe; *viſiting friends*; *aſſiſting the poor*, who inform me of their diſtreſs, &c. &c.— theſe have, as yet, been my *favourite occupations*. Is not this expelling *imaginary* εθελο θρησκειαν (*m*) by a real one?—Yet I muſt con-

(*m*) Self-created religion; artificial worſhip of God.

feſs,

feſs, that it is a very good maxim, *Of many things which thou muſt perform, take that firſt in hand which goes moſt againſt thee.*—Greet the dear ſoul, Mrs. L... who has adopted that maxim.

The apoſtolical dignity is different from ours. Very true; however, we muſt endeavour to reſemble them as much as poſſible; that is, *to glorify Chriſt through life and death.*

Theſe notions of God's order and rights, which I am deſtitute of, I beg you will tranſmit to me in your next letter, and put to my account: I ſhall keep what will ſuit me; what not, I'll ſend back.

True humility is—not to pretend to what I do not poſſeſs—and to look upon all what I poſſeſs as received, as a gift of the divine grace; and to ſerve my neighbour as I ſerve my Lord—— What is falſe humility?—To pretend to what one does not poſſeſs—to declare what one poſſeſſes to be a gift of the divine mercy, and neverthe-

leſs to be ſo vain as if one had received nothing; or to cringe, and to flatter, when one ought to be a FRATENAL *ſervant?* Dear brother, wherein conſiſts the *falſe humility* to which the *devil* ſeeks to ſeduce me?—Dear brother, let us pray!

Nothing but thy holy Spirit
Does thy child, O God, deſire;
Then my path will lead to bleſſing;
Safe, and boldly, and with ſpeed,
Shall I on my path proceed.—

Have you read the Letter of the Paſtor at *** to the Paſtor at ***?—Oh! read it! read it! - - -

ſhall be obliged to grow every day more indifferent, the more I perceive how very few of the great number of cenſurers reflect coolly and without paſſion; how little they care for giving me an attentive and *impartial hearing*; how little they care for *obſervation*; and how few take the pains, or think it naturally juſt, to put themſelves in my ſituation;—how impoſſible I ſhould find it to act right, if I always would aſk only ſix *enlightened* men, what I am to do? how much they would contradict each other in adviſing me, and perhaps none of them would adviſe me to do what would be beſt and fitteſt for my perſon, my character, my ſituation, and my taſte; the more I perceive how partial thoſe *cenſurers* are who are near me, how anxious they are with regard to other clamorous cenſurers—how my *diſtant* cenſurers are in want of a ſufficient number of facts to found a juſt judgement upon.—

For

For that reaſon I ſhall indeed—ſubmit to all cenſures, and endeavour to hear patiently, and to make honeſtly the beſt uſe of whatever may be ſaid;—but, nevertheleſs, I muſt have my own *balance*—and a *ſelf-ſubſiſtency* entirely independent on all cenſures of the world; I muſt be careful to act honeſtly and laudably, not only before the Lord, but alſo before men:—As for the reſt—I muſt patiently wait till it ſhall pleaſe the divine providence of my heavenly Father to unfold to my friends and enemies, in due time, what appears to them myſterious in me; wait till the eternal Truth and Love, who will make known my deſerts, and amend and forgive my errors, ſhall *decide*.

I fell aſleep, amid good ſentiments, replete with ſerenity and gratitude, and uttering the important ſigh, "*Let me awake before I fall aſleep; and live before I die!*"

FINIS.